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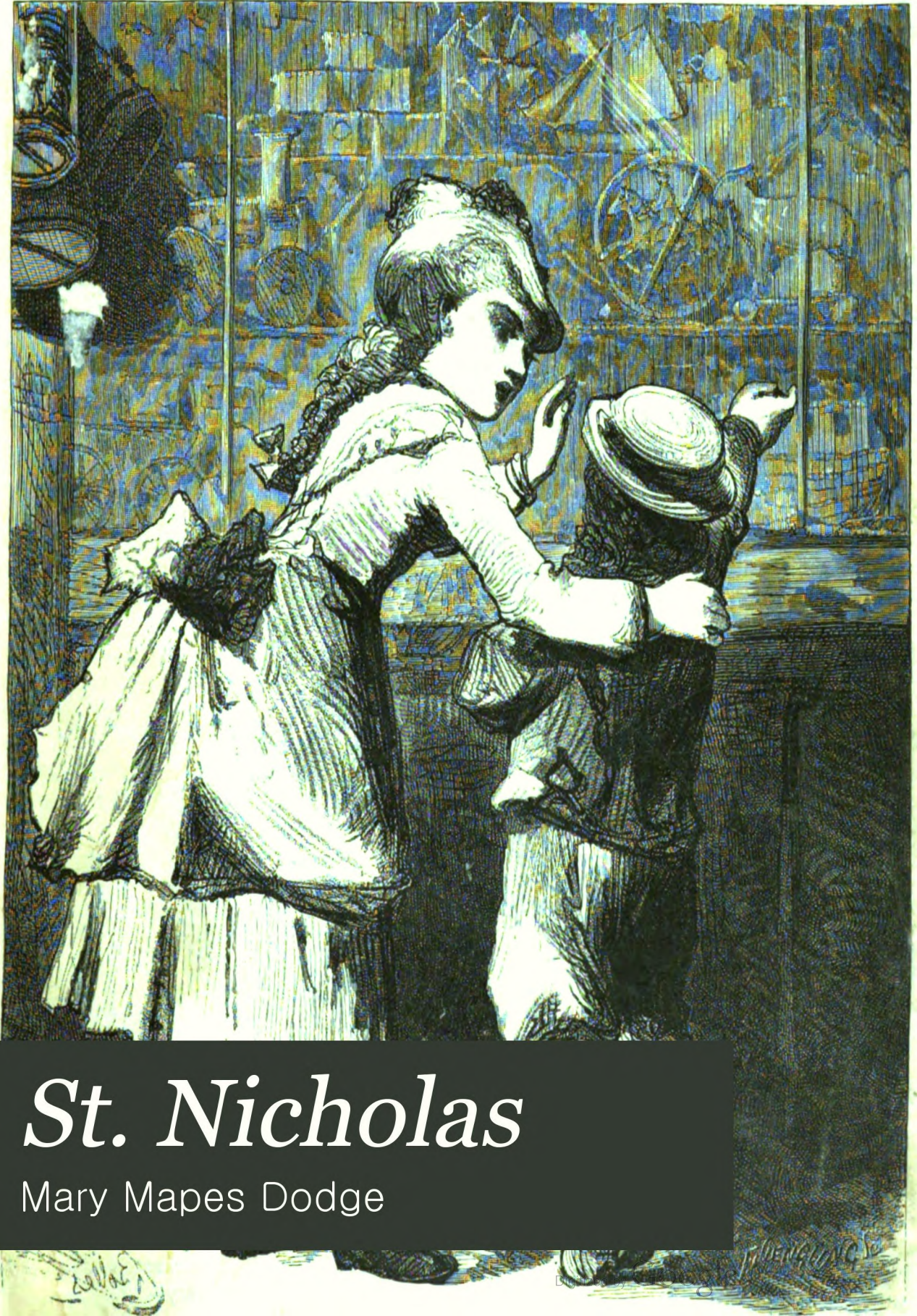

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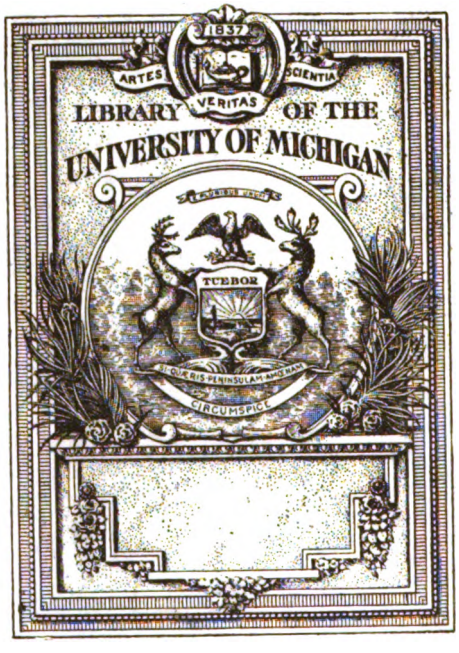

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SCRIBNER'S
ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR GIRLS AND BOYS

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE.

VOLUME I.
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Virginia C. Phœbus
Mary N. Prescott
J. W. Preston
Prof. A. Rattray
James Richardson
William H. Rideing
Mary L. Ritter
M. D. Ruff
S. B. C. Samuels
George A. Sawyer
Mary B. C. Slade
Roswell-Smith
Joel S. Stacy
C. A. Stephens
Mary St. Maur
Frank R. Stockton
Marian Stockton
Eudora May Stone
Jane Grey Swisshelm
Celia Thaxter
Martha M. Thomas
Olive Thorne
Z. Topelius
Mary Thacker
Major Traverse
J. T. Trowbridge
Martha Van Marter
F. Van Wagenen
Olive A. Wadsworth
H. L. H. Ward
Charles Dudley Warner
L. G. Warner
Belle White
Alice Williams
Mary G. Wingate
J. H. Woodbury
Mary E. C. Wyeth.
Isaac Yaunkahama

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. I. NOVEMBER, 1873. NO. 1.

DEAR GIRL AND BOY—No, there are more! Here they come! There they come! Near by, far off, everywhere, we can see them,—coming by dozens, hundreds, thousands, troops upon troops, and all pressing closer and closer.

Why, this is delightful. And how fresh, eager, and hearty you look! Glad to see us? Thank you. The same to you, and many happy returns. Well, well, we might have known it; we *did* know it, but we hardly thought it would be like this. Hurrah for dear St. Nicholas! He has made us friends in a moment.

And no wonder. Is he not the boys' and girls' own Saint, the especial friend of young Americans? That he is. And isn't he the acknowledged patron Saint of New York—one of America's great cities—dear to old hearts as well as young? Didn't his image stand at the prow of the first emigrant ship that ever sailed into New York Bay, and wasn't the very first church the New Yorkers built named after him? Didn't he come over with the Dutch, ever so long ago, and take up his abode here? Certainly. And, what is more, isn't he the kindest, best, and jolliest old dear that ever was known? Certainly, again.

Another thing you know: He is fair and square. He comes when he says he will. At the very outset he decided to visit our boys and girls every Christmas; and doesn't he do it? Yes; and that makes it all the harder when trouble or poverty shuts him out at that time from any of the children.

Dear old St. Nicholas, with his pet names—Santa Claus, Kriss Kringle, St. Nick, and we don't know how many others. What a host of wonderful stories are told about him—you may hear them all some day—and what loving, cheering thoughts follow in his train! He has attended so many heart-warmings in his long, long day that he glows without knowing it, and, coming as he does, at a holy time, casts a light upon the children's faces that lasts from year to year.

Never to dim this light, young friends, by word or token, to make it even brighter, when we can, in good, pleasant, helpful ways, and to clear away clouds that sometimes shut it out, is our aim and prayer.

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THE WOODMAN AND THE SANDAL-TREE.

(From the Spanish.)

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Beside a sandal-tree a woodman stood
  And swung the axe, and, as the strokes were laid
Upon the fragrant trunk, the generous wood,
  With its own sweets, perfumed the cruel blade.
Go, then, and do the like; a soul endued
  With light from heaven, a nature pure and great,
Will place its highest bliss in doing good,
  And good for evil give, and love for hate.

BLUE COAT BOYS.

BY VIRGINIA C. PHOEBUS.

THE blue coat boys were not United States soldiers in uniform, not *any* soldiers in uniform, but boys of all ages between seven and fifteen, and this was the uniform they wore,—a blue coat or tunic, bright yellow petticoat, yellow stockings, a red leathern girdle about the waist, a white cravat about the neck, and on the head a little round, black woolen cap.

How many of these boys were there? where did they live? why did they wear so strange a dress? They lived in London, about one hundred years ago, dozens upon dozens of them; they were all members of a school known as Christ's Hospital (a strange name for a school), and their peculiar dress was the regular school uniform; they were charity scholars, brought from poor and respectable homes, to receive as good advantages as England could give even to her wealthier sons, and to be fitted for entrance into the highest universities of the land. The school still exists in London, and blue coat boys may be seen there to-day, but those of whom I am going to tell you belonged to the old time.

The little seven-year-old boy, fresh from the home-love and petting, here found himself surrounded by a multitude of strange faces, numbering five and six hundred, sometimes as many as eight hundred. How awkward it must have seemed to him at first, when even the familiar garments which mother's hands had made must be laid aside and the quaint school garb assumed! I can fancy such a one, going over the great building for the first time, accompanied by an older scholar, who would explain to him the wonders of the place.

He would hear how this old building had once been the home of the Grey Friars, an order of monks, whose uniform was of the color indicated by their name—he would be shown into the boys' bed-rooms, and told that these were once monks' cloisters, where they counted their beads and said their prayers and did their penances. At certain places he would be stopped to listen to frightful details of the scenes that had been enacted just there, among these old monks in the ages gone by.

Then he would be told how, after the monks had been suppressed, the boy-king, Edward VI (whose memory all little students of English history learn to love), had, just a few months before his death, established in these extensive old buildings, this school for boys; he would have his attention drawn to the brass medal-like buckle which fastened his red leathern girdle; and the boy-face on it would always thereafter be associated in his mind with Edward VI, whom it was intended to represent. He would be taught to distinguish the monitors by their badge. Guess what this monitor's badge was.

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You never will: so give it up, and I will tell you. It was and still is, a *superior style of shoe-string!*

Had these blue coat boys any holidays? Yes; there was Christmas, when they clubbed their funds together and bought such refreshments as their means would allow, when even the penniless ones came in for a share of the good things, as they sat around the fire and told stories; then, on Christmas night, when the little ones had retired at their usual hour, seven o'clock, the monitors and older boys went through the halls and bed-rooms, singing their Christmas carols, until, as one of their number wrote years afterwards, when he was no longer a boy,—"I seemed to be transported to
:m, and to hear the voices of the angels as
g to the shepherds."

was Easter, when the whole school marched
.....n procession through the London streets and were received by the Lord Mayor in his stately robes, who dispensed to each child cake, wine, and a shilling. *That* was a red-letter day, you may be sure. Then there were several days preceding Good Friday, when they "supped in public," and any persons in the city might come in to witness their proceedings; not so very stately a performance one would think, when he is told that they ate from wooden trenchers and the meal to which the public was invited as spectators was simply a meal of bread and cheese.

Lastly, there were the holidays known among them as whole leave days, when there were no studies and *no dinner*. This suited admirably the boys who were within walking distance of friends and parents, but those who had no other retreat but the school may well be excused if they longed for night and supper. It was bright enough at first; breakfast over, they wandered away to a famous bathing place, known as the New River; here they bathed and dived and swam, getting themselves appetites; then they came out of the water and watched the cattle feeding in the meadows, the bees gathering their stores of sweets from the flowers, the birds finding their supplies of seeds and grubs—all things around had something to eat—the very sight made them the hungrier. How long the afternoons were; they looked in at the bright shop windows, and then went to the Tower, where was a famous menagerie, and where they might watch the lions, for the keeper of the menagerie understood that blue coat boys were always to be admitted free of charge, whenever they applied for such a favor. I cannot think those holidays without dinner were red-letter days.

Did they make much progress in their studies? Some of the brightest names in English literature belonged to men, who, in their childhood, were blue coat boys. It would be an interesting study for those of you who have leisure and taste for these things, to hunt up some of these names. Let me give you a few hints. One of them became a prominent English bishop. The initials of three, who became famous as poets and prose writers, were, C. L., S. T. C. and L. H.

What did they read? It was before the days of children's magazines and children's literature, but they had Robinson Crusoe and the Arabian Nights. Do you know any brighter or more entertaining books, even now?

They had some laws which were peculiar to themselves; these laws or traditions, handed on to each new-comer, and thus passing from generation to generation, were rigorously observed by all.

Among these traditions was the abstaining from all fat meats, and the refusal to eat certain kinds of sweet cakes. No one could tell how these traditions originated. The boys were strictly allowanced in the matter of food, and we are told that this allowance was "cruelly insufficient;" so much meat placed upon each plate, part lean, part fat; this fat was known among the boys as "gag," and no matter how hungry he might be, nor how much his appetite might crave it, no blue coat boy would willingly be a "gag-eater."

There is a touching story told of one who acquired among the other boys the reputation of a "gag-eater;" it was noticed that he quietly gathered up, after the meal, every bit of fat left on the plates of those who sat at the same table with himself; the hungry boys were not likely to leave a particle of bread, yet, if they did, the smallest bit of crust was never overlooked by him; all these scraps were placed in a blue-checked handkerchief, and the handkerchief on a bench by the side of his bed; the boys watched to see him eat it, but they only saw the scraps accumulating; it was rumored that he ate at night when others were asleep, but in this he was never detected. The "gag-eater" became odious to his fellows; he seemed a studious, gentle-hearted boy, yet they shunned him; no one would play with him or associate with him; he ate "strange flesh;" at length it was noticed that the blue-check handkerchief and its contents were regularly carried away, when he had leave of absence. His footsteps were traced by some of his school-fellows to the poorest part of the town, into a wretched garret; and when the whole matter was revealed, it was found that the parents of the poor boy had become so reduced that they were in danger of starvation, and the weekly supply of scraps in the blue-checked handkerchief was gladly received and eagerly devoured by the two old people. Honor to the brave "gag-eater!" I am glad to add that the school authorities came to the relief of his parents.

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TOMMY HOPPER'S CHOICE.

BY PAUL FORT.

THERE was nothing that pleased Susan Burroughs so much as being generous. She was willing to give away everything she had, and, more than that, she often wished to give away many things that she did not have at all. I do not mean to say there was any dishonesty about Susan. She simply took pleasure in thinking what she would give if she only had it.

This was a very amiable trait, and generally a very agreeable one, but, sometimes, some of the smaller boys and girls, whom she used to entertain with accounts of what she would do for them if she only had this, that, and the other thing, were considerably annoyed in their little minds by the delightful, but impossible pictures she drew for them. They could not see any reason why Susan did not have all these good things since she was so anxious to give them away.

It was a bright winter afternoon, near Christmas day, when Susan stepped out of the house, warmly dressed for a walk, and with a twenty-five cent note snugly tucked away in the bottom of her pocket. She did not have twenty-five cents every day, and she felt a little rich. By an instinct natural to most children about Christmas time, she walked directly to the largest toy store in the neighborhood; not that she had any intention of buying anything just then, but, as you may have noticed, it is always more pleasant to look at pretty things when you have money in your pocket than when you have none.

When she reached the store, the first thing she saw was little Tommy Hopper, standing boldly before the shop window feasting his eyes on the wonderful things within. There were balls, and bats, and tops, and hoops, and kites, and boxes of tools, rocking-horses, sleds, steamboats with real engines and propellers, boxes of games, ninepins, battledores and shuttlecocks, steam-cars that moved along a track just like real ones (only not so fast), babies that crept on their hands and knees if you wound them up, little boys riding on velocipedes, great big humming tops, and jack-straws, and dear knows what all.

"What are you going to buy, Tommy?" said Susan, stepping up softly behind him.

Tommy looked around quickly. When he saw it was Susan, he smiled a curious little smile, and said:

"I ain't a-going to buy nothing, I'm only a-looking."

"You haven't any money, have you, Tommy?" said Susan.

"No," said Tommy, in a very commonplace tone of voice, as if it were nothing extraordinary for him to have no money.

"Now, I'll tell you what I'll do, Tommy," said Susan, "I'll give you the very prettiest thing in that window that you can buy for twenty-five cents; so you can just take your choice."

"Have you got the money?" asked Tommy.

"Yes," said Susan, drawing her twenty-five cents from her pocket, "here it is."

"It is all your own, is it?" said Tom-

"Yes; it is all my own," answered S.

Tommy was now satisfied. He could [illegible] to work and make his selection with a certainty of being backed by a capitalist. He did not hesitate long. In less than half a minute he had chosen a rocking-horse.

"Oh! you can't buy that for a quarter, Tommy!" cried Susan. "You must choose something cheaper."

Tommy hesitated a little now. He felt humbled. And so the next thing he chose was simply a box of tools.

"Oh! you little goose!" cried Susan. "That box would cost two or three dollars. Isn't there any small thing that you like which does not cost more than a quarter?"

Tommy was now silent for some time; his mind was a little confused. Susan would have suggested something, but the truth was she did not know much about the prices herself, and she did not like to mention anything that would cost more than she could pay.

At last Tommy made a hit; "One of those creeping babies," said he.

"Oh! I can't buy that," said Susan, somewhat impatiently.

"Why, that is ever so little," said Tommy, sturdily.

He had chosen a baby because it was small, and he was not to be argued out of his position every time.

"But I tell you, you can't buy that for twenty-five cents," said Susan. "Don't you know it creeps?"

"It's littler than our baby at home," said Tommy, grumly.

"Well," said Susan, "you couldn't buy that for twenty-five cents."

"Yes, I could," said Tommy, and then a little doubtfully, "Which is the most, these creeping ones, or real ones?"

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"You little simpleton!" said Susan, laughing, and shaking him by the shoulders. "If you don't choose something quickly, I'll go away."

"No, you won't," said Tommy. "I haven't choosed anything yet, and you said you'd wait till I did."

If Susan had not been one of the most good natured of girls, she certainly would have been tired out by Tommy's persistence in selecting the most expensive articles in the window. It was of no use to mention to him marbles, and tops, and kites, for it was winter time, and Tommy did not want any toys out of season.

At last, tired of following Tommy's eyes about

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the window, Susan looked around, and, across the street, she saw her father going home from the office. One of the greatest delights of her life was to take a walk with her father, and so she hurriedly said to the little boy, "Here, Tommy, take the money and buy something for yourself. I am going home with father."

Tommy was delighted to be free from Susan. She worried and bothered him in his choice. Now he felt he could select something he would like without having her "nagging" him all the time, and telling him that things cost too much.

So he walked boldly into the store with his twenty-five cents clutched in his chubby fist. After a very short tour of inspection he stepped up to the man at the counter.

"I want one of them sleds," said he, pointing to a number of handsomely painted sleighs and sledges near the door.

"Which one will you have?" said the man, coming out from behind the counter, and separating one or two of the sleds from the others, "this green one, or this blue one with red runners?"

Tommy hesitated. The blue one was very handsome, but the green one had a horse painted on the seat. This latter fact decided him.

"I'll take the green one," said he.

"That is three dollars and a half," said the man, looking at Tommy, and, noticing, apparently for the first time, what a very little boy he was.

"But it's too much," said Tommy. "I've only got a quarter."

The man laughed.

"You ought to have known whether you had money enough or not, before you asked for it," said he.

"Are all sleds more'n a quarter?" asked Tommy.

"Yes," said the shopman.

"Good-by," said Tommy, and out he marched.

On his way home he passed a peanut stand. Happy opportunity! Tommy stepped up to the man and demanded twenty-five cents' worth of peanuts. Peanuts were cheap in those days, and when Tommy's little pockets were all full, and his hat would scarcely go on his head for nuts, and he had even stuffed some in the waistband of his trousers, there were yet ever so many peanuts and no place to put them.

"Bother on twenty-five cents!" said Tommy. "In some places it's too little, and in some places it's too much!"

LITTLE JINGLES.

SNOW, snow, everywhere!
Snow on frozen mountain peak,
Snow on Flippit's sunny hair,
Snow flakes melting on his cheek.
Snow, snow, wherever you go,
Shifting, drifting, driving snow.

But Flippit does not care a pin,
It's Winter without and Summer within.
So, tumble the flakes, or rattle the storm,
He breathes on his fingers and keeps them warm.

TINKER, come bring your solder,
And mend this watch for me.
Haymaker, get some fodder,
And give my cat his tea.
Cobbler, my horse is limping;
He'll have to be shod anew;
While the smith brings forge and hammer,
To make my daughter a shoe.
Bestir yourselves, my lazies!
I give you all fair warning:
You must do your work 'twixt twelve at night,
And an hour before one in the morning.

HOW did they learn that their ways were small?
Jean and Kitty—
How did they know they were scorned by all?
Jean and Kitty—
Why, they listened one day, at a neighbor's blinds,
And heard the family speak their minds—
What a pity!

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AN OLD-FASHIONED HAT.

By Olive Thorne.

A long time ago, when we old folks were young, when girls wore big bonnets—and never dreamed of wearing a hat like a boy's,—there was in fashion a small fairy-like hat of silver or gold, to wear on the finger. Every girl had one, and was taught to use it almost as soon as she was out of her cradle; young ladies wore it nearly all the time, and as for mothers—why, they scarcely took it off to go to bed.

JEAN AND KITTY.

They were very pretty little things made of gold or silver, as I said, and though they are somewhat out of style just now, I think you will like to know a little about them. The Germans call them finger-hats, and our English forefathers, who had time to give long names to everything, called them thumb-bells; but of late the world has got into such a hurry that we've shortened that pretty name into thimble, and now, of course, you think you know all about them.

You may know how one looks, and what it is for, though, thanks to sewing-machines, you don't have to wear it much, and the time is long gone by when it was necessary to every girl's good name, that she should embroider a "sampler" full of letters and figures, and have it framed and hung up before she was a dozen years old. But I don't believe you know how it comes to be a dainty little finger-hat instead of a silver spoon, or a gold ring.

I can assure you it has a history of its own, and it has been through many trials and wonderful adventures since the time it was sleeping in its native bed under the ground. It would be as interesting as a fairy story if you could have the true story of a thimble, either of gold or silver.

Why, how many persons do you suppose it has taken to bring it from the state of tiny specks to the pretty little thing it is? Not to count miners, or crushers, or refiners, or any of those people, but to begin when it enters the thimble factory, it takes about twenty workmen, besides lots of machinery, to make it.

It begins with the rollers—monstrous great rollers of steel—which think nothing of rolling a bar of silver out as thin as a sheet of paper if thinness is wanted. For thimbles, however, it is rolled about a twentieth of an inch thick, and cut into strips two inches wide. It looks like a beautiful silver ribbon, and one hates to see it go to a remorseless steel punch, which champs away all day, taking out bites about

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ZEBRA AND COLT.

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as big as a silver half-dollar (an old-fashioned American coin you may have heard your grandmother mention).

These round silver pieces are the future thimbles, as you'll see before they get through their tribulations in this house.

The next torturing machine turns up the edge all around, making the foundation for the future rim. No one would suspect this round flat thing could ever get into the shape of a thimble, but the very next machine does the business. The unfortunate bit of silver is put into a press, a dreadful great steel thing comes down with a smash, and, behold! there is your thimble, perfect in shape, though plain silver without figures.

The next thing is to turn over the edge and make it firm, and the thimble is ready for its "dimples," as some one calls the little holes made to catch the needle.

The smooth silver finger-hat is put into a lathe—a machine that does nothing but turn things around—a workman sits down in front with a suitable tool, shaped something like a hammer, and while the thimble is whirling on the lathe he proceeds to cover the top with holes. First, he makes the one in the very middle, then a ring close around that,—look at one and you'll see,—and so he goes on across the top, and down the sides as far as it is wanted.

Now, there's a curious thing happens while this bit of silver is whirling on the lathe. It makes very sweet musical sounds, higher or lower in tone as it turns fast or slow. Workmen sometimes get so expert that they can vary the sounds, by changing the speed, and fairly make the thimble sing a tune. That must be the moment of glory for the little thimble, for it is the first and last sound it ever makes.

From the lathe the little thumb-bell goes to be polished, to have its number marked on it, and its pretty little border of leaves or figures engraved by sharp steel tools, and by the time it is ready for the shop, it has only plain silver enough left to put your name on when you buy it.

Brass and steel thimbles are made in very much the same way, though many of them, you know, have no tops, and are destined to the shops of tailors.

When the finger-hat is of gold, the process is a little different. It is not cut from a solid piece like the silver thimble—by no means—in fact the gold thimble is a humbug and a sham, and goes through life on false pretenses, for the gold is only skin deep, and the rest is—common steel.

Pope immortalized a thimble by describing one adorned with the face of a queen; but sewing-machines are getting so perfect that perhaps before Pope is forgotten, there will have to be a note at the bottom of the page, explaining the use of that antique tool—the thimble.

Silver and gold, and steel and brass, are not the only kinds of thimbles. There's the droll little black one, sometimes ornamented with a vine of gold leaves. That is made of hard rubber, and is very good for use, but not so pretty as silver. Then they have been made of ivory and china, but these were only to look at, I suspect.

Whom we are to thank for the gift of thimbles we do not know, except that the inventor was a woman. Some writers say they came from the industrious dames of Holland with their quaint name of finger-hat, while others claim the invention for some small-footed lady of the Flowery Kingdom.

I think the probabilities are in favor of the Hollanders.

It is not quite two hundred years since they were introduced into England. How do you suppose ladies did the wonderful embroidery that has come down to us from those old times, book-covers, robes, and almost everything else, when they had no stout little thumb-bell to protect their fingers?

THE ZEBRA.

If the zebra were as useful as he is ornamental he would be one of the most valuable members of the horse family; but, unfortunately, about all that can be done with the zebra is to look at him, and, if he happens to be out in his native wilds, one seldom gets a chance to look at him very long, for he is one of the fleetest and most timid of animals. The zebra generally lives in mountainous districts. He bounds up the sides of the hills and over the rocks as active and sure-footed as a goat.

What a magnificent animal a tamed zebra would be for mountain travelers! Instead of slowly toiling up the steep paths on the back of a donkey or a horse, one could dash up the mountain sides as if he were on a level plain, with no fear of tiring the powerful beast, and there would be no danger of his slipping, for a zebra that was in the habit of making missteps could never expect to arrive at maturity. But it is useless to dream of a tame zebra. Some of the most celebrated horse-tamers have endeavored to break the fiery spirit of this animal and make him submit to harness and sad-

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dle, but they have never entirely succeeded. It is just possible that a man like the celebrated Mr. Rarey, who seemed able to tame almost any horse in the world, might ride a zebra for a short distance, but it would not do for anybody else to try it. A man or a boy who should once endeavor to ride a zebra would probably remember his failure for the rest of his life.

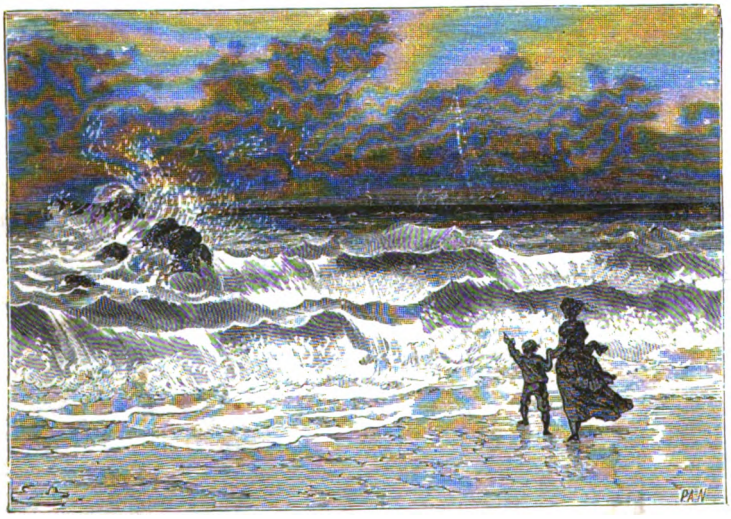
But although it seems impossible to make much use of zebras, they are frequently hunted in South Africa, where they are principally found. The Hottentots are very glad to kill them, so as to have a zebra steak for dinner, for these savages consider zebra meat quite a delicacy, and are willing to take a great deal of trouble to get it. White hunters prefer to catch a zebra alive, and send him to civilized countries for exhibition, for there are few things more attractive in a menagerie than one of these beautiful animals, with his white, cream-colored skin and its rich velvety black bands. And if a zebra colt has been captured with its mother there are few boys, and, in fact, few grown-up folks who can pass their cage without stopping to look in.

If the zebra had a long wavy tail like the horse, instead of a jackass' tail with a bushy tuft at the end, he might be still handsomer than he is. But then no animal can have everything.

BY THE SEA.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

BOYS who have been born and brought up by the sea wonder what sort of fun they who live inland can possibly have. To be sure, there are the woods and streams to give them some sorts of sport; it is true, they have squirrel and rabbit-hunting, the delights of gunning, the pleasure of "going in a-swimming," where the mill-pond and the pebbly streamlets sparkle in the sun or glide under the cool shadows of the willows; but, as a boy, I used to think that the poor fellows who never knew salt water, nor saw the furious breakers dash on the rocky coast of New England, were much to be pitied. And when once, while I was a little chap, I was taken on a visit to Bucksport, it seemed as if I should stifle in the close air of the country town, which had no water near it but a contemptible river flowing past. The sea seemed so far away that I thought I should lose my breath before I could get back to its salt air again. But perhaps I was homesick.



When the gale was high and the long rollers came thundering on the beach, Aunt Rachel used to take me by the hand and lead me along the lonely shore. It was almost terrible to look over the immense waves as they came piling over each other, and to see far out on the stormy sea, the dancing fishing-boats, now riding on top of the sea and now disappearing in the watery trough of the wind-swept ocean. Sometimes a bit of broken spar would come tumbling in from the far-off waves to tell its story of wreck and disaster. Once, while the gale was howling and the breakers were crashing along the shore, Aunt Rachel snatched from a foaming wave a piece of a ship's rail, with

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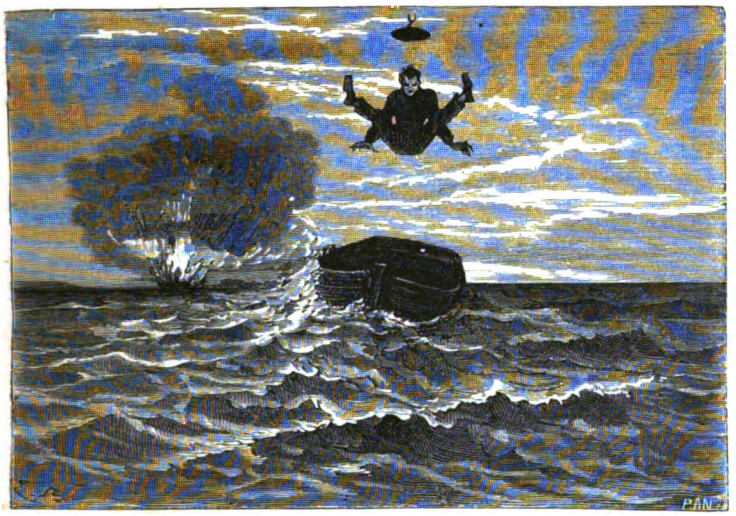

part of a child's night-dress clinging to it. Where was the little one who had worn this garment? And in what dismal wreck had some distressed mother tied it to this floating wood? Nothing ever came from the sea to tell us.

But all was not sad and tragical by the sea. Such larks as we used to have by the Back Cove shores! On Saturday afternoons we tore mussels from the rocks at low tide, or dug clams from the watery sand, and roasted them in fires of drift-wood. Or we built rafts of the loose wood along the beach and paddled about the broad cove. If the frail craft fell to pieces and let the half-naked youngsters into salt water, there were enough swimmers to save those who could not swim. Then there were the joys of boat-building and sailing; and how eagerly we watched the rude little craft as their birch bark sails faded away in the blue waters of the bay. In the drift, along the beach, we found all sorts of curious things; not only bits of wreck, but fragments of clothing, curious and unknown shells, foreign nuts; and once the whole shore was strewn with big russet apples, lost overboard, perhaps, from some distressed trading schooner.

Dearer than all this, even, were the rude wooden wharves that skirted the ancient town. The smell of tar and oakum, the odor of salted fish and the flavor of the brine were in the atmosphere of these delightful places. Here were rusty old anchors, huge and brown, over which we climbed, while we marveled what they had seen at the bottom of the great sea. Worn iron chain-cables were piled up with sun-bleached rigging and fragments of ship-houses and cabooses which should voyage no more. Here was a battered figure-head of King Philip, which had been scorched in the fierce suns of the Indian Ocean and had lost its nose in the icy Arctic. Here, once or twice a year, lay the two or three ships of Fairport, discharging salt from Cadiz and peopled with story-telling sailors who had sailed all the seas over and knew the most delightful yarns ever spun; of these Dave Booden was consummate. He had been a foremast hand "in the time of the embargo," when the British fleets blockaded the entire coast of New England. His tales were blood-curdling; and many is the night when we boys staid so late listening to the latest version of the story of his blowing up the *Arethusa*, that we were sent supperless to bed. The *Arethusa* was a British sloop-of-war blockading Casco Bay. Dave, who, by the way, always spoke of that period as "the time of dimbargo," was a prisoner of war on board, having been captured from a fishing-pinkey and kept as a pilot. By hurrahing for King George and other-

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wise pretending to be a good Tory, he gained the confidence of the crew; and one night, while laying at anchor off Diamond Head, he fixed a lighted fuse under the powder magazine, slipped through an open port-hole to a boat that was towing astern and so made off, paddling with his shoes for want of oars.

"When that ere ship blowed up," said the truthful Dave, "I was nigh unto ten miles and a-half away. But she shook the air so, that I wuz blowed clean out o' that yawl jest straight. My cap went up three feet higher nor I did, and I went up about nine feet inter the air. What air ye sniggerin at?" Dave would angrily demand of one boy who never would believe this part of the story. "When I lit agen, I jest sot right in the yawl on the very same thort that I was a-sittin' on afore; and my cap was on my head, tew. Fact, boys, and ye may jest ask yer old gran'ther ef it ain't." Gran'ther Perkins, who commanded the American volunteers in the time of the embargo, had been dead ten years or more. Dave's story-telling had no fortifying witnesses.

Once in a while—too often, alas!—news would come in a round-about way, of a Fairport vessel lost at sea. Perhaps one of the survivors would, after many thrilling adventures, reach us, and become the sad hero of the town. Sometimes a fishing vessel would sail for the Banks, and never be heard of more. We boys would sit under the lee of the rocks, and fancy that one of the flitting sails that glided along the blue line of the sea and sky, was the missing vessel; then, as she melted away, we would fall to inventing stories of the woful wreck, and whisper to each other, how the men, some of whom we knew, had starved on the raft as they floated on the waves, until they ate each other, or struggled against their fate until they perished miserably in the waters. When night fell, and the full moon swam up the sky, we used to see Marm Morey sitting on Fish Hawk Crag, looking wistfully out to sea. Sol Morey, as brave a lad as ever split a cod-fish, becalmed on Georges Banks, had sent word by a passing vessel that the *Two Brothers*, in which he sailed, would be in port by the full of the moon. The moon fulled and waned, and waxed and waned again, but the *Two Brothers* never came. Sol's mother watched and waited, and waited and watched, on Fish Hawk's Crag for many moons and many years. When the young moon hung pale in the sunset sky, she said, "Sol will be here soon." When it grew smaller, and disappeared from the heavens at night, she went about her work, and said never a word about Sol or the *Two Brothers;* but we boys knew when the moon was full, for we saw Marm Morey on the crag, hopefully turning her faded face to the sea, watching for the gleam of the sail that came no more.

Considering what risks are run by boys about the sea-shore, it seems strange that no more of them are swallowed by the waves. Perhaps the remorseless sea, as poets call it, has a savage pity for the small children who play about its edges. Certain, a kind Providence watches over the lives of the little folk, who snatch a fearful joy from the rush and tumult of the sea. Many a time we tumbled off the wharves, or upset in sail-boats, or were snatched off the rocks by the hungry breakers; yet not one of all my playmates ever met his death thereby. They were spared to be killed by a flying railroad train, a falling roof-slate, an Alpine avalanche, or a stray bullet in the trenches before Petersburg. Once a little crowd of us, caught on a bare reef of rock by the rising tide, and cut off from shore, were driven from point to point, until huddled on Otter Rock, which was usually covered at high water. We sobbed and screamed in vain for help, while the mocking waves crept higher and higher. We faced death, then, every one of us. A few inches of slippery rock stood between us and the end of the beautiful world that smiled around us. The tide crept on and on, stood still, and sunk away inch by inch until we were free! We crawled along the weedy reef, and hushed and half-tearful, told our tale. The tides, at that season, were not so high as usual. But to us it seemed a miracle. Perhaps it was.

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OH, NO!

If blue-birds bloomed like flowers in a row,
And never could make a sound,
How would the daisies and violets know
When to come out of the ground!
They would wait and wait the seasons round:
Never a flower could on earth be found.

And what would birds and butterflies do
If the flowers had wings to fly?
Why, birds and blossoms, and butterflies too,
Would stay far up in the sky;
And then the people would droop and sigh,
And all the children on earth would cry.

WHAT THE WORM COULD AND DID DO.

By Margaret Eytinge.

He had dark curly hair—very curly—curling almost as tight as the tendrils of a grape-vine, and you all know how tight they curl.

And he had bright grey eyes with long black lashes, and a funny little mouth that looked as though it was always asking questions, as, indeed, between you and me, it always was.

And he was a boy five years and I don't know how many days old, and he had no sisters, or brothers, or cousins, or anything of that kind, or if he did have a cousin or two they didn't live there, so what was the use?

He played with the flowers, and stones and grass, and talked to the bees and the butterflies, and the dog and the cat, and he sang pretty songs with the birds, and his name was "And why," because the funny little mouth said "And why?" so often, but they called him Andy for short.

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He loved to play in the dirt, and he had a tiny garden for his very own, where one summer he raised one pea-vine and two radishes.

The reason he didn't raise any more pea-vines and radishes was because he kept digging up the seeds he had planted to see if they were growing yet; but this pea and these two radish seeds having rolled away and hidden in a corner, escaped being dug up, and so took root and became, as I said before, a pea-vine and two round, red, crisp, very nice radishes.

The two radishes Andy ate (I'm afraid he did not stop to wash them), and the pea-vine, after putting forth five sweet pink blossoms that looked like angel butterflies, died because it was so lonely.

Well, one day Andy was digging in his very own garden just after a shower, when he spied a big worm.

Worms are not pleasant things. I don't think that anybody would make a pet of one, and although I've tried very hard, I can not say that I really *love* them myself; but I'm not afraid of them, and neither, I am glad to say, was Andy.

He didn't run away as fast as he could, tumbling over all sorts of things until he reached the house, nor did he dance up and down screaming "oh! oh! oh!" when this worm came out of the ground. Not a bit of it.

He sat quietly down on an overturned flower-pot and looked at the worm in silence for at least two minutes, and the worm raised its head a little (worms can't raise their heads very high) and looked at him.

At last said Andy, "You're not pretty."

"I am not," answered the worm.

"You can't dance," said Andy.

"I can't," said the worm.

"Nor sing," said Andy.

"Nor sing," repeated the worm.

"You don't know your letters, even," said Andy.

"I don't," said the worm.

"Butterflies can fly," said Andy.

"They can," said the worm.

"Bees hum," said Andy.

"They do," said the worm.

"*You* can't do anything," said Andy.

"I CAN," said the worm, so loudly (for a worm) that Andy tumbled off the flower-pot, he was so very much astonished.

But quickly picking himself up, he sat down again, and asked, "What?"

"Something that bees, birds, and even boys can't do," answered the worm, wriggling a little, as naughty girls do when they say, "So there now, you think yourself something great."

"Let's see," said Andy.

"Take your little spade and chop me in two," said the worm.

"Oh, no," said Andy, "that would be wicked."

"Well, don't you ever do it unless a worm asks you to," said the worm, "*then* it's all right. Now I'm ready, go ahead."

"Are you sure you're in earnest?" asked Andy.

"Quite sure," answered the worm.

"And won't it hurt you?" asked Andy.

"Don't ask so many questions; do as I tell you," replied the worm.

"And why?" said Andy; but seeing that the worm was turning away from him he seized his little spade and chopped it in two, and lo! and behold! one-half crept off one way and one-half the other.

"Well, sure enough," said Andy, "I don't believe I *could* do that. Good-bye Mr. Worm—I mean two Mr. Worms."

"Good-bye" said the head, and "good-bye" said the tail; and they both crept under the ground and left Andy to ask, "And why?" until this very day.

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PASSENGER PIGEONS.

By M. T.

For many days the fresh morning air had resounded with the dull bumming of the prairie chickens, and an unbroken line of snowy "schooners," as the emigrant wagons are called on the prairies, had slowly moved westward. These wagons were followed by droves of cattle; and the cattle were driven by brown, dusty women, bare-footed and scantily clothed in blue drilling or patched and faded chintz. I had looked curiously at the labor-saving churns in which butter was made by the mere motion of the jolting wagons; I had questioned the rough-looking Germans and Norwegians, who often could not speak a word of English; and I was never weary of watching for the bright eyes of the dingy-faced little children, who sometimes peeped from the wagons. When these weary travelers halted by the wayside, and their gipsy fires blazed out into the night, what wild sweet singing was borne across the prairie on the evening breeze!

But one day I forgot my slow-plodding friends, in the excitement of watching the passage of a multitude of travelers, who could no more be numbered than the sands upon the sea-shore. What a commotion the shy strangers made that early May morning! I was startled from sleep by a voice crying "Mollie! The pigeons!" and a strange sound, like the rushing of a strong wind, came to my ears. The air was full of flying birds, and for hours I watched the immense flock pass over that little prairie village in Minnesota.

Most boys and girls who live in the country have seen wild pigeons, and know what graceful birds they are. The muscles of their wings are very large and strong. Audubon says that these pigeons travel at the rate of a mile in a minute, and that if one of them were to follow the fashion, and take a trip to Europe, it could cross the ocean in less than three days. We can all exclaim with David, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove!" But quite as wonderful as their speed, is the great power of vision these birds possess. As they journey through space, they can overlook hundreds of acres at once, and their sharp eyes can discover at a glance whether the country beneath them is barren, or supplied with the food they need.

On the day I speak of, the birds flew very low, and hundreds of them alighted on the trees in passing. They often alight in such numbers that great branches are broken off, and sometimes the pigeons are crushed to death. The fields bordering the river were covered with them; but they only stopped to rest, apparently, or perhaps to pick up a little food, and were again on the wing. As these detachments of the vast army of pigeons rose from the ground, with a great flapping of wings, others alighted; meanwhile the main flock was passing steadily over our heads. The procession seemed endless, for the day wore on, and still the swift-winged birds rustled through the air, and still the coming flocks looked like delicate pencilings on the distant sky. It was a rare day for sportsmen. Instead of roosting in a neighboring forest, as we had hoped, the pigeons flew over into Wisconsin. But every day through the summer, stray flocks foraged among the oak groves about us, and their shadows swept over sunny slopes and fields of waving grain, like flitting clouds.

"I didn't suppose there were so many pigeons in North America!" exclaimed a young trapper who visited this roost not long ago, and who, in his first surprise at the wonderful scene before him, forgot all about his game. The piece of woods that the pigeons selected in which to rear their young, is three or four miles wide, and ten miles long. Their nests were in every tree; sometimes more than fifty nests could be seen in one tree. In each of these frail nests, carelessly woven of a few twigs, two white shining eggs were laid. It is said that the father and mother birds take care of these eggs in turn. When the pigeons fly through the woods, the sound of their wings is almost deafening; an old farmer compared it to the roar of ten thousand threshing machines!

From their nesting place the birds flew all over Minnesota, Iowa, and Wisconsin, in quest of food; but they always returned as the sun went down, though the roost was hundreds of miles distant.

When the young pigeons or squabs are almost ready to fly, comes the exciting time known as robbing the roost. Men arm themselves with long poles, with which they upset the nests; the poor squabs fall to the ground, and are easily caught in large quantities. They can then be kept in cages, fattened, and killed as they are wanted.

The passenger pigeon does not migrate from one part of the country to another to find a warmer climate, but only in search of food. So many of these birds are killed every year, for the New York and other markets, that it seems as if they must gradually disappear. But they multiply very fast, and Audubon, the naturalist, thought that nothing but the destruction of our forests could lessen their number.

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GRANDMOTHER.

By Elsie G——.

For a long time I did not understand it at all. I thought that, because grandmothers often were feeble and old-fashioned, they could never really feel as we children do; that they needed no particular notice or enjoyment, for it was their nature to sit in rocking-chairs and knit. They seemed quite different from the rest of the world, and not to be especially thought about; that is, by girls who were as full of merry plans as we were.

Grandmother lived with us, as father was her only son. We had a vague idea that she helped mother mend the clothes and knitted all father's winter stockings, beside some pairs for the church-society. We were supposed to love her, of course, and were never openly rude, for indeed we had been taught to be polite to all aged persons. As for grandmother, she was one of those peaceful souls who never make any trouble, but just go on in their own way so quietly that you hardly know they are in the house. Mother sat with her sometimes, but we girls, in our gay, busy pursuits, rarely thought of such a thing. She seemed to have no part in our existence.

It went on so for some time, till one day I happened at sundown to go into the sitting-room, and there sat grandmother, alone. She had fallen asleep in her chair by the window. The sun was just sinking out of sight, leaving a glory of light as he went, and in this glory I saw grandmother—saw her really for the first time in my life!

She had been reading her Bible, and then, as if there had been no need of reading more, since its treasure already lay shining in her soul, she had turned the book over upon her lap and leaned back to enjoy the evening.

I saw it all in a moment,—her gentleness, her patience, her holiness. Then, while her love and beautiful dignity seemed to fold about me like a bright cloud, the sweet every-day lines in her face told me a secret, that even then in the wonderful sunset of life she was, O, how human! So human that she missed old faces and old scenes; so human that she needed a share of what God was giving us,—friends, home interests, little surprises and expectations, loving offices, and, above all, a recognition in the details of our fresh young lives.

* * * * * * * *

Girls! when grandmother woke up, she found us all three stealing softly into the room; for God had helped me, when I went to tell my sisters about it. Mary only kissed her and asked if she had had a good nap; Susie picked her ball of yarn off the carpet, where it had rolled, and began to wind it, all the while telling her a pleasant bit of news about one of the school-girls; and I—well, I knelt down at grandmother's feet and, just as I was going to cry, I gave her knees a good hard hug, and told her she was a darling.

That's all, girls. But it's been different ever since from what it was before.

IN THE TREE-TOP.

By Lucy Larcom.

"Rock-a-by, baby, up in the tree-top!"
Mother his blanket is spinning;
And a light little rustle that never will stop,
Breezes and boughs are beginning.
Rock-a-by, baby, swinging so high!
Rock-a-by!

"When the wind blows, then the cradle will rock."
Hush! now it stirs in the bushes;
Now with a whisper, a flutter of talk,
Baby and hammock it pushes.
Rock-a-by, baby! shut, pretty eye!
Rock-a-by!

"Rock with the boughs, rock-a-by, baby, dear!"
Leaf-tongues are singing and saying;
Mother she listens, and sister is near,
Under the tree softly playing.
Rock-a-by, baby! mother's close by!
Rock-a-by!

Weave him a beautiful dream, little breeze!
Little leaves, nestle around him!
He will remember the song of the trees,
When age with silver has crowned him.
Rock-a-by, baby! wake by-and-by!
Rock-a-by!

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THE ENCHANTED PRINCE.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

ONCE upon a time there was a boy whose name was Leon, whose father was a banished king, living as a wood-cutter in a hut in a great forest; but a magician had laid them both under such cruel enchantment, that instead of the forest, people only saw two or three scraggy cherry-trees in a back-yard, and the king passed for a country doctor, and Leon went by the name of Bob, and was sent for cheese and molasses to the grocery, and thrashed at school, just as though he had not been a prince at all. It was very fortunate that he himself knew what he was.

One day he had more trouble than usual. Two of his milk teeth were pulled and left a gap in his upper jaw, and giant Blunderbore (who had left one of his heads at home and was keeping a candy shop in disguise—though Bob knew him quite well) accused him of robbing his melon-patch, and in fact beat him.

The worst of it was, that although the prince lived altogether on wild honey, and collops and pasties of the fat stags often shot by himself and Robin Hood, Bob had a remembrance of plugging a melon that was not bought at the grocery store. Put him on his oath and he could not swear he had not stolen it.

As things were in this confused and uncertain state, he resolved to set out that night to seek his fortune. Having had this business on his mind for some time, he was soon ready. Filling a bottle with clear water from the brook (which some people supposed only to be a horse-trough), and putting, with some difficulty, half a loaf of bread in his belt, he mounted his steed and set out by the light of the moon.

Now this prince's village was enchanted in such a manner that it appeared to be a noisy, dirty mill-town; but it was surrounded by sandy hills, and immediately on the other side of these hills lay the dark and bloody ground of Cornwall, whose principal productions are scarlet runner beans and giants, and whose history was, how they were slain by Jack; only now Jack was dead, and a new crop of giants had sprung up, with several heads apiece. Outside of the hills, too, lay the wilderness through which Christian traveled, and the prince naturally wanted to know if Greatheart was still escorting pilgrims through its pits of fire, and whether the lions yet guarded the House Beautiful, and especially he wished to get some of the green apples which gave Matthew such horrible gripes in the stomach. Back of the hills, too, was the ocean with Crusoe's island, and Bagdad, and the Spanish main. About the time when the tallow candle was lighted for Bob, and he was sent from his father's shop up to bed, dark nights were beginning out yonder, full of meteors, and double suns, and armies marching in the sky overhead. Below, great genii burst like thunder-clouds out of crocks, and glittering fairies danced in rings through the moss, by moonlight, and the Caliph, Haroun al Raschid, with black Mesrour at his elbow, listened to stories from one-eyed calendars of women turned into mares; and Robert Kyd sailed and sailed through the pitchy darkness past the Spice islands to the beach where his dead bo'sen stood guard over the treasure, or boarded ships with his black flag and skull and cross-bones flying apeak, and gave no quarter.

When the prince arrived at the hills, he met Desiderio. She was the fair maiden for whom he was going out to fight; all princes go out to fight for a fair maiden. He had never seen Desiderio before, but he took her up on his saddle all the same, and fully intended, after he had killed a dragon or giant or something, to bring her back to the castle in triumph and marry her. Sometimes she wore a robe of white samite, embroidered with gold, and sometimes was in rags like Cinderella. She was not fat and solid, like Josie Wilkinson, the carpenter's daughter, although she had Josie's red head and pug nose, but she was quite light and transparent, like a bubble-girl.

As they journeyed through the wilderness, Desiderio said, "I am hungry, break me a piece of thy manchet;" and then Bob was quite convinced she was a real princess from the correctness of her language.

"I shall not break, but cut it with my sword," he said. Which he did after some sawing and hacking, putting a small chunk of crust in his pocket, for his own supper. "It will go well with jam," he thought to himself.

"What will be thy first adventure?" quoth Desiderio, when she had eaten the bread.

"I shall go in search of the head of the Nile. I've intended to do that ever since I got to 'Egypt,' in Mitchell's Primary."

"And after that?"

"After that, about tea time, we will come back in triumph to be crowned and married."

But Desiderio laughed, and said nothing.

So he held her with his right hand, for she was as lumpy and heavy as unrisen dough, although she seemed so light, and took his sword in his left.

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Before he discovered the source of the Nile, he passed through an entire swamp, full of serpents, besides running the gauntlet between double rows of griffins. Two or three stray giants also met them as they were taking a short cut through a whirlpool, but the prince settled *them* with a whisk or two of his sword. Nobody, who is not a boy and a prince, knows how easily such adventures are achieved. It was just six o'clock when they set out, and at quarter to eight precisely, they reached the end of their journey, and discovered that the river was spouted up (as Bob had long suspected) by an enchanted gigantic monster, something like a whale (the same who had a dispute with Solomon, and was sentenced to be buried in the sand up to his nose, for two thousand years).

"So *that's* settled," said Bob. "I always knew how it would turn out. A pretty to-do there will be when the enchantment's taken off him." He filled a flask with water out of the whale's nostrils to prove his discovery. "Now we'll go home and be married," said he.

But the princess laughed and looked more like a fair brilliant bubble than before. "You must achieve another adventure before you can win me."

"I have always intended to dig down into the middle of the world and see what is there," said Bob, after thinking awhile. "Indeed I began in the bottom of the potato-patch, but mother put pumpkin seeds in the hole, supposing I dug it for planting."

"That will do very well. Begin to dig," said Desiderio, promptly seating herself on his shoulders. Bob had only a crooked stick to dig with, but like all heroes, he got on very well, and was soon down some fifty miles or so. But Desiderio began to be very heavy. She was also very hungry and so was Bob.

"Break me another piece of thy manchet," she said. And taking out his crust he found it covered inch deep with jam of the best raspberries, also a thick layer of icing on top.

He had never been so hungry in his life. He looked at Desiderio and he looked at the jam. Then he gave it to her with a dreadful sigh, putting one small bite in his pocket for himself.

"That will keep me alive until we reach home. Perhaps they'll have muffins for supper," he thought.

When they reached the middle of the world, at about eleven o'clock, they discovered the shell of a roc's egg—a very large roc's egg.

"The whole world has evidently been hatched out of this," said Bob, "and sent clucking off among the clouds to grow. Well, now, we'll go home and be married, and I'll warrant you we'll have something to eat."

"Very well," said Desiderio. "But you must carry me home for the love you bear me."

Now, they had had to pass through a lake of fire on their way down, and another packed full of blocks of ice, which I forgot to mention; and the princess, though she looked like a breath of vapor, weighed weight, and not a few pounds either.

"For the love I bear you," thought he, and he hoisted her bravely upon his shoulders, smiling on her courteously, as the Seven Champions of Christendom always did on distressed damsels. But the calves of his legs ached tremendously.

On the way back (after the lake of fire and the ice-pack, miles deep) he met and slew sixteen dragons of distinct species; he also put to death a wild boar and led a small cohort of Roman soldiers against forty-three thousand savage cannibals and was victorious in every engagement, and was crowned with bay leaves and followed wherever he went with multitudes of people, especially Turkish slaves bearing golden salvers full of jewels, who hailed him with cries of "*Io Triumphe!* Hail, Thane of Cawdor!"

"I really think we shall soon be married and have supper," he observed to the princess. But she laughed again scornfully.

"There is the desert yet to pass before you can win me," she said.

Now, the desert was a vast plain extending far beyond the world's edge, and quite covered with snow, unmelted since time began, and all the winds of heaven beat upon it. When the prince began to cross it, his strength left him and he was feeble as an old man, and felt his way slowly with groping hands. Desiderio left his shoulder and fluttered before him. It seemed to him that she was thinner and more like the air than before. He put out his hands but could not reach her.

"When thou canst touch me thou shalt indeed be Hero and King," she cried. But her voice was far-off like the echo which distant bells leave on the air.

There were neither dragons nor griffins nor Roman cohorts here. It was just to toil along the wind-beaten plain, hungry unto death. At last he remembered the bit of bread and flask of water, and took them out to keep him alive.

Now the bread had turned into plum cake, fuller of raisins than any you ever saw, and the water was cold and sparkled in the sun.

"Give them to me," cried the princess, "for the love you bear me."

Whereupon he handed them to her, and a sudden darkness fell upon them. But she ate the last crumb and drank the last drop. Then she faded farther and farther, as fair and faint as the rainbow colors that sometimes shine through tears on our

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lashes, and he could only hear her voice as though it came from the under-world.

Just then the giant who had put this prince and his father under enchantment long ago, seized him and wrapped him up in his arms. They were cold and flabby as the clammy touch of the cuttle-fish; and they carried him out of the desert back to his trundle-bed, and when he awoke, his tallow candle had burned out in the tin candlestick, and he was only Bob. Never Leon again.

So he went on and on, to school and to college, just like any other Bob, and he married Josie Wilkinson; and now he is about as old and fat as your papa, and combs his hair up over his bald head in a friz, to hide the baldness. And he sells sugar and coffee by the barrel, and always has his meals at regular hours, and never calls a piece of bread a manchet, or wishes for jam or icing.

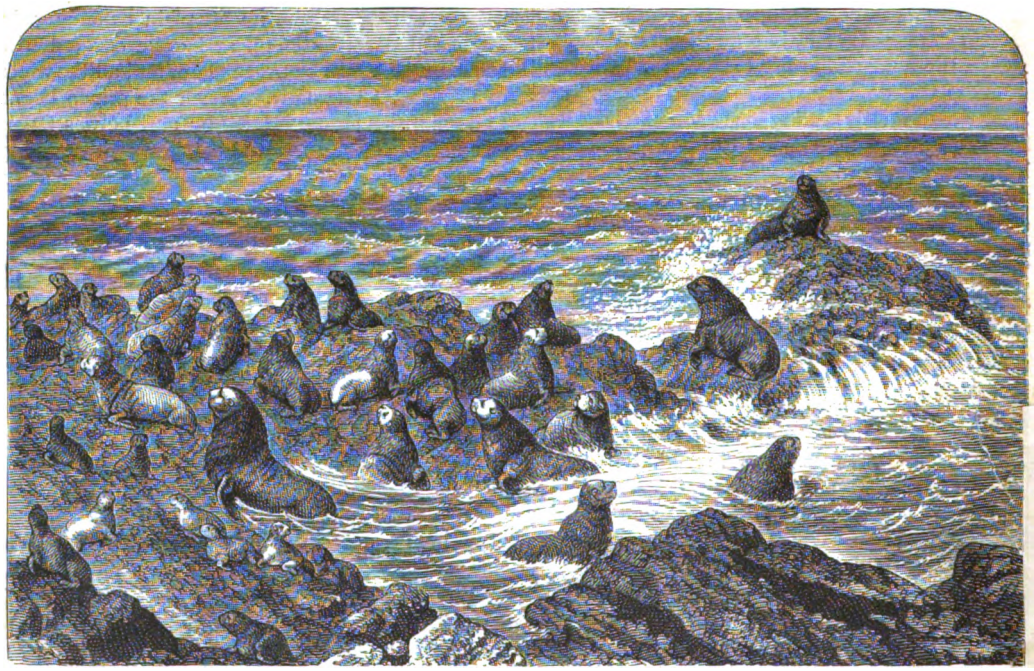
But he keeps his secret about all that he has done. When he hears of Speke, and Grant, and Sir Samuel Baker, hunting through Africa for the source of the Nile, he says to himself, "What nonsense!"

Because he knows that he found it long ago. Or when he reads of geologists exploring the depth of the earth below the solid granite, he remembers the shell of the roc's egg. But he says nothing. Nor when he looks at his wife does he tell her of the princess who faded, long ago, into thin air; but at Christmas time, when all men who are men, turn into boys again, he knows that these things were real, and that he was a prince in disguise, and that his store and fat wife and solid babies will vanish some day like a dream, and the real things return. Strangers, looking into his face, ask sometimes, what wonderful history he has had, or whether he is not a hero in some sort of way, which the people around him, of course deny, and tell them that he is only a grocer.

But he knows. And he is kinder to Josie and his babies, and he loves them all the better for the sake of Desiderio, whom he lost, long ago, in the desert.

THE FARALLONE ISLANDERS.

BY JOHN LEWEES.



SEALS ENJOYING THEMSELVES.

IN the Pacific Ocean, off the coast of California, is a group of three small rocky islands, named, long ago, by the Spaniards, the "Farallones de los Frailes," or the Friars' Islands. They are often of grea

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advantage as landmarks for sailors; for they are quite conspicuous, and lie about thirty miles west of the "Golden Gate," that beautiful entrance to the Bay of San Francisco. These islands are inhabited—indeed, their population is quite large. The principal inhabitants may be divided into three classes: seals, shags and sea-gulls. Human beings are there sometimes, but only as visitors.

The seals, some of which are so large that they are called sea-lions, are the most permanent residents, for the shags (which are small cormorants) and the sea-gulls will fly away sometimes. But one can nearly always see the seals playing on the rocks. And seals are objects of great interest to the San Francisco people. Near the city, and only a short distance from a hotel on the shore, is a rock called Seal Rock, which is generally covered with seals, which sport there for their own amusement and that of the spectators on the shore. They are not afraid to show themselves, for no one is allowed to molest them, and they may have found out that they are under protection of some kind. There are few animals more easily tamed than seals. Out on the Farallones there are a great many more seals than are to be seen on the Seal Rock. But fewer people see them, for it is necessary to go in a vessel to reach these islands. Here the seals seem to spend a curious existence. They climb up out of the water and they slip down into it again. They sleep in the sun, and they wake up and bark and slip into the sea, and then they climb out again and bark, and bark, and bark. Most persons have heard seals bark in a menagerie, and they can imagine the effect of hundreds of these creatures barking all at once. If one of them can get on a high peak of rock he generally barks the loudest. And then they slip, and slide, and climb, and sleep and bark all their lives long.

SHAGS AND SEA-GULLS.

But the sea-gulls and shags which you see on the high rocks in the above picture have a more lively time, for they can fly. They are very graceful birds on the wing; and although they are very patient while sitting on the eggs in their nests, which they build on the highest rocks in the islands, they must be delighted when the hatching season is over and they can fly over the ocean and over the land, sweeping and circling, and diving and rising all day, as free and almost as swift as the wind.

But these poor shags and gulls have their troubles. Men come to the islands and carry away their eggs to take to the San Francisco market; and as for the very young gulls, they are killed and salted down like herrings. They are considered good eating, but the old gulls take so much exercise that their flesh is very tough.

In the air, in the water, or on shore these inhabitants of the Farallone Islands are certainly interesting creatures.

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HERMANN, THE DEFENDER OF GERMANY.

By E. A. Bradin.

Of course, many of my young readers have heard of Julius Cæsar and his conquests, and they remember that, at the time of our Saviour's birth, almost all the known world belonged to the Roman Emperor. Before this, many kingdoms had, one by one, become great and powerful, but each, in its turn, was subdued, and now only the Roman Empire possessed either power or influence. Even Greece, the land of Achilles and Miltiades, Leonidas and Alexander, was now a province of Rome. But there were some nations further north that the great Roman Empire had not been able to entirely subdue. Britain, Gaul (or France) and Germany all had been invaded. The first two were conquered, although the Romans never had much influence in Britain; but the brave and warlike Germans were still independent. Germany was not then what it is now. Instead of beautiful castles on the tops of the hills, with sunny fields and vineyards, stretching down to pleasant valleys, the country was wild and uncultivated; the hills were covered with dark forests, between whose leaves the bright, warm sunshine seldom fell.

The Germans were tall, strong men, with blue eyes and yellow hair, brave and powerful, generous and faithful. They loved their fatherland then as fondly as now; and the Romans had to fight many and many a battle before they conquered enough of the country to place garrisons even on its borders.

In the time of the Emperor Augustus, who reigned from B. C. 27 to A. D. 14, Hermann, or Arminius, a young German prince, was taken captive and carried to Rome, where he was brought up. He was made, by the Emperor, a Knight and a Roman citizen. The citizenship was considered a great honor, as it brought with it certain privileges which those who were not citizens, even though they had been born in the Roman Empire, could not enjoy. Hermann was better educated than most of the other Germans, who still were ignorant and uncivilized; and, what was more important for him, he understood just how the Romans managed their armies and fought their battles. He loved his country so dearly, that even in the midst of the comfort and luxury around him, he often sadly thought that Roman soldiers guarded its borders, and that though it was not yet conquered, it was not perfectly free. As he grew older, he determined to save his dear fatherland. He married Thusuelda, the daughter of Segestes, a German chief, who was a traitor to his country and the Romans' friend. He did not wish his daughter to marry Hermann, but the chief carried her off, and she made him a loving and devoted wife. In revenge, Segestes accused Hermann, before the Roman Governor, of intending to attack the Romans. This treachery so roused the noble German, that he determined to lead his oppressed countrymen to a general revolt.

His plans had to be very carefully laid, as the Romans were well armed, and were the best soldiers in the world; while the Germans had only simple weapons, no forts, or walled towns, and not enough provisions to last them, in case of a long siege.

It would not do to attempt to attack the Romans in a pitched battle, that is, a regular fight in an open field, so Hermann determined to succeed by strategy. Varus, the Roman general, had only lately come into Germany. He was an unkind ruler, and oppressed the people in many ways, which, of course, made them all the more anxious to become again independent.

Many severe rains had fallen, which swelled the streams, and made the muddy roads worse still for the Roman troops, whose dress and arms were heavier than those of the Germans. Suddenly, the tribes near the Visurgis and Amisia rivers, now the Weser and the Ems, in the north of Germany, rose against the Romans. The chiefs near Varus made him believe that it was necessary for him to go instantly to the spot and try to subdue them; but they did not tell him that many other tribes were only waiting for a signal from Hermann to revolt also.

Varus began his march, and, at last, while they were toiling on, Varus heard that the Germans had attacked the rear of his army. He pressed eagerly forward, but a shower of arrows and other weapons from the woods, on each side, showed him that the enemy were surrounding him. He, however, arranged his camp for the night in the best place he could find, and the next day began again to march. He expected to find the greater part of the German army ready to fight; but Hermann let him go on for some time without disturbance, except from occasional showers of darts. At length the head of the army reached a thickly-wooded hill, and here the baggage-wagons had to be stopped, as Hermann had placed the trunks of trees across to delay the enemy. Then Hermann made his great attack. The Romans fought bravely, but they were not fighting for their homes and father-

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land, for their wives and children, like the Germans; they were struggling to conquer a free and noble nation, and they were defeated. The Germans aimed often at the horses, who being wounded, threw their riders and then rushed wildly here and there, among the soldiers. At length, seeing that all was lost, Varus threw himself upon his sword, and died. A band of Romans placed themselves in a ring on a little mound and fought there till evening, but the next day they too were captured. In a little while the Roman garrisons were destroyed, and this battle made Germany once more free. When the emperor received the news at Rome he was filled with grief. Beating his head against the wall, he would cry out: "Varus, Varus, give me back my Roman legions."

Some years after this, Segestes again quarreled with Hermann, and traitorously called upon the Romans to assist him. He gave himself up to Germanicus, the Roman general, and also betrayed his daughter, the dear wife of Hermann, into his hands. This roused Hermann to the fiercest rage. He called upon his countrymen to rise and chase their enemies from the land. Germanicus went first to the place where Varus was defeated, buried the bones of his countrymen, and raised a funeral pile to their memory. He fought with Hermann not far from here, and, the Romans say, gained a victory; but that is doubtful, as he immediately afterwards returned to the Rhine. Some of his troops went home by sea, but a part he sent with Cæcina through the German country, ordering them to pass as soon as possible over the "long bridge," which stretched between two marshes. The Germans knew the road, and hastened to reach the woods on either side, before Cæcina.

When the Romans arrived, they found that the bridges needed repairing, and while they were at work Hermann attacked them. The Romans suffered terribly; their armor was so heavy that the men sunk in the marshes, and so did their wagons; while the Germans, accustomed to this sort of fighting, used their long lances with perfect ease.

At night, while the Romans slept, the Germans turned the courses of the mountain streams, and flooded the camp. Probably all would have been killed, as in the battle with Varus, if the Germans, in spite of all Hermann could do, had not seized upon the baggage, thus giving the Romans time to move off to a hill where they could form a camp. The next day, contrary to the advice of Hermann, the Germans attacked their enemies and were defeated.

There were no more battles after this for a year, in which time the Germans had destroyed the monument erected to Varus. Germanicus entered Germany again, and encamped on the banks of the Weser, where a strange scene took place. Flavius, the brother of Hermann, had also been brought up at Rome, and he remained a Roman in heart instead of taking up arms for his native country. Hermann approached as near as possible to the banks of the stream, and called aloud to ask if his brother were in the Roman ranks. Flavius came to the borders of the river, and answered to his call. Then an exciting scene took place. Hermann reproached Flavius bitterly for his treason to the fatherland, calling upon him in the name of the great German gods, of the dear German land, and above all, of their beloved mother, who still was true to her country, to give up the honors which the Romans had heaped upon him, and return. Flavius grew greatly excited, and so did Hermann; and, if those around had not interfered, they probably would have rushed across the stream and fought with each other.

On the next day a battle took place between the Germans and part of the Romans, in which Hermann was victorious; but on the following day the rest of the Romans forded the stream, and defeated Hermann, who was severely wounded. Germanicus raised a magnificent triumphal pile with a boastful inscription; but he soon retreated towards the Rhine, which shows that his victory was not as great as he made it appear.

Not long after this, the noble Hermann was murdered by some of his own people. Tacitus, a Latin historian, says that he tried to make himself king; but when we think of his self-sacrificing, disinterested life, we cannot believe this. Other historians say that he wanted to extend his power over some other tribes, not to become king.

His countrymen raised to his memory a pillar with his statue upon it; and this was considered a sacred guardian of their land until the 9th century, when Charlemagne, King of the Franks, defeated the Germans, and carried away both the pillar and the statue of their beloved Hermann, the deliverer of his country.

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WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER I.

HARRY LOUDON MAKES UP HIS MIND.

ON a wooden bench under a great catalpa tree, in the front yard of a comfortable country-house in Virginia, sat Harry and Kate Loudon worrying their minds. It was all about old Aunt Matilda.

Aunt Matilda was no relation of these children. She was an old colored woman, who lived in a cabin about a quarter of a mile from their house, but they considered her one of their best friends. Her old log cabin was their favorite resort, and many a fine time they had there. When they caught some fish, or Harry shot a bird or two, or when they could get some sweet potatoes or apples to roast, and some corn-meal for ash-cakes, they would take their provisions to Aunt Matilda and she would cook them. Sometimes an ash-cake would be baked rather harder than it was convenient to bite, and it had happened that a fish or two had been cooked entirely away, but such mishaps were not common. Aunt Matilda was indeed a most wonderful cook—and a cook, too, who liked to have a boy and a girl by her while she was at work and who would tell them stories—as queer old stories as ever were told—while the things were cooking. The stories were really the cause of the ash-cakes and fish sometimes being forgotten.

And it is no wonder that these children were now troubled in their minds. They had just heard that Aunt Matilda was to go to the Almshouse.

Harry and Kate sat silent. They had mourned over the news and Kate had cried. There was nothing more to be done about it, so far as she could see.

But all of a sudden Harry jumped up. "I tell you what it is, Kate," he exclaimed, "I've made up my mind! Aunt Matilda is not going to the Almshouse. I will support her myself!"

"Oh, that will be splendid!" cried Kate, "but you never can do it!"

"Yes, I can," said Harry. "There are ever so many ways in which I can make money."

"What are you going to do?" said Kate; "will you let me help?"

"Yes," said her brother, "you may help if you can, but I don't think you will be of much use. As for me, I shall do plenty of things; I shall go out with my gun—"

"But there is nothing to shoot, now in the Summer-time," said Kate.

"No, there is n't much yet, to be sure," said her brother, "but before very long there will be partridges and hares; plenty of them; and father and Captain Caseby will buy all I shoot. And then you see until it is time for game I'm going to gather sumac."

"Oh! I can help you in that," cried Kate.

"Yes, I believe you can," said her brother. "And now, suppose we go down and see Aunt Matilda, and have a talk with her about it."

"Just wait until I get my bonnet," said Kate. And she dashed into the house, and then, with a pink calico sunbonnet on her head, she came down the steps in two jumps, and the brother and sister, together, hurried through the woods to Aunt Matilda's cabin.

Harry and Kate Loudon were well-educated children, and, in many respects, knew more than most girls and boys who were older than they. Harry had been taught by his father to ride and to swim and to shoot as carefully as his school-teacher had taught him to spell and to parse. And he was not only taught to be skillful in these out-door pursuits, but to be prudent, and kind-hearted. When he went gunning, he shot birds and game that were fit for the table, and when he rode, he remembered that his horse had feelings as well as himself. Being a boy of good natural impulses, he might have found out these things for himself; but, for fear that he might be too long about it, his father carefully taught him that it was possible to shoot and to hunt and to ride without being either careless or cruel. It must not be supposed that Harry was so extremely particular that there was no fun in him, for he had discovered that there is just as much fun in doing things right as in doing them wrong; and as there was not a boy in all the country round about who could ride, or swim, or shoot so well as Harry, so there was none who had a more generally jolly time than he.

His sister Kate was a sharp, bright, intelligent girl, rather inclined to be wild when opportunity offered; but very affectionate, and always as ready for out-door sports as any boy. She could not shoot—at least, she never tried—and she did not ride much on horseback, but she enjoyed fishing, and rambles through the woods were to her a constant delight. When anything was to be done, especially if it was anything novel, Kate was always ready to help. If anybody had a plan on hand, it was very hard to keep her finger out of it; and if there were calculations to be made, it was all the better. Kate had a fine head for mathematics,

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and, on the whole, she rather preferred a slate and pencil to needles and spool-cotton.

As to Aunt Matilda, there could be no doubt about her case being a pretty hard one. She was quite old and decrepit when the war set her free, and, at the time of our story, she was still older and stiffer. Her former master had gone to the North to live, and as she had no family to support her, the poor old woman was compelled to depend upon the charity of her neighbors. For a time she managed to get along tolerably well, but it was soon found that she would suffer if she depended upon occasional charity, especially after she became unable to go after food or help. Mr. and Mrs. Loudon were very willing to give her what they could, but they had several poor people entirely dependent upon them, and they found it impossible to add to the number of their pensioners. So it was finally determined among the neighbors that Aunt Matilda would have to go to the Almshouse, which place was provided for just such poor persons as she. Neither Harry nor Kate knew much about the Almshouse, but they thought it must be some sort of a horrible place; and, at any rate, it was too hard that Aunt Matilda should have to leave her old home where she had spent so many, many years.

And they did not intend she should do it.

CHAPTER II.

THE ADOPTION.

WHEN the children reached Aunt Matilda's cabin, they found the old woman seated by a very small fire, which was burning in one corner of the hearth.

"Are you cold, Aunt Matilda?" asked Kate.

"Lor' bless you, no, honey! But you see there wasn't hardly any coals left, and I was tryin' to keep the fire alive till somebody would come along and gather me up some wood."

"Then you were going to cook your breakfast, I suppose," said Harry.

AUNT MATILDA AND HER GUARDIANS.

"Yes, child, if somebody 'ud come along and fetch me something to eat."

"Haven't you anything at all in the house?" asked Kate.

"Not a pinch o' meal, nor nothin' else," said the old woman; "but I 'spected somebody 'ud be along."

"Did you know, Aunt Matilda," said Harry, "that they are going to send you to the Almshouse?"

"Yes; I heerd 'em talk about it," said Aunt Matilda, shaking her head; "but the Almshouse ain't no place for me."

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"That's so!" said Kate, quickly. "And you're not going there, either!"

"No," said Harry;" "Kate and I intend to take care of you for the rest of your life."

"Lor', children, you can't do it!" said the old woman, looking in astonishment from one to the other of these youngsters who proposed to adopt her.

"Yes; but we can," said Harry. "Just you wait and see."

"It 'll take a good deal o' money," said the old woman, who did not seem to be altogether satisfied with the prospects held out before her. "More'n you all will ever be able to git."

"How much money would be enough for you to live on, Aunt Matilda?" asked Harry.

"Dun no. Takes a heap o' money to keep a person."

"Well, now," said Kate, "let's see exactly how much it will take. Have you a pencil, Harry? I have a piece of paper in my pocket, I think. Yes; here it is. Now, let's set down everything, and see what it comes to."

So saying, she sat down on a low stool with her paper on her knees, and her pencil in her hand. "What shall we begin with?" said she.

"We'll begin with corn-meal," said Harry. "How much corn-meal do you eat in a week, Aunt Matilda?"

"Dun no," said she, "spect about a couple o' pecks."

"Oh, Aunt Matilda!" cried Kate, "our whole family wouldn't eat two pecks in a week."

"Well, then, a half-peck," said she—"'pends a good deal on how many is living in a house."

"Yes; but we only mean this for you, Aunt Matilda. We don't mean it for anybody else."

"Well, then, I reckon a quarter of a peck would do, for jest me."

"We will allow you a peck," said Harry, "and that will be twenty-five cents a week. Set that down, Kate."

"All right," said Kate. And she set down at the top of the paper, "Meal, 25 cents."

The children proceeded in this way to calculate how much bacon, molasses, coffee and sugar, would suffice for Aunt Matilda's support; and they found that the cost, per week, at the rates of the country stores, with which they were both familiar, would be seventy-seven and three-quarter cents.

"Is there anything else, Aunt Matilda?" asked Kate.

"Nuffin I can think on," said Aunt Matilda, "'cept milk."

"Oh, I can get that for nothing," said Kate. "I will bring it to you from home, and I will bring you some butter too, when I can get it."

"And I'll pick up wood for you," said Harry. "I can gather enough in the woods in a couple of hours to last you for a week."

"Lor' bless you, chil'len," said Aunt Matilda, "I hope you'll be able to do all dat."

Harry stood quiet a few minutes, reflecting.

"How much would seventy-seven and three-quarter cents a week amount to in a year, Kate," said he.

Kate rapidly worked out the problem, and answered: "Forty dollars and forty-three cents."

"Lor'! but that's a heap o' money!" said Aunt Matilda. "That's more'n I spect to have all the rest of my life."

"How old are you, Aunt Matilda?" said Harry.

"I spect about fifty," said the old woman.

"Oh, Aunt Matilda!" cried Harry, "you're certainly more than fifty. When I was a very little fellow, I remember that you were very old—at least, sixty or seventy."

"Well, then, I spects I 'se about ninety," said Aunt Matilda.

"But you can't be ninety!" said Kate. "The Bible says that seventy years is the common length of a person's life."

"Them was Jews," said Aunt Matilda. "It did n't mean no cull'd people. Cull'd people live longer than that. But p'raps a cull'd Jew would n't live very long."

"Well," said Harry, "it makes no difference how old you are. We 're going to take care of you for the rest of your life."

Kate was again busy with her paper.

"In five years, Harry," she said, "it will be two hundred and two dollars and fifteen cents."

"Lor'!" cried Aunt Matilda, "you chill'en will nebber git dat."

"But we don't have to get it all at once, Aunt Matilda," said Harry, laughing, "and you need n't be afraid that we can't do it. Come, Kate, it's time for us to be off."

And then the conference broke up. The question of Aunt Matilda's future support was settled. They had forgotten clothes, to be sure, but it is very difficult to remember everything.

CHAPTER III.

COMMENCING BUSINESS.

WHEN they reached home Harry and Kate put together what little money they had, and found that they could buy food enough to last Aunt Matilda for several days. This Harry procured and carried down to the old woman that day. He also gathered and piled up inside of her cabin, a good supply of wood. Fortunately, there was a spring very near her door, so that she could get water without much trouble.

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Harry and Kate determined that they would commence business in earnest the next morning, and, as this was not the season for game, they determined to go to work to gather sumac leaves.

Most of us are familiar with the sumac bush, which grows nearly all over the United States. Of course we do not mean the poisonous swamp-sumac, but that which grows along the fences and on the edges of the woods. Of late years the leaves of this bush have been greatly in demand for tanning purposes, and, in some states, especially in Virginia, sumac gathering has become a very important branch of industry, particularly with the negroes; many of whom, during the sumac season, prefer gathering these leaves to doing any other kind of work. The sumac bush is quite low, and the leaves are easily stripped off. They are then carefully dried, and packed in bags, and carried to the nearest place of sale, generally a country store.

The next morning, Harry and Kate made preparations for a regular expedition. They were to take their dinner, and stay all day. Kate was enraptured—even more so, perhaps, than Harry. Each of them had a large bag, and Harry carried his gun, for who could tell what they might meet with? A mink, perhaps, or a fox, or even a beaver! They had a long walk, but it was through the woods, and there was always something to see in the woods. In a couple of hours, for they stopped very often, they reached a little valley, through which ran Crooked Creek. And on the banks of Crooked Creek were plenty of sumac bushes. This place was at some distance from any settlement, and apparently had not been visited by sumac gatherers.

"Hurra!" cried Kate, "here is enough to fill a thousand bags!"

Harry leaned his gun against a tree, and hung up his shot and powder flasks, and they both went to work gathering sumac. There was plenty of it, but Kate soon found that what they saw would not fill a thousand bags. There were a good many bushes, but they were small; and, when all the leaves were stripped off one, and squeezed into a bag, they did not make a very great show. However, they did very well, and, for an hour or so, they worked on merrily. Then they had dinner. Harry built a fire. He easily found dry branches, and he had brought matches and paper with him. At a little distance under a great pine tree, Kate selected a level place, and cleared away the dead leaves, and the twigs, leaving a smooth table of dry and fragrant pine needles. On this she spread the cloth, which was a napkin. Then she took from the little basket she had brought with her a cake of corn-meal, several thick and well buttered slices of wheat bread, some hard boiled eggs, a little paper of pepper and salt, a piece of cheese, and some fried chicken. When this was spread out (and it would not all go on the cloth) Harry came, and looked at the repast.

"What is there to cook?" said he.

Kate glanced over her table, with a perplexed look upon her countenance, and said: "I don't believe there is anything to cook."

"But we ought to cook something," said Harry. "Here is a splendid fire. What's the good of camping out if you don't cook things?"

"But everything is cooked," said Kate.

"So it seems," said Harry, in a somewhat discouraged tone. Had he built that beautiful fire for nothing? "We ought to have brought along something raw," said he. "It is ridiculous eating a cold dinner with a splendid fire like that."

"We might catch some fish," said Kate; "we should have to cook *them*."

"Yes," said Harry, "but I brought no lines."

So, as there was nothing else to be done, they ate their dinner cold, and when they had finished, Kate cleared off the table by giving the napkin a flirt, and they were ready for work again. But first they went to look for a spring, where they could get a drink. In about half an hour they found a spring, and some wild plums, and some blackberries, and a grape vine (which would surely be full of grapes in the Fall, and was therefore a vine to be remembered), and a stone, which Kate was quite certain was an Indian arrow-head, and some tracks in the white sand, which must have been made by some animal or other, although neither of them was able to determine exactly what animal.

When they returned to the pine tree Kate took up her bag. Harry followed her example, but somewhat slowly, as if he were thinking of something else.

"I tell you, Harry," said Kate, "suppose you take your gun and go along the creek and see what that was that made the tracks. If it was anything with fur on it, it would come to more than the sumac; I will stay here, and go on filling my bag."

"Well," said Harry, after a moment's hesitation, "I might go a little way up the creek. I need n't be gone long. I would certainly like to find that creature, if I can."

"All right," said Kate, "I think you 'll find it."

So Harry loaded his gun, and hurried off to find the tracks of the mysterious, and probably fur-covered animal.

Kate worked away cheerfully, singing a little song, and filling her bag with the sumac leaves. It was now much warmer, and she began to find that sumac picking, all alone, was not very interesting, and she hoped that Harry would soon find his ani-

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mal, whatever it was. Then, after picking a little longer, she thought she would sit down, and rest awhile. So she dragged her bag to the pine tree, and sat down, leaning her back against the tall trunk. She took her bag of sumac in her arms, and lifted it up, trying to estimate its weight.

"There must be ten pounds here!" she said. "No—it don't feel very heavy, but then there are so many of the leaves. It ought to weigh fifteen pounds. And they will be a cent a pound, if we take pay in trade, and three-quarters of a cent if we want cash. But, of course, we will take things in trade."

And then she put down the bag, and began to calculate.

"Fifteen pounds, fifteen cents, and at seventy-seven and three-quarter cents per week that would support Aunt Matilda nearly a day and a half; and then, if Harry has as much more, that will keep her almost three days; and if we pick for two hours longer, when Harry comes back, we may get ten pounds more, apiece, which will make it pretty heavy; but then we won't have to come again for nearly five days; and if Harry shoots an otter, I reckon he can get a dollar for the skin,—or a pair of gloves of it—kid gloves, and my pink dress—and we 'll go in the carriage—two horses—four horses—a prince with a feather—some butterflies—" and Kate was asleep.

When Kate awoke, she saw by the sun that she had been asleep for several hours. She sprang to her feet. "Where is Harry?" she cried. But nobody answered. Then she was frightened, for he might be lost. But soon she reflected that that was very ridiculous, for neither of them could be lost in that neighborhood, which they knew so well. Then she sat down and waited, quite anxiously, it must be admitted. But Harry did not come, and the sun sank lower. Presently she rose with an air of determination.

"I can't wait any longer," she said, "or it will be dark before I get home. Harry has followed that thing up the creek ever so far, and there is no knowing when he will get back, and it won't do for me to stay here. I'll go home, and leave a note for him."

She put her hand in her pocket, and there was Harry's pencil, which she had borrowed in the morning, and forgot to return, and also the piece of paper, on which she had made her calculation of the cost of Aunt Matilda's board. The back of this would do very well for a note. So she wrote on it:

I am going home, for it is getting late. I shall go back by the same road we came. Your sumac bag is in the bushes between the tree and the creek. Bring this piece of paper with you, as it has Aunt Matilda's expenses on the outside.

Kate.

This note she pinned up against the pine tree, where Harry could not fail to see it. Then she hid her brother's sumac bag in the bushes, and, shouldering her own bag, which, by-the-way, did not weigh so many pounds as she thought it did, set out for home.

(To be Continued.)

ANNA'S DOLL.

By Lucretia P. Hale.

ANNA'S doll was thought a very remarkable one by all of the family. It had now reached its third head, which could be washed in front, and could be curled behind, and, happily, was very strong.

For Anna, though she was very fond of her doll, whose name was Elsie, did often forget to take care of her. I am sorry to say she sometimes left her under the rockers of the chair, which is not a safe thing for a doll, or on the sofa in the parlor. And the way her first head was broken was, that somebody stepped on it, because Anna had dropped it in the front entry, one day, when she was hurrying off for school.

Anna had two older sisters and two very kind aunts, and that is the way her doll came to have so many nice things. Whenever they went away, they always brought home something pretty for Elsie. She was wearing now a pretty new hat, and a little parasol with fringe, that one of the aunts brought home from Paris.

Anna had a brother Jim, and it was hard to tell whether he was more of a help to her, or a plague, about her doll. On rainy days, when he had nothing better to do, he would make doll's chairs and tables for Anna's baby house. The legs were not very strong, and had a way of wobbling, but Anna was very grateful for them, and they made her forget that it was owing to Jim that Elsie had lost her second head.

This was a waxen head, and it was a very lovely one—there were light, golden curls, and you could move the head one way or another. But one winter's day Jim came in, and said he knew Elsie must be very cold, and advised Anna to put her in front of the crackling wood fire, to sit in her easy-chair and warm her feet. This might have done

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for a little while, but Anna left her there too long, and when she came back, all Elsie's sweet expression had melted away!

Jim was really very sorry, and he offered some of his next month's allowance to buy a new head for the doll, but one of the aunts had just come home with a new head, which she had bought, thinking Elsie might be in need of one, and this was number three. Anna began to think it was the most beautiful of all, though she loved her dear Elsie so much, she said she would not care if she had no head.

Jim then said he would write a book for the doll, a book that should teach her never to sit too near the fire, or to run into danger. The idea pleased Anna very much. This is the book:

ABOUT DOLLS.

BY J. J.

Some dolls' heads are made of wood; these are called wooden dolls. Wood comes from trees, which are found in the country. Trees have leaves also; they grow up, but dolls do not grow. Some trees are pine, some apple, some pine-apple, and some murhoggany, a hard word to spell. These heads are very hard, and you can pound them without hurting.

Some dolls' heads are made of wax, and are called wax-dolls. The wax comes from a little animal called the bee, that has wings. Sometimes it is called the busy bee, because it buzzes. The bee does not make the dolls, but the wax. It goes in a straight line to a flower, and pokes the honey out with its sting. Then you feel glad you are not the flower, because the sting hurts—it does—that is the way it makes the wax. But it is not good to put these dolls in the sun or over a furnace.

Some dolls are made all over of India rubber, and you can fling them about anyhow. They grow on a tree, the India rubber does, in India, where they make India rubber boots. It is a good kind to have, because you can throw it about like a ball. But then the face is painted, and may rub off—some noses do.

Then there's China dolls, made of what tea sets are; but they don't come from the China where they make the fire-works, though they do make the tea. These might smash, if pounded with a hammer. There's another kind I don't know about, that Elsie's made of. It don't matter, any way. My aunt helped me about the spelling, except murhoggany—that I knew. I shall write another volume, telling more about trees and bees, and why dolls should take care of themselves.

This is enough for once.

AN INDIAN MOTHER.

THERE is not much to be said about the beauty of Indians—generally speaking. Occasionally we hear of a pretty Indian girl but we seldom see her or her portrait. Fancy-pictures of Indians are common enough, but we have had engraved a portrait of a real Indian mother—a Piute squaw—and her two children. The baby or papoose is wrapped up tight in a sort of portable cradle, made of cloth or bark stretched over a frame made of saplings, with a board back to it. In this cradle or case the baby is hung up on a branch to sleep, or swung about, or tossed over its mother's shoulder, or stood up in a corner.

The Piute Indians are rather poor creatures. They hang around the Pacific Railroad stations and beg for money, or clothes, or any thing, except soap, that they think they can get. They are always dirty and have a sullen look. They live in wigwams covered with sail-cloth, or bark, or calico, whichever happens to be the most convenient. But these Indian children may grow up to be respectable and industrious citizens, for although many of the Indian tribes of the West are lazy and thriftless, and some hostile and treacherous, there are Indians upon whom white missionaries have exerted such a good influence that they are industrious and thrifty, cultivating the soil, supporting schools, and even publishing newspapers.

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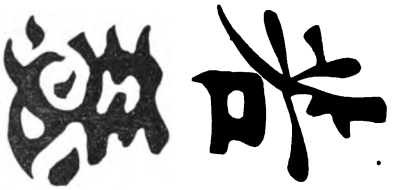

BY MARY G. WINGATE.

THIS story is about a little Chinese boy, and his name you see written at the head of it; only, there it is put in characters large enough for a great Mandarin, quite too large for a little orphan boy in an unknown family, who, according to Chinese ideas, ought humbly to write his name in very small letters, so: . But at the time of our story, little Ya-Sek, for in the district where he lives, the name is so pronounced, was only two years old, and was not called , if, indeed, he had any name at all. He probably was known as Number Two, for he had a brother older than himself, and among poor people in China, numbers are very commonly used for names, both for girls and boys.

Number Two's father and mother lived up in the country, at a distance from the sea-side, near which lived his grandmother, the mother's mother, and her two sons, his uncles, A-Muc and A-Seng.

The grandmother was the funniest looking old lady that could possibly be. She had very little flesh, and it seemed as if there could hardly be anything so substantial as bones about her; for she looked as though she might be carried away by the first puff of wind. Then, what made her seem stranger yet, was a great pair of spectacles which she wore, with glasses in them as round, and almost as large, as watch crystals. She and her younger son, A-Muc, were in the "pig business," that is, they bought pigs, and, after fattening them, sold them.

Besides A-Muc, a little girl lived with her, a sweet-tempered little girl, with a face as brown as the sun could burn it. Though I think she could not have been more than twelve years old, she used to work very hard indeed. She would carry, for a long distance, two very large buckets filled with rice-water and other food for pigs; these she would hang on the ends of a pole put over her shoulder. And the reason for her doing all this was, that she was engaged to be married to A-Muc, though according to Chinese custom, A-Muc never looked at her nor spoke to her. Their fathers and mothers had managed it all when the little girl was still younger and smaller, and now she lived part of the time with her own mother, and part of the time with A-Muc's mother.

A-Seng lived in another house. He was servant in a foreigner's kitchen. He had been taught from the Bible by one of the missionaries, and seemed to be truly a very good man. He ate at a table with his wife, which was an almost unheard-of thing.

A-Seng's only child, a little girl, had died when she was a month old. She was lame in her feet. Her parents were going to throw her little body into the river, but, after the missionary had talked with them about it, they concluded to make her a grave on the hillside. All the other Chinese laughed at the idea of having a coffin for a baby a month old. They did not suppose that it could have any soul. Only a month old, and a girl! If it had been a boy, a year old, that would have been very different!

A-Seng had no son, and no man in China is really happy without a son; if he has none of his own, sometimes one of his friends will give him one; if not, he can try to buy one!

One day, sorrowful news came down from the country. Little Number Two's father and mother were dead, and he was to be sold.

A-Seng started, at once, in a boat, to go and inquire into the matter. Alas, it was all too true! Number Two's parents were both dead, and his grandfather had said, "There is not now rice enough for so many mouths; the little boy Number One, must grow up into his father's place, but we must part with Number Two."

A-Seng did not like to have Number Two go out of the family; so he asked the relations, "For how much will you sell him to me, to be my own son?" and they said, "Fifteen dollars."

Now, fifteen dollars was a large sum to A-Seng, who had his wife to support, and all his own food and clothes to buy out of six dollars a month; but it was for his sister's little boy; so he raised the money and took a written paper from the father's family, saying that they gave up all claim to the child.

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Then A-Seng came home in the boat, joyfully bringing Number Two with him.

"I mean to give him a Bible name," said A-Seng.

"Then you ought to call him Joseph," said one of his friends, "because he was sold by his brethren."

This idea pleased A-Seng, and, from that time, little Number Two has been called Ya-Sek, which, in his district, is the Chinese for Joseph.

Ya-Sek is now about five years old, and he has a happy home with his father-uncle.

For a wonder, he is quite clean, and his eyes are very bright, and, considering they are Chinese eyes, they are very large and round, and he is as chubby as plenty of rice to eat can make him.

In summer, he does not wear many clothes, but you should see him in winter, when he is dressed in his best. Then his plump, little feet are encased in shoes which look very tidy, though they cost little more than a dime, and he wears a blue jacket and trousers, and a little cloth cap, wrought with gay silks. This cap has two embroidered cloth butterflies, looking, for all the world, like pen-wipers, sewed on in front, and at the back of his head, hanging down from under the cap, is the little queue of hair, about a quarter of a yard long, with a bunch of scarlet silk braided in the end of it.

If he were told to speak to you, he would clasp his hands together in the Chinese style, and, making you a bow, would repeat the salutation of the Christians, "Peace!"

And this is the story of the little Chinese boy, Ya-Sek, who is too young yet to write his name; but I doubt if many of you are old enough to want to write it often.

WILLY BY THE BROOK.

[SEE FRONTISPIECE.]

WILLY lay by the dimpling brook
  Where the sun had lain before;
And, strange to say, when its place he took
  The spot just brightened the more.

The birds were singing in the blue
  A song that was like a hymn;
While the baby ducklings, two by two,
  Strayed into the water to swim.

"Heigho!" sighed Willy, "I cannot fly,
  Nor even so much as float;
And as for singing like robins, why
  I never could raise a note.

"But I can play on my pipe," said he;
  And soon the music came—
So clear and sweet, so blithesome free
  That it put the birds to shame.

The baby ducklings softly splashed,
  The robins yet harder tried,
The sprinkled grass in sunlight flashed
  As it nodded by Willy's side.

And, before he knew, he was floating free
  On a sparkling river of thought;
While the birds in the air came down to see
  What wonder the pipe had wrought.

And still the music softly rose,
  Still Willy was floating free—
And the little ducks with their funny toes,
  Were happy as happy could be.

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MAJOR.

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FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

I am Major. Come smooth my head and pull my ears. I won't bite. But don't step on my tail or strike my black nose. If you do, I shall bark.

Once a boy got on my back. Then he held fast by my ears, and said "Get up!" and away we went. It was such fun that he said "Ha! ha! ha!" and I said "Bow, wow-wow!"

"You can't guess what I have in my basket," said Fred. "Oh, do tell us," cried Fan, "and I will show you my nice ball."

Fred took the ball, and May gave him a hug, which made his hat fall off. Then they took a peep, and what do you think they saw? Why, two little white mice, with pink ears.

Dear Jesus
Please to keep
Little Elsie
In her sleep.
Bless Papa,
Mamma and Sue,
Bless my doll
And Kitty too.
If we're good
As we can be,
We shall live
In Heaven with Thee.

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WHICH IS CAUGHT?

A COMMON MISTAKE.

THE wisest thing
For any man,
Is to get from others
All he can.
The meanest thing
A man can do,
Is to get his gains
From me or you.

WHICH IS CAUGHT?

WHICH is caught? Mousie or Pussie! Ha! Ha! Not Mousie; for Puss cannot move without setting him free. It is good to know that the little fellow is more frightened than hurt; for cats' rocking-chairs are very light. Keep up your courage, Mousie, there's a chance for you yet!

A VISIT TO A BEE-HIVE,

DESCRIBED BY THE FAIRY FLYAWAY.

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey day by day,
From every opening flower?"

"How doth she, indeed?" I said to myself, as I awoke one bright morning.

The thought was suggested by a noisy bee, who waked me by trying to enter my lily-bell, and I resolved that I would look into the matter. So I flew out of my lily, and to the nearest hive, to make inquiries.

Bees are high-spirited and quick-tempered persons, I know, but a fairy can make her way anywhere.

The hive was a neat building, pleasantly situated in an orchard. On one side a clover-field, full of perfume; and on the other a gay flower-garden.

At the door of the hive I was met by a number of sentinels, one of whom addressed me rather sharply, with "Who goes there?"

"A friend," I replied, "who wishes to learn something of the ways of bees, and how they make honey."

"Your passport," said she.

"I never thought of such a thing," said I.

"Do you intend to go into the honey business yourself?" asked she.

"By no means," I replied; "I am the fairy Flyaway, and only want information and amusement."

"I will send a messenger to our Queen," said the sentinel.

The messenger soon returned with the Queen's permission to go entirely through the hive, — escorted by one of her own body-guard,—excepting into the royal apartments.

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I then entered the doorway, where I was greeted by my guide, who gave me her name,—Deborah,—and ushered me, with a grand flourish of her wings, into a wide gallery or passage.

In the middle of the hive I saw a long string of bees, reaching from the roof to the floor, each bee clinging to her neighbor, and remaining motionless, while other bees ran up and down, as though upon a ladder.

"What is that?" I asked my guide.

"A bee-rope," she replied, "a short cut from the top to the bottom of the hive."

I remarked that I had thought it might be some kind of dance.

"No," said she. "In the winter when there is no work to be done, we sometimes dance in the sunshine before the hive, but never at any other time. We are too busy."

This seemed to me rather sad, but I did not say so.

In the gallery we saw bees hurrying about in all directions, too busy to notice us, and never disturbing or interfering with each other, in the least.

"These are our Workers," said Deborah.

"About how many of them are there?" I inquired.

"There are twenty-thousand of us, all told," she replied, "one Queen, or Mother-bee, blessings on her Majesty! some hundreds of Drones, and the rest Workers."

"They must be tired enough if they always work as fast as these do," I said.

"No," replied Deborah, "they like it. A true Worker-bee is never content to be idle. Would you like to see the Nurseries?" continued she.

"Anything you please to show me," I replied.

We then turned through a side-gallery into a quiet corner of the hive, where we found curious cradles or cells, of different sizes, made of the purest white wax.

"Here the eggs are laid by our Queen," said Deborah, "generally about two hundred a day, but often many more."

"Then your Queen must be busy, as well as the rest of you," I said.

"No one works harder," replied my guide.

I thought of our beautiful Queen, with her delicate wings, and felt that a bee-hive was not much like Fairy-land.

"And will these eggs ever turn into real bees?" I asked.

"O yes," said my guide, "in three or four days they hatch into worms."

"Something like caterpillars and butterflies?" I asked.

"A little," she replied, "but in this case the young worms are worth taking care of, as bees are valuable and industrious persons, while butterflies are idle and useless."

"You are mistaken there," I said, "they are useful to us fairies. In our long flights we could not do without them."

"Ah," said she, "I never heard of it before."

"When the eggs turn into grubs or worms," continued she, "the Workers find plenty to do to take care of them. Each little worm must be carefully fed for four or five days, with water, and bread and honey."

"What kind of bread?" I asked.

"O, bee-bread," she replied, "nothing else would suit them. The cells are then sealed up, that is, a nice lid or cover is put upon each one, and the little worms must take care of themselves for a while. Every worm is expected to line its cell neatly, with a silken webbing, and then roll itself up in a cocoon. And they always do it. I never knew one fail. This takes a day or two and then they must stay in the cocoon for a time. Ah! we are just in time to see the cells closed."

And, to be sure, there were the attendants sealing up the cells, a small, white worm in each.

I must confess it made me shudder to look at them, for I never did like worms! It is so dreadful to meet one in the folds of a rose.

But I fancied the little worms seemed uneasy at the idea of being shut up, and so I told my friend.

"Ah well!" said she, "It is the only way. We all go through with it. Before many days they will come out perfect bees. Wings and legs all right."

"And must they go to work as soon as they are out," I asked, "and not dance once?"

"No," replied Deborah. "They are not strong enough to fly until they have been fed one or two days. Then they begin to work in good earnest."

I observed that the cells were of different sizes, and inquired the reason.

"The largest and handsomest cells," replied Deborah, "are for the young Queen-bees or Princesses. The next in size for the Drones, and the smallest for the Workers."

"Can the cells be used more than once," I asked, "or are they done with, like last-year's birds'-nests?"

"The royal cells are all destroyed when they have been once used," she answered, "but the others are cleansed and the silken webbing is left to strengthen them, and they are then better than ever."

"How long does it take to turn from eggs into bees?" I inquired.

"Sixteen days for the Queen-bee to become a perfect insect. Twenty-four days for the Drones, and twenty-one for the Workers," she replied.

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"And have these attendants nothing to do but to feed the little ones?" I asked.

"O yes," said Deborah, "they attend the Queen, do the fighting, prepare the wax, make the combs or cells, collect the honey by day, and store it by night, and keep the hive in order. The Drones lead an idle life. They will die, rather than work. They will not even feed themselves if they can find any one else to do it. And, to tell the truth, like all idlers in a busy community, they are such a bother, that about once a year we have to kill them off."

"My dear Deborah!" I exclaimed, in horror, "you can't mean it!"

"Yes. It is the custom. They don't seem to mind it. But let us look now at the store-rooms," said she, hastily changing the subject, as well she might.

In the store-rooms we saw rows upon rows of cells, fitted one upon another, and every one filled with clear honey, and securely sealed.

"This is our winter store," said my guide; "pure honey, made from the white clover, and put up in the combs by the Workers."

"How do they make the honey?" I asked.

"They gather it," she replied. "We send out thousands of bees every morning, to all the gardens and fields around. Mignonette makes good honey, and so do apple-blossoms. We usually make from two to six pounds in a day. The bees often fly as far as two miles from the hive, and they come back loaded with honey and pollen. Each Worker has a tongue or proboscis with which she licks or brushes up the honey, and puts it into her honey-bag.

"Stop a moment," said she to a Worker who was hurrying by. "You will observe, my dear, that the hinder legs have something like baskets, on the side, in which the pollen or bee-bread is carried."

"I see it," said I, "I have often watched the bees coming out of flowers, covered with yellow dust."

I then took the opportunity to mention to her that I lived in a lily-bell, that I sometimes danced the greater part of the night, and that the bees were very much in the habit of waking me at an unreasonable hour in the morning. She said she would attend to it.

"And how do the bees make wax?" I asked.

"By a process best known to themselves," replied Deborah. "It is not in my line just now, and I am quite sure that I could not describe it to you. The bees say they cannot tell how they do it, but they wish to keep the secret among themselves. The sides of these cells are the one-hundred and eightieth part of an inch in thickness. So you see we must use an immense quantity of wax."

"You must, indeed," I replied. "And are the cells always made in this same shape?"

"Yes," said she. "They are six-sided. The early bees fixed upon that as the best for strength and economy of space, and no change has been made since. However, the Bumble-bees," she added, with a slight expression of scorn, as though she had said, "the Beggars," "have a way which they prefer. They put it up in bags, and store it under-ground."

This was no news to me. Such a thing has been done in Fairy-land as to "borrow" a little honey from the Bumble-bee, in time of scarcity. But I said nothing.

"And you tell me the Workers do the fighting. Is there much fighting to do?" I asked.

"A great deal," replied Deborah. "We have many enemies, bother on them! Mice, caterpillars, moths, snails, wasps, robber-bees, and other evil-minded creatures!" As she said this, she buzzed fiercely and unsheathed her sting.

"Look here a moment," said she, "and you will see one of them."

And there in a corner, guarded by a squad of bees, lay a wretched snail, prisoner in his own shell. The edge of the shell was covered with strong cement, which held it firmly to the floor.

"I think we have him now, the villain!" said my guide. "His shell is fastened with propolis."

"What is propolis?" I asked.

"It is bee-glue," she replied; "resin from the buds of trees."

At this moment we heard a low murmur of "The Queen! the Queen!" and turning, we saw passing through the principal gallery, a magnificent bee, larger and more stately than any of her subjects, though her wings were much smaller than theirs. The under part of her body was golden, the upper part dark.

She was surrounded by her body-guard, and as she passed, her subjects politely backed out of her way, to give her room, and some offered her refreshment in the form of honey.

"What would become of us, if anything should happen to our beloved queen!" exclaimed Deborah.

"How long has she reigned?" I inquired.

"More than two months," she replied.

"And how much longer may she reign?" I asked.

"She may outlive us all," she replied. "Queens live four years, and workers only from six to nine months. Our old Queen went away with a swarm to another hive. But now," she continued, "if you will come back to the gallery, I will offer you some of our best honey."

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This was tempting, even to a fairy, and we are considered dainty; that is, the crickets and grasshoppers call us so. I tasted some honey, and found it delicious.

"This is not like the honey one finds in the flowers," I said.

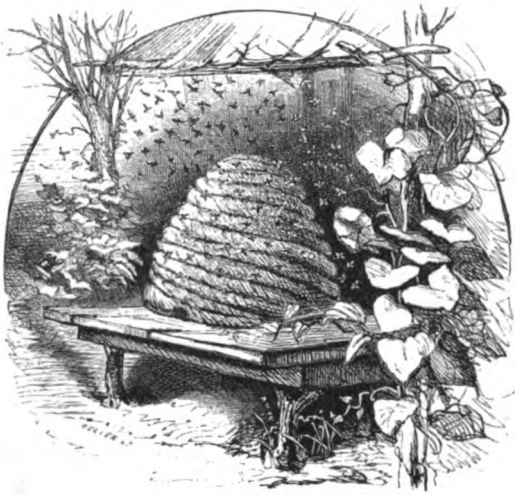
"We have our own way of purifying and preserving it," said Deborah.

"And bee-bread. Can you tell me exactly how to make it?" I asked.

"That is not allowed," she replied, "though it would do no harm, as no one but a bee could ever make it. It is made of the pollen of flowers, and honey and water; and it wants a great deal of kneading. But it is only fit for the food of young bees. We older ones never eat it."

"And do the young princesses eat it too?" I asked.

"Not at all," she replied. "They are fed upon royal jelly."



"And what is that?" I asked.

"Don't ask!" she replied. "It is the greatest secret of all. Off goes my head, if I tell you!" "And by the way," said she, "perhaps it will be better to say nothing about that Drone business."

"Perhaps it will," I replied, "for I have known our fairy-queen to imprison one of her subjects in a pea-pod a whole hour, for only pinching a gnat."

"Ah! yes," said she, "not our idea of discipline."

She then escorted me to the door of the hive. I thanked her, recommended less work and more dancing, invited her to call on me in my lily-bell, and took my leave, feeling that I had really learned something of the ways of the "little busy bee," if not how she makes honey. The next day I sent to my friend Deborah, by a butterfly, the finest four-leaved clover I ever saw, knowing that to be the best return I could possibly make for her kindness.

UNDER THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

By Celia Thaxter.

Beneath the tall, white light-house strayed the children,
In the May-morning sweet;
About the steep and rough grey rocks they wandered
With hesitating feet;
For scattered far and wide the birds were lying,
Quiet, and cold, and dead,
That met, while they were swiftly winging northward,
The fierce light overhead,
And as the frail moths in the summer evenings
Fly to the candle's blaze,
Rushed wildly at the splendor, finding only
Death in those blinding rays.
And here were bobolink, and wren, and sparrow,
Veery, and oriole,
And purple finch, and rosy grosbeak, swallows,
And king-birds quaint and droll;
Gay soldier blackbirds, wearing on their shoulders
Red, gold-edged epaulets,
And many a homely, brown, red-breasted robin,
Whose voice no child forgets.

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And yellow-birds—what shapes of perfect beauty!
What silence after song!
And mingled with them, unfamiliar warblers
That to far woods belong.
Clothing the grey rocks with a mournful beauty
By scores the dead forms lay,
That, dashed against the tall tower's cruel windows,
Dropped like the spent sea-spray.
How many an old and sun-steeped barn, far inland,
Should miss about its eaves
The twitter and the gleam of these swift swallows!
And, swinging 'mid the leaves,
The oriole's nest, all empty in the elm-tree,
Would cold and silent be,
And never more these robins make the meadows
Ring with their ecstasy.
Would not the gay swamp-border miss the black-birds,
Whistling so loud and clear?
Would not the bobolinks' delicious music
Lose something of its cheer?
"Yet," thought the wistful children, gazing landward,
"The birds will not be missed;
Others will take their place in field and forest,
Others will keep their tryst;
And we, we only, know how death has met them,
We wonder and we mourn
That from their innocent and bright existence
Thus roughly they are torn."
And so they laid the sweet, dead shapes together,
Smoothing each ruffled wing,
Perplexed and sorrowful, and pondering deeply
The meaning of this thing.
(Too hard to fathom for the wisest nature
Crowned with the snows of age!)
And all the beauty of the fair May morning
Seemed like a blotted page.
They bore them down from the rough cliffs of granite
To where the grass grew green,
And laid them 'neath the soft turf, all together,
With many a flower between;
And, looking up with wet eyes, saw how brightly
Upon the summer sea
Lay the clear sunlight, how white sails were shining,
And small waves laughed in glee:
And somehow, comfort grew to check their grieving,
A sense of brooding care,
As if, in spite of death, a loving presence
Filled all the viewless air.
"What should we fear?" whispered the little children,
"There is no thing so small
But God will care for it in earth or heaven;
He sees the sparrows fall!"

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A LAW THAT COULD NOT BE BROKEN.

By J. S. Stacy.

One day, as I sat reading a book called Arnott's Physics or Natural Philosophy, I suddenly laughed aloud.

Now, Arnott's Physics is by no means a funny book. I am quite sure there is not a joke in it, from cover to cover. So, when I laughed, my wife looked up in great surprise, for I may as well confess I had been reading aloud to the dear little lady and it had put her in anything but a lively mood.

"What is it, Joe?" she asked, smiling in spite of herself when she met my broad grin.

"This part here, about the centre of gravity and its always taking the lowest place," answered I, tapping the page with my fingers, "made me think of something."

"Did it?" she said with solemn surprise.

As the precious girl (please don't mind my speaking in this way of my wife, for, the fact is, we have been married only a year, and she is just eighteen to my twenty-two), as the precious girl evidently did not expect an answer to her question, I took up the book again and read:

By attending to the centre of gravity of the bodies around us on the earth, we are enabled to explain why, from the influence of gravity, some of them are stable, or firmly fixed, others tottering, others falling. * * * The line of a plummet hanging from the centre of gravity is called the line of direction of the centre, or that in which it tends naturally to decend to the earth.

"You remember, Lily," said I, interrupting myself, "the law we read in Gale yesterday:"

"While the line of direction falls *within the base* upon which the body stands, the body cannot upset; but if the line fall beyond the base the body will tumble."

Then, taking a pencil and note-book from my pocket, I made a picture of a coach tilted by a great stone in such a way that a perpendicular line drawn from its centre of gravity fell *beyond the base* of the coach, that is, outside of the point where its wheels touched the ground on the tilted side, and she saw at a glance that the coach must upset.

"Oh, yes, I understand it now, perfectly," she exclaimed, quite pleased.

So I read on, as Dr. Arnott proceeded to tell us how to find the centre of gravity of any object, and to explain in a very clear and delightful way the principle shown in rolling balls, leaning towers, unsafe chimneys, in the graceful positions of skaters, in tumbling dolls and the movements of various toys, when my wife said quickly:

"Joe!"

"No, dear," said I, listening a moment and thinking that *she* had thought she heard the baby cry.

"Joe!" she exclaimed again, "what were you laughing about?"

"When?" said I.

"Why, a moment ago."

"O," I laughed, "didn't I ever tell you, my dear? It was such a capital illustration of the laws we have just been studying, though I didn't know it at the time."

"Well?" said she.

She drew her chair close to mine, with a comical look of curiosity on her face, and I began in a dramatic fashion:

"'Tis now eleven years since a small boy, full of mischief by nature, but very cautious by education, found himself alone in the upper part of a fine city mansion. His mother was out. The servants were in the kitchen, and this small boy felt that, perhaps, never again would he have such a grand chance to be up to something, he hardly knew what."

"Was it you, Joe?"

"It was," said I. "Well, as the boys say, I cast about for some time, not able to settle on a plan. Many delightful projects entered my head, but they were all more or less connected with danger. There was the roof, as steep and as slanting as heart of boy could wish; but I had been made so thoroughly to understand that to tumble from it would be to break every bone in my body, to say nothing of being 'killed stone dead,' that I gave up my half-formed plan at once. Then there was the window. It would be fun to let myself down from it by tying a stout rope to the bed-post, and so sliding to the ground. But the rope might break, or I might not be able to hold on—and the wild thought was abandoned in a flash. Suddenly an idea came to me:

"There was a beautiful porcelain vase on the top of father's book-case, high out of reach. What fun it would be if I only could manage to knock it down without breaking it!"

"You little goose!—*then*, not now," added Mrs. Joseph, hastily.

"Goose or not, I tried it," said I. "It was nearly time for mother to return. There was not a moment to be lost, and I had to make great preparations.

"The bed was made up in fine style, with its great ruffled pillow fixings and its silken spread all tucked in as if it were never to come out again.

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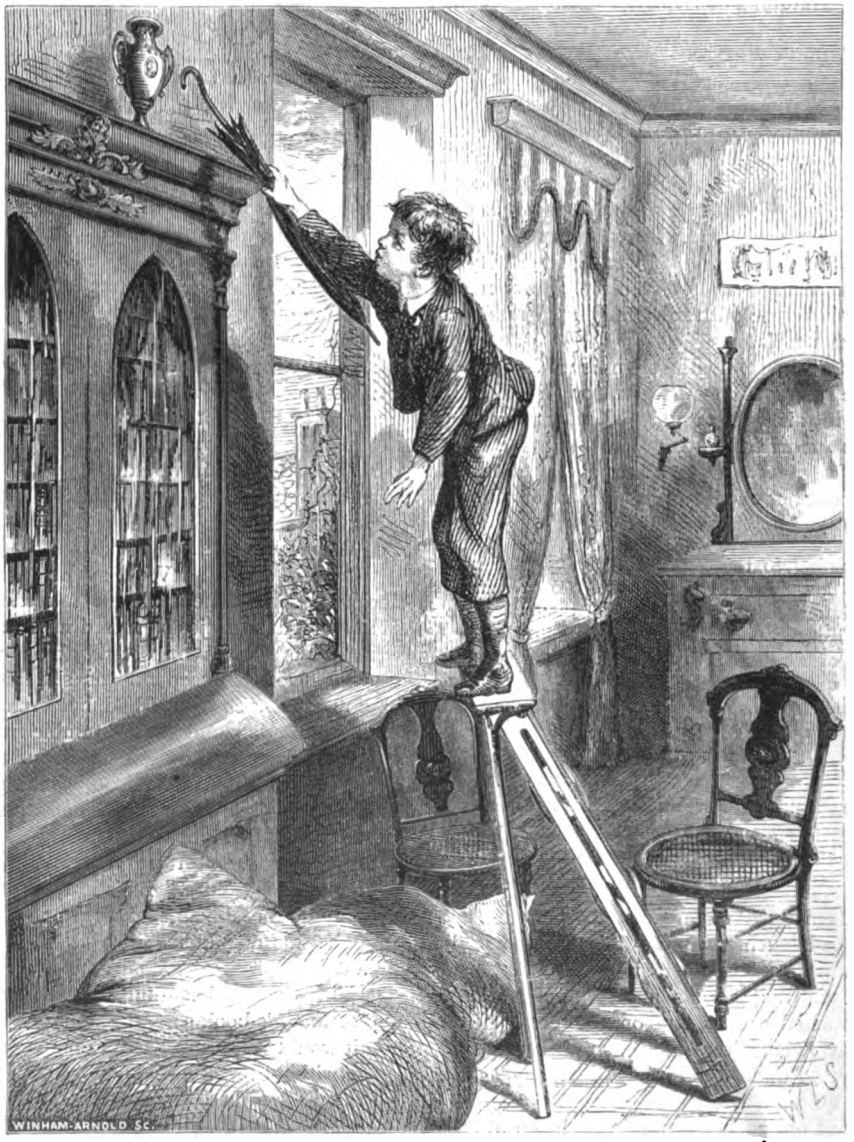
But I hauled off the covers, and with many a tug and pull brought the feather bed to the floor. Then I dragged it to the book-case. The next thing was to fetch a ladder from the garret—no easy job for a ten-year-old. This done, it was evident I should need some sort of a stick for poking the vase with. Father's umbrella with its crooked handle was just the thing.

"'Good!' said I to myself. 'Won't it be larks to knock down the vase and never hurt it a bit! Good for you, too, Old Mr. Feather-Bed! All you've got to do is to catch it.'

"With this, seizing the umbrella after the manner of the boy and flag in "Excelsior" and hastily adjusting the ladder, I mounted to the top, and—"

"O, Joe!" cried Mrs. Joseph, laughing. "I remember it! Yes, just as well as if it were yesterday. Your mother had been to our house, and *my* mother had let me go home with her. We went right up stairs, and just as we opened the door we heard such a crash, and there were you and the ladder on the floor! No, the ladder was on the feather-bed and you were on the floor. You must have pitched over backward, Joe, just as the ladder slipped from under you."

"Very likely," said I.



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"Well, I declare. That *was* a caper! What a funny little wisp of a boy you were! And to think of our actually being married eleven years afterward! But what about the vase?"

"Oh, that was safe enough, you may be sure, for the umbrella hadn't time to touch it."

"Joe," said Mrs. Joseph, "if you had opened that ladder a little wider, or taken a plummet up with you and been careful to have the line of direction from the centre of gravity fall within the base of the ladder all would have been well, wouldn't it, my—"

Just then little Josie was heard in the next room screaming like a good fellow. Off ran Mrs. Joseph. I was left alone to ponder over the laws of gravitation.

GERMAN STORY.

Den falschen Weg sehend.

Von Clara Hance.

[Here is a little story written by Mrs. Hance for the benefit of girls and boys who are learning to read in German. Next month we shall print a translation of it, so that all the children may know the meaning of Mr. Stephens' spirited picture. We intend to give, every month, a short story in French or German, so that our readers who are studying those languages may have a chance to do a little translating out of school. Next month we shall have a French story.]

Klein Lieschen hatte die üble Angewohnheit nie vor sich zu sehen; sie blickte entweder rechts oder links. Da kam es einmal, daß sie mit einem großen Stück Kuchen in der Hand hinaus auf einen Hof lief, wo einige Maurer eine Grube machten, die sie beabsichtigten mit Kalk zu füllen. Lieschen rannte fröhlich umher, die Warnungen ihrer Mutter hatte sie längst vergessen; außerdem war es ja auch gar zu lustig, den großen Hund zu sehen, welcher sie umkreiste und nach dem Kuchen schnappte. Aber, o weh, ehe sie es sich versah fiel sie Kopf über in die Grube. Ihr Geschrei brachte die Arbeiter herbei und sie holten eiligst das arme Kind aus dem häßlichen Loch. Lieschen mußte nun lange Zeit im Bette bleiben und arge Schmerzen dulden, während draußen andre Kinder munter spielten. Da nahm sie es sich vor, nie wieder einen Weg zu gehen und wo anders hin zu blicken. Hätte sie früher daran gedacht, so würde sie ihrer guten Mutter keine Sorge und sich nicht Schmerzen bereitet haben. So aber ging es ihr, wie dem Tyroler auf Herrn Stephens' Bild. Beide achteten nicht auf den Weg und man sieht was daraus entsteht.

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WHO WROTE THE "ARABIAN NIGHTS?"

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL.

WHO knows? Not Captain Mayne Reid; though if he had been born a Persian, and lived long time enough ago, and been a Caliph with a long beard and a scimitar, instead of a captain in the Mexican war, with a Colt's revolver and a goatee, and had seen the cloud of dust which Ali-Baba saw, I think he could have made out the band of forty robbers under it, and the cave, and all the rest.

But Mayne Reid didn't see the cloud of dust which covered those robbers (and which is very apt to cover all gangs of public robbers) and therefore didn't write the "Arabian Nights." Nor did Mrs. Hannah More, for the book is not in her style; nor did the author of "Little Women;" and the genius in her "work," though very decided, isn't at all like the Genius that comes in smoke and flame into the wonderful story of Aladdin and the Lamp.

You could never guess who wrote the Arabian Nights;—for nobody knows when those stories were first written. It seems very odd that a book should be made, and no one able to tell when it was made. The publishers don't allow such things to happen now-a-days. Yet it is even so with the book we are talking of. Of course, it is possible to fix the date of the many translations of the Arabian Nights which have been made into the languages of Europe from the old Arabic manuscripts. Thus, it was in the year 1704 that a certain Antoine Galland, a distinguished oriental scholar of Paris, who had traveled in the East and who had collected many curious manuscripts and medals, published a French translation of what was called the "Thousand and One Nights." This was in the time of the gay court of Louis the Fourteenth; and the fine ladies of the court—those of them who could read—all devoured the book. And the school-boys throughout France (though there were not many school-boys in those days outside of the great cities) all came to know the wonderful stories of Aladdin and of Ali-Baba. Remember that this was about the time when the great Duke of Marlboro was winning his famous victories on the Continent—specially that of Blenheim, about which an English poet, Dr. Southey, has written a quaint little poem, which you should read. It was in the lifetime, too, of Daniel De Foe,—who wrote that ever charming story of Robinson Crusoe some twelve or fourteen years later; and the first newspaper in America—called the *Boston News Letter*—was printed in the same year in which Antoine Galland published this translation of the Thousand and One Nights. If you should go to Paris and be curious to see it, you can find in the Imperial Library or the National Library (or whatever those changeable French people may call it now) the very manuscript of Antoine Galland.

Some years afterward there was a new and fuller translation by another oriental scholar, who had succeeded M. Galland as Professor of Arabic in the Royal College. Then there followed in the early part of this century translations into English, and I suppose that American boys in the days of President Monroe took their first taste of those gorgeous Arabian tales.

But the completest of all the collections was made by a German scholar, Mr. Von Hammer, in the year 1824—not so far back but that your fathers and mothers may remember little stray paragraphs in the papers, which made mention of how a German scholar had traced these old Arabian tales back to a very dim antiquity in India; and how he believed they had thence gone into Persia, where the great men of the stories all became Caliphs, and how they floated thence, by hearsay, into Arabia (which was a country of scribes and scholars in the days of Haroun al Raschid); and how they there took form in the old Arabic manuscripts which Antoine Galland had found and translated. But during the century that had passed since M. Galland's death, other and fuller Arabic copies had been found, with new tales added, and with other versions of the tales first told.

But what we call the machinery of the stories was always much the same; and the same Genii flashed out in smoke and flame, and the same scimitars went blazing and dealing death through all the copies of "The Thousand and One Nights."

But how came that title of the Thousand and One Nights, which belonged, and still belongs, to all the European collections of these old Arabian stories? I will tell you why; and in telling you why, I shall give you the whole background on which all these various Arabian stories, wherever found, are arrayed. And the background is itself a story, and this is the way it runs:—

Once there lived a wicked Sultan of Persia, whose name was Schahriar; and he had many wives—like the Persian Shah who went journeying into England this summer past; and he thought of his wives as stock-owners think of their cattle—and I fear the present Persian Shah thinks no otherwise.

Well, when this old Schahriar found that his wives were faithless and deceitful—as all wives will

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be who are esteemed no more than cattle—he vowed that he would cut off all chance of their sinning, by making an end of them; so it happened that whatever new wife he espoused one day, he killed upon the next.

You will think the brides were foolish to marry him; but many women keep on making as foolish matches all the world over; and she who marries a sot, or the man who promises to be a sot, is killed slowly, instead of being killed quickly with a bow-string,—as the Schahriar did his work.

Besides, all women of the East were slaves, as they are mostly now, and subject to whatever orders the Sultan might make.

Now, it happened that this old Schahriar had a vizier, or chief officer under him (who executed all his murderous orders), and who was horrified by the cruelties he had to commit. And this same vizier had a beautiful and accomplished daughter, who was even more horrified than her father; and she plotted how she might stay the bloody actions of the Schahriar.

She could gain no access to him, and could hope to win no influence over him, except by becoming his bride; but if she became his bride, she would have but one day to live. So, at least, thought her sisters and her father. She, of course, found it very hard to win the consent of her father, the vizier to her plan; but at last she succeeded, and so arranged matters that the Schahriar should command her to be his bride.

The fatal marriage-day came, and the vizier was in an agony of grief and alarm. The morning after the espousals, he waited,—in an ecstasy of fear,—the usual order for the slaughter of the innocent bride; but to his amazement and present relief, the order was postponed to the following day.

This bride, whose name was Scheherazade—known now to school-boys and school-girls all over the world—was most beguiling of speech, and a most charming story-teller. And on the day of her espousals she had commenced the narration of a most engrossing story to her husband the Schahriar, and had so artfully timed it, and measured out its length, that when the hour came for the sultan to set about his cares of office, she should be at its most interesting stage. The sultan had been so beguiled by the witchery of her narrative, and so eager to learn the issue, that he put off the execution of his murderous design, in order to hear the termination of the story on the following night.

And so rich was the narration and so great was the art of the Princess Scheherazade, that she kept alive the curiosity and wonder of her husband, the sultan, day after day, and week after week, and month after month, until her fascinating stories had lasted for a thousand and one nights.

If you count up these you will find they make a period of two years and nine months—during which she had beguiled the sultan and stayed the order for her execution. In the interval, children had been born to her, and she had so won upon her husband, that he abolished his cruel edict forever,—on condition that from time to time she should tell over again those enchanting stories. And the stories she told on those thousand and one nights, and which have been recited since in every language of Europe, thousands and thousands of times, are the Arabian Nights tales.

If this account is not true in all particulars, it is at least as true as the stories are.

A good woman sacrificed herself to work a deed of benevolence. *That* story at any rate is true, and is being repeated over and over in lives all around us.

But, after all, the question is not answered as to who wrote the "Arabian Nights." I doubt if it ever will be answered truly. Who cares, indeed? I dare say that youngsters in these days of investigation committees are growing up more curious and inquiring than they used to be; but I know well I cared or thought nothing about the authorship in those old school days when I caught my first reading of Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp.

What a night it was! What a feast! I think I could have kissed the hand that wrote it.

A little red morocco-bound book it was, with gilt edges to the leaves, that I had borrowed from Tom Spooner, and Tom Spooner's aunt had loaned it to him, and she thought all the world of it, and had covered it in brown paper, and I mustn't soil it, or dog's-ear it. And I sat down with it—how well I remember—at a little square-legged red table in the north recitation-room at E—— school; and there was a black hole in the top of the table—where Dick Linsey, who was a military character, and freckled, had set off a squib of gunpowder (and got trounced for it); and the smell of the burnt powder lingered there, and came up gratefully into my nostrils, as I read about the sulphurous clouds rolling up round the wonderful lamp, and the Genius coming forth in smoke and flames!

What delight! If I could only fall in with an old peddler with a rusty lamp,—such as Aladdin's,—wouldn't I rub it!

And with my elbows fast on the little red table, and my knees fast against the square legs, and the smell of the old squib regaling me, I thought what I would order the Genius to do, if I ever had a chance.—A week's holiday to begin with; and the Genius should be requested to set the school "principal" down, green spectacles and all, in the thickest of the woods somewhere on the "mountain." Sat-

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urday afternoons should come twice a week—at the very least;—turkey, with stuffing, every day except oyster day. I would have a case of pocket-knives "Rogers' superfine cutlery"—(though Kingsbury always insisted that "Wostenholm's" were better) brought into my closet, and would give them out, cautiously, to the clever boys. I would have a sled, brought by the Genius, that would beat Ben Brace's "Reindeer," he bragged so much about,—by two rods, at least. I would have a cork jacket, with which I could swim across Snipsic Lake, where it was widest—twice over—and think nothing of it. I would have a cavern, like the salt mines in Cracow, Poland (as pictured in Parley's Geography); only instead of salt, it should all be rock-candy; and I would let in clever fellows and pretty girls, and the homely ones, too—well, as often as every Wednesday.

Ah, well-a-day! we never come to the ownership of such caverns! We never find a peddler with the sort of lamp that will bring any sort of riches—with wishing.

But, my youngsters, there is a Genius that will come to any boy's command, and will work out amazing things for you all through boyhood, and all through life; and his name is—Industry.

And now, if your lessons are all done, and if you will keep in mind what I have said about the "Arabian Nights," and their history, we will sit down to a reading of Ali-Baba and the Forty Thieves.

THE STORY OF TOM GIP.

ONCE upon a time, there lived a fat boy, whose name was Tom Gip. Tom liked lunch better than lessons, so he never forgot his lunch and never remembered his lessons. Every morning, he carried to school, in a big box on wheels, three hard-boiled eggs, three sticky gingerbread cakes, three sausages,

three baked apples, three pickles, three turn-over pies, and three puddings, called huckleberry bolsters. He would shut himself up in such a hurry at intermission, that he always pinched his nose in the door; and he ate so fast that he regularly choked himself.

The boys used to write his last name backwards.

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

WE heard a school-girl say of a "girl-graduate," the other day: "O she has grand times, now that she has left the Academy. And she doesn't spend her time foolishly, either. She reads all the new books!"

"I don't know about that," said an old gentleman.

"O it's true, sir;" said the school-girl, flushing; "that is, I mean she reads as many of them as she possibly can."

"Just so, my dear," said the old gentleman, kindly. "But I'm not sure about the wisdom of the lady who reads all the new books. It seems to me that she often must spend her time very foolishly—very foolishly indeed, my dear."

The old gentleman was right. It would be better to read no new books at all than to read too many of them. A man might live to be as old as Methuselah, and read a good book through every week—yes, at the end of a few centuries become really a well-read man without once looking into a new book. Ever since the days of a grand old poet named

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Chaucer, books have been coming and going. Fortunately, that careless old saying, "The good die young," cannot be applied to books. Those that are worthy to live *do* live; and it would be quite a safe thing for our Methuselah to look only at twenty-year old works.

"Ah, but he would be so far behind the age!"

True, my dears, and very knowing of you to say it. So, to save you from such a fate, we shall try now and then to point out as they appear, the new books that are worthy of a boy's or girl's attention. But, first of all, here is a word of advice. Do not read only the new authors: For hundreds of years great and good souls have been saying beautiful things to us all—those who come early and those who come late—and their words are as precious now as ever they were. It is a good rule for young persons not to read any two new books in succession. Always put a good, standard work between them; something that has stood the test of time and that lives, which your new book may not. There is such a long list of these that you must ask your parents and friends to help you make a suitable choice, according to your age and tastes. Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, who tells you about the "Arabian Nights," in this number of ST. NICHOLAS, will, we hope, point out and help you to enjoy many a fine and delightful old book, as the months go on. Meantime, we shall see what the publishers are doing for you. Our space allows us to mention only a few books this month, but we hope to do better next time.

Roberts Bros., of Boston, send out many good books for girls and boys. Of these, we have lately read "Shawl Straps," the second of Aunt Joe's Scrap-Bag series, by Miss Alcott; Miss Woolsey's "New Year's Bargain," and a little volume by Miss Laura Ledyard, called "Very Young Americans." These all are good, though not among the latest, and we recommend them heartily. The last two are illustrated by Addie Ledyard, who drew the picture "Oh, No!" in this number of ST. NICHOLAS.

Hurd and Houghton, of New York, have just printed a new edition of a capital book, by Arthur Gilmans, "First Steps in English Literature." It is not meant for the young readers, but all young folks from eleven to ninety-nine years of age will find it very useful indeed. It is just the book for any boy or girl who wishes to know what English literature means, where it comes from, what it is good for, and how it is to be enjoyed. And, also, it is just the thing for persons who know these things, and who like to hear all about it again, in a few words. It is a very long book or a very short one, just as you choose to make it. You may read it through in a day, or you may study and study it for months,—a good and safe companion always.

Scribner, Armstrong & Co., of New York, have just printed an entertaining book, entitled, a "Journey to the Centre of the Earth." It is translated from the French of Jules Verne, and is among the best of that author's works. It is not written for children, but as you young persons are sure to be attracted by it, we must tell you not to forget that many passages in the book will puzzle you, because they are intended for older heads than yours. You will find a great deal of information in its pages, and a great deal of—stuff; and you'll be sure to like its fifty-two wonderful pictures. Altogether, we do not object to our boys and girls going to the centre of the earth, for a little while, with Jules Verne.

Robert Carter & Bros., of New York, offer you "The Little Camp on Eagle Hill," by the author of the "Wide, Wide World." This is a story by Miss Warner, well worth reading, as indeed all of her stories are.

Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, among many new works, have "Adventures by Sea and Land." This is such a beautiful book to look at and to handle, and its pictures are so very interesting, that it will no doubt be given at Christmas to any number of boys. If good Santa Claus brings it to you, you will be sure to enjoy it; but you must use your own wits through it all, and judge for yourselves whether its astonishing scenes are probable or not. When you come upon a description, as you will, of a serpent seventy feet long, and twice as thick as a man's body, it will be well to inquire into the matter and see whether these little creatures are known to naturalists or not. As the hero of one of these "adventures" goes off on a dangerous journey, for the mere love of excitement, and almost to the heart-break of his young wife, left at home, it strikes us that there is no need of wasting much sympathy upon him. But he certainly has a hard time of it, and so do the astonishing number of wild beasts who come in the way of his knife and his bullet.

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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

MY name is Jack. I am a green thing coming up as a flower, yet I know a great deal. For why? The birds come and tell me.

It is quite common for me to talk of what I hear and see, but very few creatures can understand—only the owls, for they are wise and keep silence, the fairies, who, alas! are rather flighty, and one or two clear-hearted children who sometimes run up to me laughing, and say, "Good-morning, Mr. Jack-in-the-Pulpit!"

But here, at last, is a chance. A little bird tells me that through ST. NICHOLAS the girls and boys all over the country may hear what I say. This is as it should be. Why, often I stand and talk whole days without ever a human being coming near me. How would you like that?

But those times are over now, and I'm as happy a Jack-in-the-Pulpit as ever waved. Hereafter, my dears, you'll get my messages by paragraph. The editors of ST. NICHOLAS have laid the paragraphic wires, whatever those are, and they say the sooner I begin the better.

Good! I've sent the birds off in every direction to collect information. Not but that I know a good deal already, understand, but a city sparrow tells me that nowadays young folks want everything done up just *so*. (What in the world "just so" means I can't understand, but probably the birds will bring some word about it.)

Meantime I'll tell you a few things that will astonish you if you are dear, sweet, stupid little folks, and not little Paragons. I don't like little Paragons. They know botany and pull flowers to pieces.

Hallo! Mr. Roundeyes, an owl friend of mine, says I must take that back. He insists that, of all things, a Jack-in-the-Pulpit shouldn't object to botany. It helps human beings to understand us, he says; sort of lifts them up to our level. All right. I apologize.

A BIRD that spends much of his time on factory roofs tells me that folks are beginning to make buttons, combs, door knobs, cups, canes and all sorts of things out of leather. They chemicalize it, he says, chip it up and dissolve it in certain fluids till it is a pulp. Then they make it into useful articles by pressing it into moulds of the required shape. When they take it out of the moulds it is hard and tough. Then they polish its surface in some way and the articles are ready for sale.

So, my dears, you may yet comb your hair with your skate-straps, button your clothes with your boots, drink out of old pocket books and use a worn-out harness for your walking stick.

WHAT would you say if I told you what coal comes from? It is made of trees, and ferns, and twigs, and Jack-in-the-Pulpits—fact. Lazy work, though. It takes thousands of years to do it. Inquire into this business.

HERE'S a conundrum. A bird heard a man give it out in Canada:

I went into the woods and I got it. After I got it I searched for it. But I had it in my hand all the time, and at last went home because I couldn't find it.

Answer—A SPLINTER.

JACK knows where there is a tallow tree.

"Is it a make-believe tree, made out of tallow, like candles?" you ask. Oh, no; the tallow tree is a real tree that grows from twenty to forty feet high. Its native place is China, but it has been transplanted into some of our hot-houses. The tallow comes from the seeds. They are pounded and boiled in water, when something like fat rises on the top. This fat is skimmed off and when cold it is as white as snow and almost as soft. The Chinese mix this vegetable tallow with wax to harden it, and out of the mixture make candles, which give a clear, bright light. Now, then, if you want a candle, and you know any one who has a hot-house with a tallow tree in it, it would be better for you to buy a candle in a grocery store; for I do not believe you could make one without wasting a great many tallow-plant seeds.

IN parts of Switzerland, when two men have quarreled with each other, and their friends are anxious to see them reconciled, they endeavor to bring them unawares under the same roof. If the two enemies sit down at the same table they are pledged to peace. They break a piece of bread together, and are friends once more. It would be a good idea if every boy or girl who quarrels with

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another boy or girl, should "make-up," and become reconciled the moment they happened to eat bread together in the same county; at least, that is what Jack thinks about it.

HERE is a little news! Some clever children in New York, known as the Vaux Brothers & Co., have printed a book of their grandmother's recipes for cooking, printed it with their own hands and in the very neatest style. Their grandmother is the best cook in the country, they say. It is evident that they have grand visits at this dear grandmother's house, and that they are not willing to keep the secret of her wonderful dinners and suppers to themselves. They've very sensibly bound blank sheets in the book for the convenience of house-keepers, and I'm told the printed recipes are excellent, telling how to make good soups, salads, biscuits, and every delicacy down to the cake called snichadoodles. I object to this last. It takes three eggs, and that's nothing more nor less than murder.

THE RIDDLE BOX.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 22 letters.

My 10, 5, 3, 4, 12, 6, 16, 21, was name given by the Greek poets to Italy.

My 18, 22, 21, 15, 16, 7, 8, was a witty clerk employed by Roman auctioneers, B. C. 110.

My 13, 11, 19, 9, 21, was the goddess of the hearth.

My 20, 14, 7, 9, 21, was the wife of Agron, king of the Illyrians.

My 1, 2, 22, 21, was a daughter of Cronos.

My 17, 11, 6, 14, 16, 3, was a daughter of Pyrrhus I., king of Epirus.

My whole is a star.

RIDDLE.

Two heads I have, and when my voice
  Is heard afar, like thunder,
The lads and maids arrested stand,
  And watch and wait with wonder.

Quite promptly I'm obeyed, and yet
  'Tis only fair to say,
My master bangs me, right and left,
  And him I must obey.

ELLIPSES.

FILL the blanks with the same words transposed, as

1. Our —— —— a blackbird. *Ans.* Our *host shot* a blackbird.
2. ——, I wish you would amuse the ——.
3. ——, will you find my ——?
4. —— has —— herself very much.
5. He was able to —— my opinions in various ——.
6. I never can —— a cage-full of —— without a shudder.
7. The —— and —— grew on the edge of the ——

ANAGRAMS.

1. Rise late.
2. I made time.
3. Peter so sly.
4. Act I pray.
5. Acts abide.
6. Red sables.
7. Just ran oil.
8. Green mantle.
9. I scare Nat.
10. I can trace iron.

REBUS.

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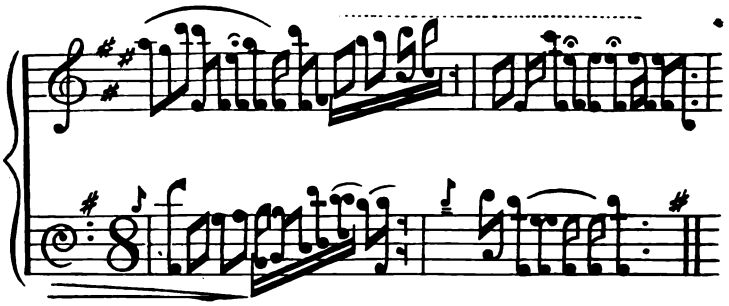
THE VISION.

A London Spectacle-maker issues this musical advertisement. What sort of a vision do you readers of music find in it?



DIAMOND WORD.

1. I FLY about, but never play.
2. As I am old, I'm thrown away.
3. My eyes are scarcely ever blue.
4. In Scotland I am listened to.
5. I'm rough and ready, by the way.
6. High up a tree I'm glad to play.
7. I'm in the middle of the sea.

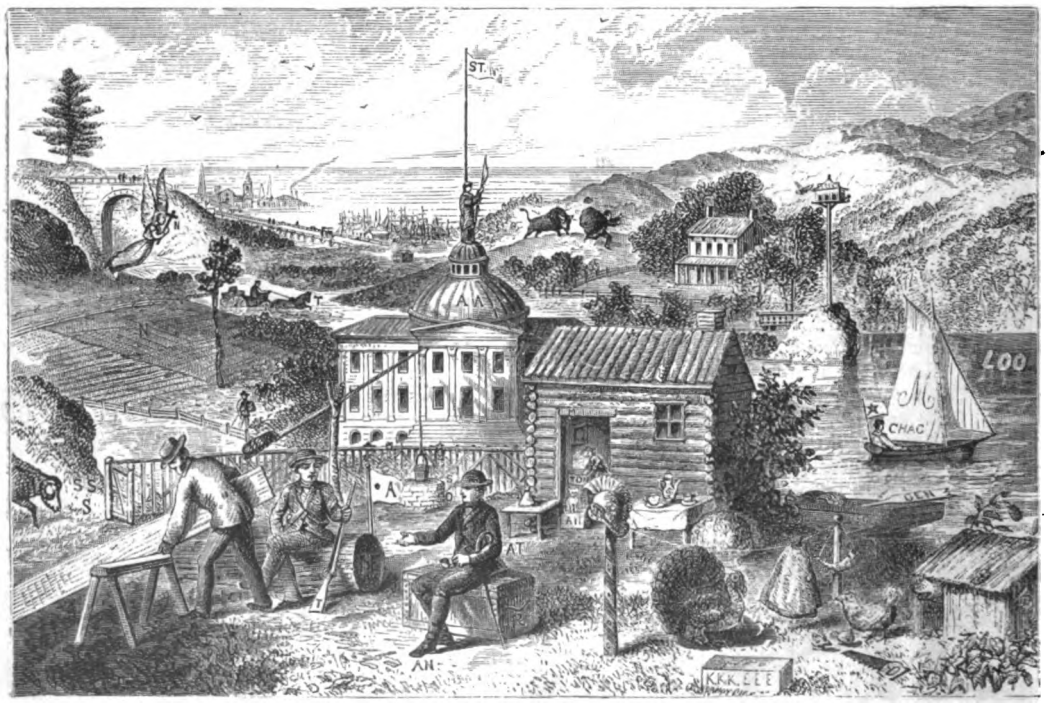
And now what do you think of me?
Some people in me much rejoice,
And some despise my very voice.

LOGOGRIPH.

FIND a useful domestic article of six letters out of which you may make thirty-three nouns.

PARAPHRASED PROVERB.

AN anxiety in a smaller degree timepiece hotel to attempt to equal-tes a night-watch emblem of industry enemy.



GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

IN the above picture will be found over fifty geographical names. Who can give us the most of them?

(ANSWERS TO ALL RIDDLES AND PUZZLES NEXT MONTH.)

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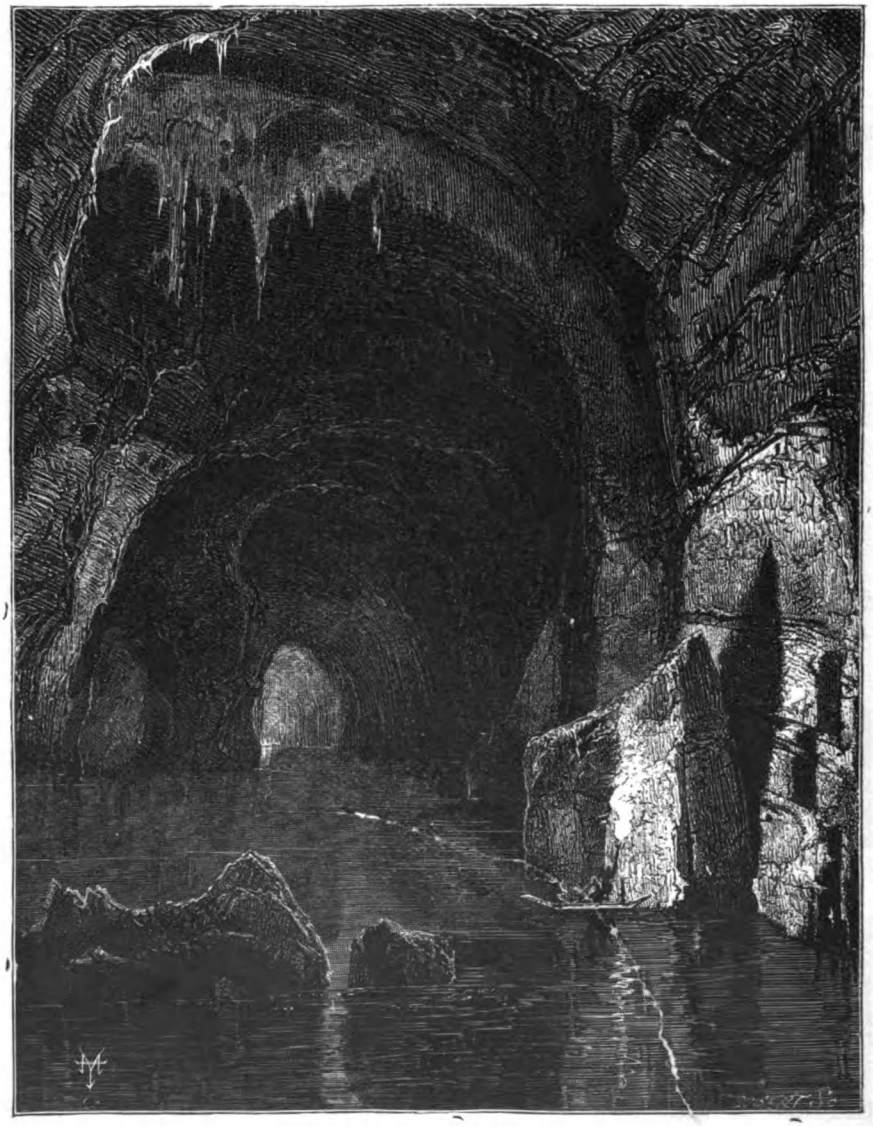

THE WONDERFUL RIVER.

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. I. DECEMBER, 1873. NO. 2.

JACK FROST.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

RUSTILY creak the crickets—Jack Frost came down last night:
He slid to the earth on a starbeam, keen and sparkling and bright.
He sought in the grass for the crickets with delicate, icy spear,
So sharp and fine and fatal, and he stabbed them far and near:
Only a few stout fellows, thawed by the morning sun,
Chirrup a mournful echo of by-gone frolic and fun—
But yesterday such a rippling chorus ran all over the land,
Over the hills and the valleys down to the grey sea-sand!
Millions of merry harlequins, skipping and dancing in glee,
Cricket and locust and grasshopper, happy as happy could be,
Scooping rich caves in ripe apples and feeding on honey and spice,
Drunk with the mellow sunshine, nor dreaming of spears of ice.
Was it not enough that the crickets your weapon of power should pierce?
Pray what have you done to the flowers? Jack Frost, you are cruel and fierce,
With never a sigh or a whisper you touched them and lo! they exhale
Their beautiful lives, they are drooping, their sweet color ebbs, they are pale,
They fade and they die! See the pansies yet striving so hard to unfold
Their garments of velvety splendor, all Tyrian purple and gold!
But how weary they look, and how withered, like handsome court dames, who all night
Have danced at the ball till the sunrise struck chill to their hearts with its light.
Where hides the wood aster? She vanished as snow-wreaths dissolve in the sun
The moment you touched her! Look yonder, where sober and grey as a nun
The maple-tree stands that at sunset was blushing as red as the sky:
At its foot, glowing scarlet as fire, its robes of magnificence lie.
Despoiler! Stripping the world as you strip the shivering tree
Of color and sound and perfume—scaring the bird and the bee,
Turning beauty to ashes—O to join the swift swallows and fly
Far away out of sight of your mischief! I give you no welcome, not I!

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THE BRIGHTON CATS.

BY J. S. STACY.

DID ever you hear of the Brighton cats? No? Well, that is strange, for they are very famous fellows, I assure you. If you were to go to Brighton, in England, you would soon know all about them. They are trained pussies, and they are not only very good actors, but, what is more pleasant still, they seem to enjoy their own performances very much. Their master loves them dearly, and every day they jump up on his shoulders, and, rubbing their soft cheeks against his beard, purr gently, as if to say, "Ah, master dear, if it were not for you, how stupid we should be! You have taught

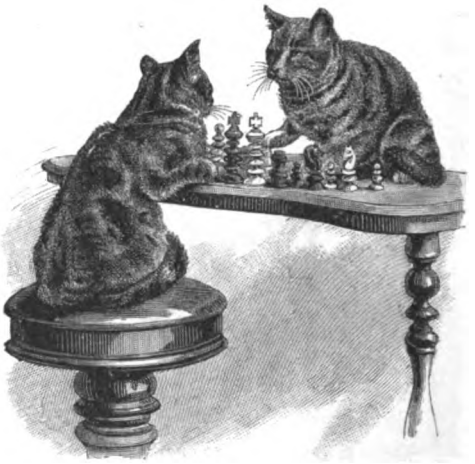
us everything." Then the master laughs and strokes them, before he sets them at work. At last his quick command is heard—

"Pussies, attention!"

Down they jump, their eyes flashing, their ears twitching and eager, their very tails saying—"Aye, aye, sir."

"Pimpkins, to work!"

Pimpkins is a painter; that is, he has learned to hold palette brushes and mall stick in one paw, and a brush in the other, which you'll admit is doing very well for a pussy. With his master's help, he is soon in position, perched upon a stool and painting away for dear life on the canvas before him. There is always a very queer-looking picture on the easel unfinished, and pussy daubs away at



it when visitors are by; but when asked whether he did it all or not, he keeps very still, and so does his master.

Meantime the two other pussies, whom we must know as Tib and Miss Moffit, obeying a motion from the master, seat themselves at a table, and begin a lively game at chess. The chessmen stand in proper order at first, and both pussies look at them with an air of unconcern. Soon Tib moves

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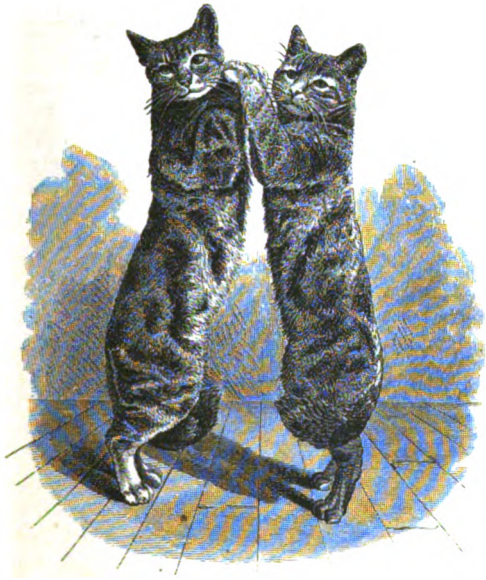
his man. Then Miss Moffit moves hers. On comes Tib again, this time moving two men at once. Instantly Moffit moves three. The game now grows serious. Moffit's men press so thickly on Tib's that suddenly he gives all of them a shove, and Miss Moffit is check-mated! *Then* Tib is grand. Leaning his elbows on the table, and tipping his head sideways, he looks at Moffit until she fairly glares.

After this all the pussies are, perhaps, requested to wash for their master. And they do it, too, in fine style, though, when they are through, Tib and Pimpkins generally squabble for a bath in the tub, while Miss Moffit hangs the clothes on the line to dry.



After work comes play. Miss Moffit and Pimpkins have a little waltz, and Tib slides down the balusters. Sometimes Tib amuses himself by drawing the cork from his master's ale bottle. And then if the foaming ale happens to be unusually lively, it makes a leap for Tib, and Tib rubs his nose with his paw for half an hour afterward.

Are they ever naughty? Yes, indeed. But even then their good master is gentle with them. He never whips them, but simply looks injured, and orders them to "do penance." Poor Tib and Moffit,—for they generally are the naughty ones—how they hate this! But they never think of such a thing as escaping the punishment. No, indeed; they jump upon a chair at once, and, shutting their eyes, stand as you see them in the picture, two images of misery, until their master says they may get down.

We have had these pictures of the Brighton cats carefully copied from photographs that were taken from life not many weeks ago. The photographs are very sharp and clear, showing

every feature distinctly, with just the least blur at the tips of the tails, where they wriggled a little. When you think how hard it is for real persons not to laugh or to move while having a photograph taken, you will understand how wonderful the Brighton cats are, to be able to stand perfectly quiet in these difficult positions, from the time when the photographer takes the brass cap from the front of the camera until he puts it on again, and sets them free.

"They're too wise to be right," said an old apple-woman one day, as she looked at them. "It's onnatural—cuttin' about and actin' like Christians as they do."

Tib stood on his hind legs at this, and Miss Moffit shook paws with Pimpkins—as well she might.

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A8A000 CLUB

BILLY BOY.

POOR Billy boy was music mad,
O music mad was he;
And yet he was as blithe a lad
As any lad could be—
With a hi-de-diddle,
Bow and fiddle,
Rig-a-me-ho! sang he—
For Billy was as blithe a lad
As any lad could be.

"Nobody knows the joy I know,
Or sees the sights I see,
So play me high, or play me low,
My fiddle 's enough for me.
It takes me here, it takes me there—
So play me low or high—
It finds me, binds me, anywhere,
And lifts me to the sky."
With a hi-de-diddle,
Bow and fiddle,
Rig-a-me-ho! sang he—
For Billy was as blithe a lad
As any lad could be.

THE WATER DOLLY.

BY SARAH O. JEWETT.

THE story begins on a Sunday in the middle of August. Elder Grow had preached long sermons both morning and afternoon, and the people looked wilted and dusty when they came out of church. It was in the country, and only one or two families lived very near, and among the last to drive away were the Starbirds, Jonah and his wife, and their boy and girl. The wagon creaked and rattled, and the old speckled horse hung his head, and seemed to go slower than ever. It was a long, straight sandy road, once in a while going through a clump of pines, and nearly all the way you could see the ocean, which was about half a mile away.

There was one place that Prissy, the little girl, was always in a hurry to see. It was where another road turned off from this, and went down to the beach, and every Sunday that she went to church she hoped her father would go this way, by the shore. Once in a while he did so, so she always watched to see if he would not pull the left hand rein tightest, and there was always a sigh of disappointment if the speckled horse went straight on; though, to be sure, there were reasons why the upper road was to be enjoyed. Mr. Starbird often drove through a brook which the road crossed, and there were usually some solemn white geese dabbling in the mud, which were indignant at being disturbed. Then there was a very interesting martin-house on a dingy shoemaker's shop—a little church it was, with belfry and high front steps and tall windows, all complete. To-day Mr. Starbird turned the corner very decidedly, saying, "I shouldn't wonder if it was a mite cooler on the beach. Any way, it can't be hotter, and it is near low water." Prissy sat up very straight on her cricket in the front of the wagon, and felt much happier, and already a great deal cooler.

"Oh, father," said she, "why don't we always go this way? It would be so much nicer going to meeting."

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"Now, Prissy," said Mrs. Starbird, "I'm afraid you don't set much store by your preaching privileges;" and then they all laughed, but Prissy did not quite understand why.

"Well," said her father, "it is always three-quarters of a mile farther, and sometimes it happens to be high tide, and I don't like jolting over the stones; besides, I see enough of the water week-days, and Sunday I like to go through the woods."

It was cooler on the shore, and they drove into the water until the waves nearly came into the wagon, and Prissy shouted with delight. When they drove up on the sand again, she saw a very large sea-egg, and Sam jumped down to get it for her.

"Wouldn't it be nice," said she, "if I could tame a big fish, and make him bring me lovely things out of the sea?"

"Yes," said Sam, "or you might make friends with a mermaid."

"Oh, dear!" said Prissy, with a sigh, "I wish I could see one. You know lots of ships get wrecked every year, and there must be millions of nice things down at the bottom of the sea, all spoiling in the salt water. I don't see why the waves can't just as well bring better things in shore than little broken shells and old good-for-nothing jelly fishes, and wizzled-up sea-weed, and fish bones, and chips. I think the sea is stingy!"

"I thought you were the girl who loved the sea better than 'most anything," said her mother. "I guess you feel cross, and this afternoon's sermon was long. I'm sure the sea gives us a great deal. Where should we get any money if your father couldn't go fishing, or take people sailing?"

"Oh, I do love the sea," said Prissy; "I was only wishing. I don't see, if there is a doll in the sea—a real nice doll, you know, with nobody to play with it—why I can't have it."

Soon they were at the end of the beach, by the hotel, and then they were not long in getting home.

Just as they were driving into the yard a little breeze began to blow from the east, and Mr. Starbird pointed to a low bank of clouds out on the horizon, and said there would be a storm before morning, or he knew nothing about weather.

"It is a little bit cooler," said his wife, "but my! I am heated through and through."

Prissy put on her old dress, and after supper she and Sam went out in the dory with their father, to look after the moorings of the sail-boat, and then they all went to bed early. And sure enough, next morning there was a storm.

It was not merely a rainy day; the wind was more like winter than summer. The waves seemed to be trying to push the pebbles up on shore out of their way, but it was no use, for they would rattle back again as fast as they could every time. The boats at the moorings were dancing up and down on the waves, and you could hear the roaring of the great breakers that were dashing against the cliffs, and making the beach beyond white with foam.

There was not much one could do in the house, and there were no girls living near whom Prissy could go to play with.

The rainy day went very slowly. For a while Prissy watched the sandheaps flying about in the rain, and her father and Sam, who were doing something to the cod lines. Finally she picked over some beans for her mother. Sam and his father went down to the fish-houses, and after dinner Prissy fell asleep, and that took most of the afternoon. She couldn't sew, for she had hurt her thimble-finger the week before, and it was not quite well yet. Just before five her father came in and said it was clearing away. "I am going out to oil the cart wheels and tie up the harness good and strong," said he, "for there will be a master pile of sea-weed on the beach to-morrow morning, and I don't believe I have quite enough yet."

"Oh!" said Prissy, dancing up and down, "won't you let me go with you, father? You know I didn't go last time or time before, and I'll promise not to tease you to come home before you are ready. I'll work just as hard as Sam does. Oh, please do, father!"

"I didn't know it was such a nice thing to go after kelp," said Mr. Starbird, laughing. "Yes, you may go, only you will have to get up before light. Put on your worst clothes, because I may want to send you out swimming after the kelp if there doesn't seem to be much ashore." And the good-natured fisherman pulled his little girl's ears. "Like to go with father, don't you? I'm afraid you aren't going to turn out much of a housekeeper."

The next morning just after daybreak they rode away in the cart; Mr. Starbird and Prissy on the seat, and Sam standing up behind, drawn by the sleepy weather-beaten little horse. It had stopped raining, and the wind did not blow much; the waves were still noisy and the sun was coming up clear and bright. They saw some of their neighbors on the way to the sands, and others were already there when the Starbird cart arrived. For the next two hours Prissy was busy as a beaver picking out the very largest leaves of the broad, brown, curly-edged kelp. Sometimes she would stop for a minute to look at the shells to which the roots often clung, and some of them were very pretty with their pearl lining and spots of purple and white where the outer brown shell had worn away. Prissy carried ever so many of these high up on the sand to keep,

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and often came across a sea-egg, or a striped pebble or a very smooth one, or a crab's back reddened in the sun, and sometimes there was a bit of bright crimson sea-weed floating in the water or left on

the sand. Besides these there seemed to be a remarkable harvest of horse-shoe crabs, for at last she had so many that she took a short vacation so as to give herself time to arrange them in a graceful circle round the rest of her possessions, by sticking their sharp tails into the sand. It was great fun to run into the water a little way after a long strip of weed that was going out with the wave, and once as she came splashing back trailing the prize behind her, one of the neighbors shouted good-naturedly: "Got a fine lively mate this voyage, haven't ye, Starbird?"

Nearly all the men in the neighborhood were there with their carts at six o'clock, and there was a great deal of business going on, for the tide had turned at five, and when it was high there could be no more work done. The piles of sea-weed upon the rocks grew higher and higher. In the middle of the day the men would begin loading the carts again and carrying them home to the farms. You could see the great brown loads go creaking home with the salt water still shining on the kelp that trailed over the sides of the carts. You must ask papa to tell you why the sea-weed is good for the land, or perhaps you already know?

But now comes the most exciting part of the story. What do you think happened to Prissy? Not that she saw a mermaid and was invited to come under the sea and choose out a present for herself, but she caught sight of a bit of something bright blue in a snarl of sea-weed, and when she took it out of the water, what should it be but a doll's dress!

And the doll's dress had a doll in it! Just as she reached it the wave rolled it over and showed her its cunning little face. Prissy was splashed up to the very ears, but that would soon dry in the sun, and oh, joy of joys! such a dear doll as it was. The blue she had seen was its real silk dress, and Prissy had only made believe her dolls wore silk dresses before. And, as she pulled away the sea-weed that was all tangled around it, she saw it had a prettier china head than any she had ever seen, lovely blue eyes, and pink cheeks, and fair yellow hair. Prissy's Sunday wish had certainly come true. What should she wish for next?

But she could not waste much time thinking of that, for she found that the silk dress was made to take off, and there were little buttons and button-holes, and such pretty white under-clothes, and a pair of striped stockings and cunning blue boots—but those were only painted on. Never mind! the salt water would have ruined real ones. There was a string of fine blue and gilt beads around her neck, and in the pocket of the dress—for there was a real pocket—Prissy found such a pretty little handkerchief! Was this truly the same world, and how had she ever lived alone without this dolly? Some kind fish must have wrapped the little lady in the soft weeds so she could not be broken. Had a thoughtful mermaid dressed her? Perhaps one had been a little way out, hiding under a big wave on Sunday, and had heard what the Starbirds said as they drove home from church. Prissy was just as certain the doll was sent to her as if she had come in a big shell with "Miss Priscilla Starbird" on the outside, and two big lobsters for expressmen.

How surprised Mr. Starbird was when Prissy came running down the beach with the doll in her hand. Sam was hot and tired and didn't seem to think it was good for much. "I wonder whose it is?" said he. "I s'pose somebody lost it."

"Oh, Sam!" said Prissy, "she is my own dear dolly. I never thought but she was mine. Can't I keep her? Oh, father!"—and the poor little soul sat down and cried. It was such a disappointment.

"There, don't feel so bad, Prissy," said Mr. Starbird, consolingly, "I wouldn't take on so, dear. Father 'll get you a first-rate doll the next time he goes to Portsmouth. I suppose this one belongs to some child at the hotel, and we will stop and see as we go home." And Prissy laid the doll on the sand beside her, and cried more and more; while Sam, who was particularly cross to-day, said, "Such a piece of work about an old wet doll!"

"Oh," thought Prissy, "I kept thinking she

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was my truly own doll, and I was going to make new dresses, and I should have kept all her things in my best little bit of a trunk that grandma gave me. I don't believe any Portsmouth doll will be half so nice, and I shouldn't have been lonesome any more."

Wasn't it very hard?

But Prissy was an honest little girl, and when her father told her he was ready to go, she was ready too, and had the horse-shoe crabs transplanted from the sand into a strip of kelp in which she had made little holes with a piece of sharp shell, and the best shells and stones were piled up in her lap. She had made up her mind she could not have the doll, and she looked very sad and disappointed. It was nearly a mile to the hotel, and it seemed longer, for the speckled horse's load was very heavy. Prissy hugged the water-dolly very close, and kissed her a great many times before they stopped at the hotel piazza.

Mr. Starbird asked a young man if he knew of any child who had lost a doll, but he shook his head. This was encouraging, for he looked like a young man who knew a great deal. Then a boy standing near said, "Why, that's Nelly Hunt's doll. I'll go and find her."

Mr. Starbird went round to see the landlord, to arrange about carrying out a fishing party that afternoon, and Prissy felt very shy and lonesome waiting there alone on the load of sea-weed. She gave the dolly a parting hug, and the tears began to come into her eyes again.

In a few minutes a tall, kind-looking lady came down stairs and out on the piazza, and a little girl followed her. Prissy held out the doll without a word. It would have been so nice to have her to sleep with that night.

"Where in the world did you find her, my dear?" said the lady in the sweetest way—"you are a good little girl to have brought her home. What have you been crying about? Did you wish she was yours?" And she laid her soft white hand on Prissy's little sandy sunburnt one.

"Yes'm," said Prissy; "I did think she was going to be my doll, and then father said somebody must have lost her. I shouldn't like to be the other girl, and be afraid she was drowned."

This was a long speech from our friend, for she usually was afraid of strangers, and particularly the hotel folks. The lady smiled, and stooped to whisper to the little girl, who in a minute said, "Yes, indeed, mamma," aloud.

"Nelly says she will give you the dolly," said the lady. "We are sorry her clothes are spoiled, but some day, if you will come over, I will give you some pieces to make a new dress of. It will have to be either black or white, for I have nothing else here, but I can find you some bright ribbons. Nelly left her out on the rocks, and the tide washed her away. I hope you will not be such a careless mamma as that."

"Haven't you any dolls of your own?" said Nelly; "I've six others. This one is Miss Bessie."

"No," said Prissy, who began to feel very brave and happy. "I had one the first of the summer. It was only a rag baby, and she was spoiled in the rain. Oh, I think you're real good!" And her eyes grew brighter and brighter.

"Dear little soul," said Mrs. Hunt, as she went in, after Mr. Starbird had come back, and they had gone away; "I wish you had seen her hug that doll as she turned the corner. I think I never saw a child more happy. It had been so hard for her to think she must give it up. I must find out where she lives."

You will know that Prissy went home in a most joyful state of mind. In the afternoon, just as soon as dinner, she went down to the play-house, carrying the shells and crabs, and she and the new dolly set up house-keeping. The play-house was in a corner where there was a high rock at the end of a fence. There were ledges in the rock that made nice shelves, and Sam had roofed it over with some long boards, put from the top of the rock to the fence, so it was very cozy. There were rows of different kinds of shells and crab-backs, marvelous sea-eggs, and big barnacles by the dozen. Sam had rolled in a piece of drift-wood, that had been part of the knee of a ship, and who could want a better sofa? There was a bit of looking-glass fastened to the fence by tacks, and there had been some pictures pinned up that Prissy had cut out of a paper, but these were nearly spoiled by the rain. A bottle, with a big staring marigold in it, stood on a point of a rock that she called her mantelpiece. Besides these treasures, she had a china mug, painted red, with "Friendship's offering" on it in gilt letters. The first thing she did was to go down to the shore, where she was busy for some time washing the dolly's clothes, which were very much spotted and crumpled, and full of sand and bits of sea-weed. The silk dress could only be brushed, her mother told her, and would not be quite clean again; but after all it was quite grand.

Prissy's "wash" was soon hung out on a bit of a fish-line, stretched near the play-house, and the doll, who had been taking a nap during this time, was waked up by her new mother. The sun shone bravely in at the door, and all the shells glistened. Prissy counted the sails out at sea, and noticed how near the light-house looked that day. "When I go out there again, you may go, too," said she to the doll—"you won't be a bit sea-sick, dear."

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The water dolly looked happy as if she felt quite at home. Nelly Hunt came over next morning with a box of "Miss Bessie's" clothes and a paper of candy, and when she saw the play-house she liked it so much that she stayed all the rest of the morning, and came to see Prissy ever so many times that summer before she went away.

THE GIANT WATABORE.

A Big Child's Story.

BY M. M. D.

IN the year no hundred and something and one, there lived a mighty giant—a scientific giant, named Watabore. This mighty giant was noted for devouring information. Not an idea nor an opinion could come near him, but he would swallow it instantly. Nothing was too much for him. More than once he took in a whole headful of conflicting arguments without choking. The country, for miles around, rang with accounts of his daring and greed.

Well, this mighty scientific giant went on in this way, devouring information and swallowing all sorts of creeds and opinions, whether they agreed with him or not, until at last, as might be supposed, his system became terribly out of order. His eyes couldn't see straight; his ears deceived him; his appetite was completely gone; and he grew so thin that his poor body was not an eighth of a mile around. What to do he didn't know. The things he had swallowed disordered him to such an extent that everything went against him. The world soured on his mind. Everything was confusion.

When at last he decided to call in a first-class homœopath-allopath-hydropath-electric-movement-cure physician, he found there was no such person to be had. He couldn't even get a plaster-pill-lotion, though he sent to every shop in the county. And when he attempted to carry out his idea of remaining perfectly quiet with active exercise, he found it wouldn't answer at all. All at once he remembered that either the telegraphic locomotive engine or the steam telegraph, he wasn't sure which, was wonderfully good for something, if applied boiling cold and taken inwardly on soft flannel; but his friends assured him the thing couldn't be done, that no nurse living would undertake to apply such a remedy, so he gave it up, though his sufferings were fearful. His mind couldn't lie easy in any position, and as I said before, his appetite was entirely gone. Serve up facts, opinions, theories and creeds as daintily as his friends might, not one could he swallow.

They consulted the man in the moon.

"Let him take a lecture every other night," said the man in the moon.

It was a bitter pill; but the giant took it. Every other night he swallowed a lecture, but it did not help him. In fact, he grew worse. There wasn't a point on which his mind could rest comfortably. Hungrier than ever, it was useless to offer him anything. Nothing would go down.

At last, somebody thought of something.

Show him an opinion-maker.

They brought him one, but it was such a little thing that the mighty giant could make nothing out of it. "It seems to be some sort of a hop-toad," said he; "big for a hop-toad, yet smaller than those skipping things called horses. Fetch me a microscope."

They brought one. Watabore carefully stood the opinion-maker on his finger and commenced to examine it.

"Ha!" cried the giant, "what do I see? Can it be possible? The opinion-maker is nothing but

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a man! Grind my teeth! but he is at work now. The little midget is throwing them off before my very eyes,—all sorts of opinions,—good, bad, and so-so. Some of them worse than so-so,—positively poisonous! And here have I been, gulping down his wares whole, without examining them. Odd flupps! The world must be full of these creatures. Fetch me another."

So the giant went on, with his microscope, examining one opinion-maker after another, until he arrived at the very sensible conclusion, that these little creatures might be very useful in their way, but there was no reason why he should let them do all his thinking. Opinion-making was a business in which every one had a right to take part for himself.

THE GIANT WATABORE MAKES A DISCOVERY.

From that day the giant prospered. His appetite returned; but, instead of swallowing every opinion he met with, he either made very cautious selections, choosing the good and rejecting the bad, or he prepared his own. He collected the best raw material he could find for the purpose, and took care to examine his stock very often, so as to throw out all opinions that were not worth keeping. And when he found an opinion very different from his own, he compared both carefully and held to the better one. On this diet his appetite became just what a healthy giant's appetite ought to be, and—that's all I know of the mighty scientific giant Watabore, who lived in the year no hundred and something and one.

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THE CRUISE OF THE ANTIOCH.

BY CYRUS MARTIN, JR.

"BLESS your dear heart! *you* don't want to go to sea!" They always said this to little Jack, but the small boy, who rejoiced that his home, at least, had a flavor of the sea about it, was not a bit pleased that old Reeler should so chuck him under the chin when he said it. "As if I were a hateful little girl," said Jack, angrily. It was a rambling, tumble-down old town by the sea where he lived. Jack's father, and uncles, and grandfather, and, for all I know, his grandfather's father and grandfather had been sailors, captains, mates, and general ploughers of the sea. As the youngster idled along the beach, watching the fishing-boats putting off for their short voyages, or gazed with a great longing out into the misty blue, where sky and water meet, the sailor-men would shake their heads and say, "His father and gran'ther were drowned at sea; so'll he be." For Jack wanted to go to sea more than anything else.

"BLESS YOUR DEAR HEART! YOU DON'T WANT TO GO TO SEA."

And this is how he went: As he lay on his cot one night, his mother, who had always said that it would break her heart if he went to sea, came to him and told him that the good ship, Antioch, was going to sail in an hour, and that he might go if he wished. She put up a bundle of things in a bandanna handkerchief. There was a sheet of ginger-bread, a four-bladed knife, a ball of rope-yarn, a box of dominoes, a pair of blankets, a pocket Bible, a fine-tooth comb, and a jar of mince jelly, of which last Jack was very fond. You may be sure she added a mother's blessing; and thus supplied, Jack sailed out of the harbor on the stanch ship, Antioch; and the last thing he saw was old Keeler sweeping off Tilden's wharf, just as the sun rose. He was at sea at last.

The ship was bound to the North Sea, and Jack, who soon grew familiar with all the ways and manners of sailor life, became the hero of the Antioch. When the captain's baby girl fell overboard, who but Jack leaped from the main truck, and, gallantly seizing the little maid by the waist, swam to the ship with her. It was Jack who put gunpowder in the sailors' lobscouse, when they were not looking, and laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks as they tried in vain to eat it, and swore that the cook was poisoning them. When they were lying in Snerdavik, on the Swordland Sea, Jack made a great name for himself by his whale exploit. He saw a monstrous "bight" whale come blowing past the Antioch, with a harpoon sticking in his head. At one bound, he hopped from the ship's rail to the back of the astonished whale, seized the lanyard, or rope attached to the harpoon, and, waving his hat in return for the cheers from the fleet in the harbor, steered his captive up the fiord, and drove him ashore, just below the Jotsen Skalder, where

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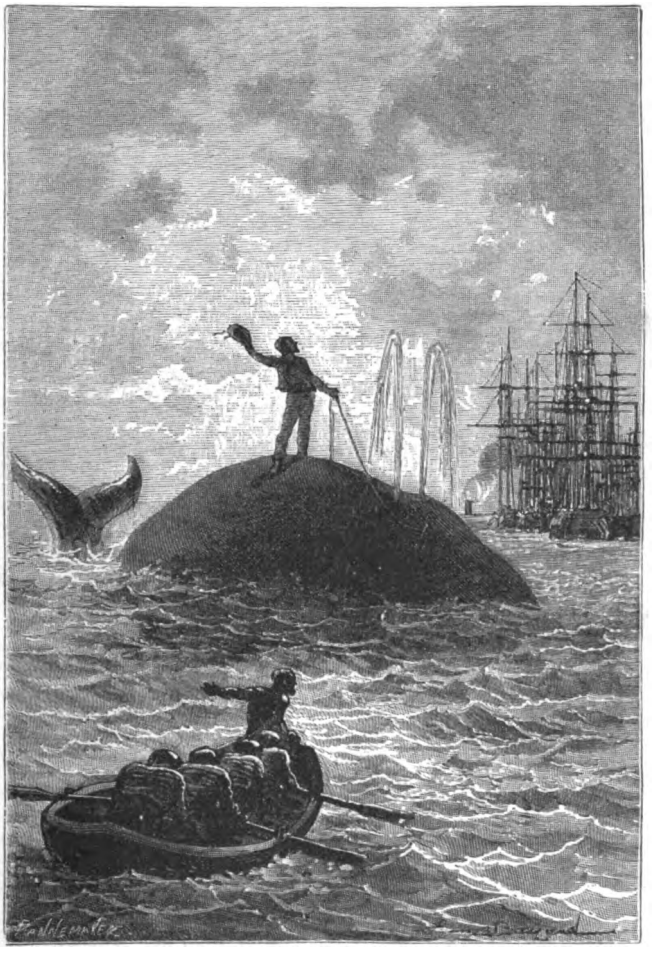
the huge creature was cut up and made into excellent oil.

Passing into the Arctic circle the Antioch was locked fast among the icebergs of that frosty region. Time hung heavily on their hands, but Jack was, as usual, the life of the crew. The songs he sang, the games he cut up on the ice, and the adventures he had among the polar bears would astonish you very much. He had now grown to be quite a man, for he had been gone from home many years. He did not once hear from his mother; and though he did not notice it then, he thought afterwards that it was very queer.

But waltzing on the ice with the white bears—wild fun as it was—could not always last. The ship was melted out of her frosty prison by the long summer day; for, in those parts the sun never sets for nearly six months; then it is night all the rest of the year. The Antioch was soon driving down a tropical coast where the shore was lined with the most delicious fruits and flowers. Mangos, bananas, pine-apples and fragrant nuts loaded the branches, and brilliant flowers of unknown kinds swept down to the water's edge, and swung dreamily in the crystal tide. But in the tropics, you know, storms are sudden and waters are dark too. While Jack gazed with longing on the charming sights on shore, the black clouds rolled up, the sea rose like a mad, hunted creature, and the blinding glare of the lightning smote his eyes. His stomach reeled and he felt deathly sick; he seized the rigging to keep from being washed overboard. On the ship drove hurriedly toward the black lodes from which the lovely flowers had now gone. The



"JACK STEERED HIS CAPTIVE UP THE FIORD."

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captain seized a rope's end, and cutting him across the bare legs, bawled—"Lay aloft there, you lubber, or I'll break every bone in your body!" Terrified by such a sudden change in the captain's manner, Jack, bursting into tears, shouted, "Mother! mother!" "Well, my darling," said she, coming into his chamber, "you must not lie on your back; you'll surely have bad dreams if you do." Jack, very much astonished, and still trembling with dread of Captain Tarbucket's rope's end, sat up in his little white bed. The cruise of the Antioch was over.

JACK WALTZING ON THE ICE WITH THE WHITE BEARS.

THE DATE AND SOME OTHER PALMS.

BY FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

DATES, to us merely an occasional luxury, are to the Arab the very "staff of life," just as the camel is his "ship of the desert." The date tree, one of the large family of *palms*, is a native of both Asia and Africa, and will grow readily in any sandy soil where the climate is not too cold. It was long ago introduced into Spain by the Moors, and a few are still found even in the South of France. But the most extensive date forests are those in the Barbary States, where they are sometimes miles in length.

Growing thus, the trees are very beautiful. Their towering crests touching each other, they seem like an immense natural temple. The walls are formed of far-reaching vines and creepers that twine gracefully about the tall, straight trunks, and the ground beneath is dotted with tiny wild-flowers that, with their rainbow tints and bright green foliage, are more beautiful than any floor of costly mosaics. For worshipers there are thousands of gay plumaged birds, flitting from bough to bough, as they carol forth their morning and evening songs, their little bosoms quivering with gladness.

The Bedouins, or wild Arabs of the desert, who consider it beneath their dignity to sow or plant, or cultivate the soil in any way, depend upon gathering the date where they can find it growing wild; but the Arabs of the plains cultivate it with great care and skill, thus improving the size and flavor of the fruit, and largely increasing the yield. In some varieties they have succeeded in doing away with the hard seed, and the so-called seedless dates, being very large and fine, are highly prized. When ripe, the date is of a bright golden color, fragrant and luscious; and in the dry, hot countries where palms grow, no better food for morning,

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noon, or night can be found, while one never wearies of the sweet pulpy fruit, gathered fresh from the tree. But the trees do not bear all the year round, of course, and so the Arabs make what they call date honey, using for this the juice of the ripe fruit, and those who can afford it preserve dates fresh through the year, by keeping them in close vessels covered over with this honey.

Wine and spirits are also made from dates by distillation; but they are sold, for the most part, to foreign traders. For the Arabs are exceedingly temperate in their habits; and poor and ignorant as many of them are, a drunken man is never found among them. There is still another product of the date—one that is of vast importance to the poor Arabs in their long journeys across the deserts. This is date-flour, made by drying the ripe fruit in the sun, and afterward grinding it to powder. It is then packed in tight sacks, and if stowed away from the damp will keep for years. This is food in its most compact form, easily carried about, and needing no cooking; it has only to be moistened with a little water, and the meal is ready for eating. How wisely has the all-loving Father provided for these sons of a barren soil, suiting his mercies to their needs—giving them for their toilsome journeys the patient, hardy camel, the only beast of burden that could bear the heat and drought of their deserts; and for their own sustenance, the wholesome, nutritious date.

But it is not alone of the fruit of his precious tree that the Arab makes use. A pleasant beverage called palm-wine is drawn from the trunk, by tapping, as we tap sugar-maples in this country; the trunks of the old trees furnish a durable wood for building houses and furniture—the leaves make baskets and hats, and the fibrous portions, when stripped out, make excellent twine, ropes, and fishing lines. Even the stones or "pits" are useful—the fresh ones for planting, while the dried are turned to account in Egypt for cattle feed, in China for making Indian ink, and in Spain for the manufacture of the tooth-powder sold as "ivory-black."

A tree when mature will bear two hundred and fifty pounds of dates in a season, and sometimes even more. The gathering is no easy task, as I think my boy readers would say after they had tried to scale one of those straight, round trunks, full sixty feet high, without a single branch to handle or furnish foot-hold, and the entire stem rough with scaly, horn-like protuberances, not pleasant to touch with either hands or feet. But these oriental fruit gatherers are very agile, and have a way of their own to reach these dizzy heights, and possess themselves of the tantalizing fruit hidden away among those sharp-pointed leaves. First a strong rope is passed across the climber's back and under his arm-pits, and then, after being passed around the tree, the two ends are tied together firmly in a knot. The rope is then placed on one of the notches left by the foot-stalk of an old leaf, and the man slips that portion which is under his arm-pits towards the middle of his back, thus letting his shoulder blades rest thereon; and then with knees and hands, he grasps firmly the trunk, and raises himself a few inches higher. Then holding fast by knees and feet and one hand, with the other he slips the rope a little higher up the tree, letting it lodge on another of those horny protuberances, and so on till the summit is gained. The fruit, growing in dense clusters at the top, is easily plucked and thrown down when it is reached, and is then caught in a large cloth held at the corners by four men.

The general name of the palms, of which there are a great many varieties, is derived from the Latin *palma*, a hand, from the fancied resemblance of their quaint, pointed leaves to the human hand. They are all singularly graceful in structure, with tall, straight, branchless trunks, and with their ever-verdant crowns that seem almost to touch the clouds, are beautiful beyond description. Among the ancients, the palm was the symbol of victory, and conquerors in the Grecian games were often crowned with chaplets woven of its young leaves.

In the particulars I have named, all the varieties of palm closely resemble each other; in other respects each species has its peculiar characteristics. I have already described to you the date, and will now mention a few others.

The fan palm is found in greatest abundance in the warmer portions of South America and the East Indies. It usually grows in groups, and lives to the age of a century and a-half. The wild tribes of *Guaraunes*, who live near the mouths of the Orinoco, derive their entire sustenance from this tree. They suspend mats made of the stalks of the leaves from stem to stem, and during the long rainy season, when the delta is overflowed, they reside entirely in the trees; by means of these mats keeping warm and dry, and living among their leafy bowers as securely as if they belonged to the monkey tribe. Their hanging huts are partially covered with clay; the fire for cooking is lighted on the lower story, and the traveler, in sailing along the river by night, sees the flames in long rows, looking as if suspended in the air. The fruit of this same tree supplies the food of the inhabitants of the huts, the sap makes a pleasant drink, the blossoms sometimes form an agreeable salad, and the pith of the stem contains at certain seasons a sort of sage-like meal, with which to vary their bill of fare.

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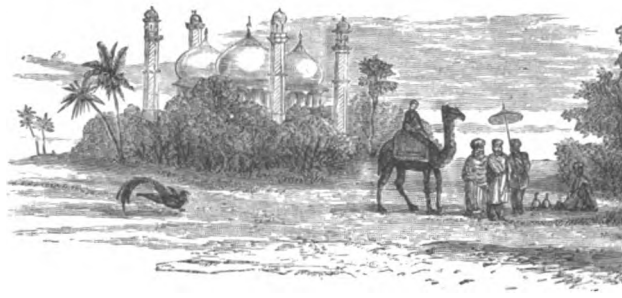
The cocoanut is another of the palms of special value to the people of the tropics. The husk furnishes them with excellent ropes, the green nut affords a palatable drink, and the ripe contains an oil that supplies butter for the table, perfumery for ladies' toilettes, and a good light for their houses. The leaves are several feet long, glossy and beautiful. The fruit is too well known to need description; as are also the bananas and plantains. But I wish you could see the huge, polished leaves, and the bright purple blossoms of the plantains—they are so grandly beautiful. Single trees will bear about two hundred pounds of ripe luscious fruit at a time, and they continue bearing nearly the year round.

The wild palm of the desert is usually found standing in solitary grandeur near a fountain; and you can imagine the joy with which the poor thirsty traveler, almost dying for water, sees at last, one of these tall trees just visible in the distance, telling of at least a tiny, bubbling spring where he will surely find water enough to save him from perishing. The stem is usually rough and uncomely with the withered rampart of old leaves that have remained from year to year, but it is beautiful in the eyes of the weary, thirsty, perishing traveler—beautiful as the distant light-house to the storm-driven mariner.

Perhaps, after all, the most curious of the palms is the talipat, that derives its name from the Bali word *talipoin*, which means priest, and it is so called because the sacred fans used by Buddhist priests are made of these leaves. There is another use made of the leaves of the *talipat* palm, that is deemed by Buddhists quite as sacred as the fans: The leaves are dried and pressed perfectly smooth, then soaked in milk, and while still damp, they are inscribed with the laws and traditions of the Buddhist faith. The people think the book all the more sacred that it is written on the leaves of the talipat palm; and nearly all their religious books, as well as important historical records, are written on this material. The ink is a sort of wood-oil that is obtained from a tree that grows in most parts of India; and the pen is an iron *stylus*, very nearly resembling those formerly used by the Romans for writing on their tablets of wax. The books are not bound, nor the leaves even sewed together, but are simply strung on silken cords, one at each end of the slips, which are readily turned in reading.

There is said to be in a temple on the island of Ceylon, a book written in the Bali language, on the leaves of the talipat palm, that contains eleven hundred and seventy-two leaves, or two thousand three hundred and forty-four pages. The talipats are so valuable, that half-a-dozen trees are considered a small fortune of themselves, yielding the owner a comfortable support, and furnishing an important item in the estate bequeathed to his heirs.



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AN ADVENTURE WITH A CRITIC.

By John Riverside.

If Ned McGilp was not a great painter, it was not his fault; no artist ever worked harder. Early and late he was in the fields or woods studying the forms and color of trees, rocks, mountains, plants, and clouds; or he was in his studio working out on canvas the charming things which he found in nature. Yet, somehow or another, his pictures did not sell. He could not even get an opinion from the critics. His little sister said that everything he painted was "just lovely." And another young lady, for whom Ned had a very high admiration, thought and declared that his pictures were "heavenly." But these fair critics could not buy his pictures, of course; and their praises, while they fed his vanity, did not help him to fame and reputation. Ned used to say that he had never met with one honest critic. He was determined that he would find one such; and he did.

Last summer, despairing of finding anything new to paint among the Atlantic States, Mr. Ned McGilp packed up his "painting traps" and betook himself to California. People are tired (so he said) of smug Connecticut towns, with white steeples, nestling among maples and elms; they have been fed so long on White Mountain scenery, and Lake Georges, and bosky dells, and sylvan glades, that they want something new. I'll go and find it. So he went and found it.

Among the Santa Cruz mountains, a broken and picturesque ridge that skirts the Pacific Ocean, just south of San Francisco, McGilp fixed his painting camp. Near the saw-mill of Mr. J. Bowers, better known as "Missouri Joe," the young artist found shelter and lodging. Most of the daylight hours he passed in the open air. The grand old peaks and gorges, shining with water-falls, or covered with noble mahogany and madroña trees, gave him a new delight. He painted as if he were mad. It would be useless to tell you how many yards of canvas and square feet of sketching paper he covered. Mr. J. Bowers used to remark, thoughtfully, that "that thar painter chap war a powerful dabster at his biz." But Mr. Bowers was not the critic Ned McGilp was looking for. He set up his easel, day after day, on the mountain side and manfully worked away, forgetting all about his critic. Quite likely he was not expecting him in the least.

One day, leaving the San Gabriel road on the left, and climbing up the Felipe Felipena ridge, which, of course, all California tourists remember, Ned planted his easel firmly on a broad bench of rock, overlooking a deep ravine, beyond which the mountain rose in rocky steeps, dotted with scrubby oaks and mansanitas, against the horizon. To the right the ravine wound around a noble spike of bald, grey rock, down which came tumbling a laughing stream, making a soft roar of mirth in the air. This was the scene which he had looked at, and decided days before, should be the subject of his grand picture. Swiftly he went to work, softly repeating to himself the lines of some favorite poet of nature, as he spread his colors and made his canvas begin to glow with the tender hues of sky and mountain.

So intent was he upon his work, that he did not know that a large black bear, one of a numerous family that lives in the Santa Cruz mountains, had quietly come up behind him, and now, gravely squatted down, was watching him at his work with great interest. Ned's brushes flew swiftly; the colors beamed on the canvas, and the lines of the picture grew firm and clear. Bruin looked on attentively; and Ned said softly to himself, "This might please the critic—if he ever sees it. This is the picture that shall make my fortune, if I ever make it." He paused a moment to think of the little girl with brown eyes who thought his pictures "heavenly," when he heard behind him a contemptuous chiff, as if some one said, "I have a very poor opinion of that." He looked about, angrily, and saw Bruin regarding him and his work with great disdain.

Mr. McGilp might have stopped to argue the case; he was in a great hurry, however, and fled at once, leaving behind him his picture, brushes, colors, hat, and even his loaded gun, which happened to be nearer the bear than the artist. He did not stop until he reached the opposite side of the ravine, when, expecting to feel the bear's sharp claws on his shoulders, he ventured to look around. To his great relief, Bruin had not followed one step of the way; but, on the other side, the ungainly creature stood on his hind legs, regarding the unfinished picture with an air of great dissatisfaction. He growled at it roughly, in the manner of most critics; perhaps he found something wrong in the distance, or the drawing was faulty. I am inclined to think that he was much displeased with the boldness of the coloring. At any rate, he rudely knocked over the easel, put one paw on the canvas, and then deliberately licked off every scrap

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of the beautiful colors. Even this did not soften his rage—perhaps it was not to his taste—and, after mashing the painter's color-box into small bits, he seized the gun, and began to hug and twirl it about with rage. Bang! bang! went the gun, for both barrels were loaded. Bruin looked at the smoking muzzle of the gun with great surprise, clapped his paw to his own black muzzle, as if he did not like the smell of powder, gave one yell of dismay and astonishment, dropped the battered gun, and fled up the mountain side much quicker than Mr. Ned McGilp had before fled in the opposite direction.

Very cautiously, McGilp returned to the ruined outfit, picked up the shattered canvas and color-box, and went back to Bowers' saw-mill with much lowness of spirit. He had met his critic, at last.

Mr. Bowers was disgusted "that thar pictur chap should be chased by a bar," and, taking down his rifle, went in pursuit of the courageous critic. He never found him. Perhaps he had an engagement on some of the New York newspapers; I think I have heard of him since. But Mr. Ned McGilp painted his damaged picture over again. He put in the ravine, waterfalls, sky, and mountain, just as before. But he added a portrait of himself at his easel with his severe bear-critic gazing on the work.

This last picture was much more interesting and valuable than the first one would have been, had Ned finished it. The figure of the black bear in the painting excited so much curiosity and comment when it was exhibited, and when it became known that the bear incident was a real one, that the picture sold for a high price. More than this, it gave Ned such a good reputation as an artist that he is now quite satisfied that, after all, his "grand picture" will be the means of really making his fortune.

"THIS PICTURE SHALL MAKE MY FORTUNE," SAID NED.

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NAYLOR O' THE BOWL.

By Rebecca Harding Davis.

The story of Beak's Derricks was this. Jem Beak was a sharp young fellow in a Western town, who was paid the high wages which skilled hands in the iron mills command. By some chance he heard of a few acres of land for sale in the Kanawha (West Virginia) Valley, in which he fancied oil might be found. He persuaded some of his companions, who had saved a little money, to take it out of savings banks and building associations, to buy the hill-side and go with him to working it. They found oil, not enough to make them rich, but to pay them better than iron mills. But with the oil or their pay we have nothing to do.

The derricks stood in a defile or gut of the mountains to which the only access was by a creek wide and deep enough to float their rafts when laden with barrels. Few strangers came to this lonely place, and no women. Beak and his five partners and their workmen lived in cabins, cooked and washed, and served themselves. The shadow of one hill or the other lay over the wells all day long, giving to the defile a gloomy and forbidding air. Beak used to say, by way of a grim joke, that the cry of blood seemed to issue from the ground, and that the place ought to be called Murderer's Hollow. Outside of the mouth of the defile, there lay like a wonderful picture, a broad river and low green hills over which the birds flew and the clouds heaped themselves once or twice a day and turned into glittering palaces and towns of carnelian and jasper. But Beak and his companions cared nothing for rivers or hills unless there was oil in them. Very soon, too, no jokes passed among the men, grim or otherwise. Lads out of mills are not apt to know much about the friendships or courtesies or even amusements which boys in school and college delight in: even their fun is likely to consist in hard hitting. When Beak and Welker and the others, therefore, began to quarrel about the yield of oil or amount of ground due to each, there were no soft pleasant remembrances or common ground of good-humored amusements and politenesses to fall back on for a fresh start. They bickered, snarled, all day long, and went to bed to rise and bicker again. In time they ceased speaking one to the other, giving orders each to his own workmen. One after another would threaten to sell out, but did not sell out, afraid the others would cheat him. In old times they had been used to take a little holiday, running off in couples to the neighboring town for a change of air, and harmless frolic. Now they all stayed at the derricks to watch each other. Tales of their greed and their quarrels began to spread through the country-side, and some of the country papers went so far as to call them "a band of young thieves and cut-throats, leagued together." This, of course, was going too far. But people avoided the gloomy valley, and it was left to its shadows and ill repute more and more with each succeeding year.

Matters were in this state when Joe Welker received a letter one day, on the reading of which his glum face darkened still more.

"I'll have a mess-mate now, Phil," he said that evening to the negro cook who baked and broiled for them in turn. Phil was a good-humored, civil fellow, and they were all in the habit of gossipping with him, good-humor and civility being at so high a premium at the Wells. "It's an old gentleman," continued Joe, with a touch of pride, "my grandfather. He's been left quite alone in the world: I'm his only relative."

"What ye gwine do wid him, Mr. Welker?"

"Bring him here."

Now Phil's idea of an old gentleman was the reverend gray-haired clergyman whom he had served long ago. "Dis isn't exactly de place for dem ar," he said, gravely looking about him.

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Welker, going up to his cabin, looked about him, too, and saw for the first time the mud pits, the filth gathered in front of the huts, the heap of ashes, potato parings and bones at his own door.

"I can't bring him here," he muttered: "but what else am I to do?"

Welker, scapegrace as he was, had always had an absolute reverence for his grandfather Naylor, and he felt it to be very strange that he had been left to his care. "Seems as if God was in it," speaking the name of God for the first time in many months without an oath. He fell to work at the heap of ashes. By night it was gone. The next day Beak's Derricks was amazed to see Welker busy whitewashing his cabin. All kinds of jokes passed among the men about the visitor he expected. They said it was a rich relative who would lend him money; or, could it be that Joe meant to marry? Whoever it might be would meet with a cool reception. Welker was the most unpopular of the partners, and the Derricks, without a word, entered into a conspiracy to make the place too unpleasant to hold his guest.

"Gentleman, indeed!" said Beak to some of his men, "we want no tag-rags of gentility here." Phil had just brought word that the stranger had arrived in the night.

"And this is Mr. Beak, I'm sure?" said a cheerful, hearty voice from under Jem's feet, as he thought.

He looked behind him,—up—down.

"Hel-lo!" he cried.

Just on a level with his knees was the head of an old man, the gray hair falling thick about it. The face was pale and wrinkled, but full of kindness and good humor—even fun. The old man's body was large as Jem's own, but it ended at the knees. Both legs were gone. He sat in a low round basket on wheels, which he worked slowly along by his hands. Jem's "Hello" went down into a compassionate "Tut! tut!" as he stooped and pushed the basket up to a safer place. The men glanced at each other with a pitying shake of the head and then took off their hats. "Good day, sir. Hope I see you well," one said after the other. To Beak or to Welker they would have nodded with their hats on.

"WHAT COULD I DO?" SAID BEAK AGAIN.

"Yes, I am James Beak, sir. And you?"

"Naylor, Joe Welker's grandfather. 'Naylor o' the Bowl' they call me sometimes," glancing with a smile down at his odd carriage. "Yes, I've come to live with you all. I wish I was eighteen instead of eighty to go in with you in earnest. Five young fellows joined together in business and fun. All friends! Why, you could move the world if you chose. Joe used to write to me about you at first, until I knew you all. Precisely the kind of thing I should have liked as a boy; but I never, when Joe described his chums, thought I should be one of you. Yet here I am!"

"I'm sure we are very glad you are one of us,"

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said Beak, holding out his hand. "What else could I do?" he said afterward, when telling of it.

Naylor shook it cordially. "There comes another of the partners; introduce me," rubbing his hands in glee. "I want to know you all at once: I tell Joe that you must take me into all your troubles and frolics—eh, boys? It puts new blood into me to come among such a hearty lot of good fellows, all working together!"

"What *could* I do?" said Beak again, talking of it, "I couldn't look the old man in the eye somehow and tell him we were living like so many dogs fighting over a bone. I called Pratt up (it was George Pratt) and I introduced him to gran'ther Naylor. Whether the shock of seeing him knocked the wits out of George, or whether he was anxious to be friends again, I don't know, but after he had shaken hands with the old man, he shook hands with me!"

Presently the old gentleman bowled himself off to find "some more of his new partners," he said. He had brought all the late papers down, and distributed them as he went; stopped at every door to talk a little, then was off to one well after another, asking questions, testing the oil, smelling bits of the earth and tasting it, as though he were an expert, to the great amusement of masters and men.

Joe Welker, who had made some excuse for remaining behind, started out to find his grandfather about noon. He could not bring himself to tell the old man the truth about the wretched condition of affairs in this place to which he had come, and preferred to shirk it and let him find out for himself. When he found him, it was in front of black Phil's door. The workmen had lifted him, basket and all, up on a horse-block, and were lounging about eating their "nooning," while he read some story from the newspaper, adding anecdotes of his own adventures when he was a younger and a whole man, which brought forth shouts of laughter and applause. Beak, Pratt and Williams (another of the partners) were all seated near the door, as Welker saw with amazement; shying away from each other gruffly, it is true, yet now and then exchanging words.

"Time to go home, grandfather," said Joe, grimly.

"Eh? Really, Joseph? The morning has passed so quickly that I——. Take care, my boy, you can't lift me down alone."

Beak and Williams both started forward to Joe's help. "All right!" chirped the old man; "these lads would be capital nurses! Women could not do better. I generally take a nap these hot afternoons. As there is only half of me, I don't run full time—eh? But come over in the evening, lads. Come over, Joe will be delighted to see you, and I've some good cheese there I'd like you to try. I brought it with me. You'll all come?"

"I shall be very happy to see you, gentlemen," said Welker, growing red. "They've not let him know," he thought; "that was clever of the boys."

They all answered him politely enough.

Pratt, however, was the only one who appeared in the evening.

Early the next morning "gran'ther," as they all began to call him, began his rounds again. Whether because of his white hair, or his utter helplessness, or his cheerful, friendly voice, he seemed to carry a new life into the gloom and hatred of Beak's Derricks.

Stryber, the roughest and most bitter of the partners, left a curiously-carved wooden pipe with Phil for the old man. "His face minds me of my own father," he said, in explanation. Beak and Williams looked up some books to lend him which had been stowed away in their cabins for many a day. Every evening they all gathered about him somewhere. He had such an inexhaustible store of anecdotes and riddles that everybody began to beat their brains to furnish matches for them; and after they had tried them on him, they told them to each other. Men cannot keep up ill-humor long after they have laughed together. Jokes, puns, conundrums flew about the Derricks thick as hail—nobody had known what a jolly fellow his neighbor could be until now.

The old man, too, was perpetually calling on somebody for a song, after piping out "The Bay of Biscay," or "The Maid of Lodi," in his shrill treble. Now, there was not a man at the wells who did not think himself a very fair singer. In the course of a week or two you would hear songs of all sorts in all kinds of voices—tenor, baritone, bass—roared and shouted and mumbled all day long. The raftsmen on the river began to suspect the town of drinking too hard, so jolly and gay had it gradually become; even the shadow of the hills fell less heavily, Beak fancied, than before.

It was on the fourth Sunday after his arrival that the old man began his rounds early in the morning. Tapping softly on every door with his stick, "Ho, boys," he said, "Parson's come! Did not expect to get over for two weeks, but here he is! Preaching in the big shed at ten o'clock. Bring your hymn books; everybody must sing."

Now, Mr. Armstrong, the clergyman, who came two or three times in a season to preach to these people, was used to see the big shed very nearly vacant. What was his surprise, therefore, to find all the partners and many of the men seated and orderly before he began. He observed the glances they gave furtively to a poor mutilated stump of a man who sat in the midst of them.

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"They are afraid of him," he thought shrewdly. "They are afraid he should know they never have been here before." He saw what they could not. What a rare, strong meaning was in the old man's face; what wisdom and fine charity under the jollity and good humor. "There is a man," he said to Beak, "who is born with a power of leading other men. His influence is good here."

"I don't know—why, certainly, it is good," said Beak, who had not thought of it before, "it would not be so great if he had his legs," laughing. "But the men regard him both as they would a child and an old man. He is as helpless as a baby, you see, and as wise as the prophet Elijah, though he never lectures us," laughing.

"There are other ways of preaching than in the pulpit," said Mr. Armstrong.

Now, a great deal may be done by joking and laughing, and kindly talk in the way of keeping peace and harmony in a community. Even one pleasant, good-humored face every day going up and down among us is like mortar that holds all conflicting parts together. But gran'ther Naylor's work was not complete. At the end of the year he was still the centre of the once jarring, disorderly village; no longer jarring or disorderly. Welker's cabin had been the first to reach the honor of a coat of paint; in the spring the old man wheeled his basket about the yard setting out pear and plum trees where the pigs and dung-heaps had been. Very soon, paint, whitewash and fruit-trees came into fashion. The workmen collected about him, as usual, in the evenings. Many was the fight nipped in its bloody growth by the sound of the paddle, paddle of Naylor's bowl along the cinder walk; many a young fellow set down the glass of whiskey untasted and sneaked hurriedly from the bar-room, hearing the old man's hearty voice outside. But the partners were not friends. They nodded gruffly when they met, and each would willingly have gone back to their old brotherhood, but pride held them back.

The winter of '59 was a severe one. The one street of Beak's Derricks was well nigh impassable for full-grown men; no one was surprised or anxious, therefore, at missing Naylor o' the Bowl from his accustomed haunts. But one day word went about that the old man was ill and wished to see all his old friends. The work at the wells flagged that day; the men, dressed in their Sunday clothes, with a liberal display of white shirts and red cravats, were going to Welker's cabin from morning until night, singly and in groups, always coming out with cheerfuller faces than when they went in.

"He'll come round," they said to each other. "Dying men don't have that spirit nor courage;" for Naylor had joked and laughed with them just as he had always done. He never had preached to nor advised them, and they did not notice that the joke and laugh always left them more kindly, happier men.

"I did not want to say good-bye to any of them," the old man said to Joe. "And when our partners come, put me in my basket; let the lads remember the old man at the last as they have always known him."

He always called Beak, Williams, Stryber and Pratt "our partners," though he knew they were not even Joe's partners any longer. Welker had scarcely raised him up into his wicker bowl when the young men came. It was noticeable that they came together, nodding to each other gravely as they first met. Pratt, who was the gentlest and most kindly-natured among them, was the first to speak.

"The old man's going fast, I hear. Well, the Derricks will lose a good friend."

"None better," said Stryber, gloomily.

They had reached the cabin now and went in. The window shutters were open. The cheerful sunset light fell on the mutilated old creature in his bowl, raised on a table to a level with their heads. His wrinkled face was strangely pale. The white hair hung about his neck, but his blue eyes were joyous as a boy's going home after a long absence. He held out both hands.

"Here you are, lads, here you are!"

The men crowded around him. They touched each other in touching him. Their faces were gloomy and agitated.

"Have you any pain, grandfather?" said Beak.

"No, just weak—weaker every day; death couldn't come more pleasantly—with all my partners about me too," looking about with a feeble laugh.

Nobody could answer him. His head dropped on the rim of his bowl. Stryber and Joe lifted it and joined hands to support it.

"It's all been so pleasant," said Naylor o' the Bowl, looking at the young men and past them at the hills without. "It's been a good friendly world, but so is the other—so is the other. There's friends watching me go here, and friends watching for me to come yonder."

"Water," whispered Williams. Beak brought it and wet his lips. The men were young; death was not a common thing to them. It seemed as though they, too, stood in its dreadful light, on the edge of the unknown sea, with the worlds on this side and on that, where all were friends. Friends? With whom were they friends? How would their greed, and hate and bitterness avail them when they stood where the old man stood now?

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He looked from one set and stern face to the other. "Boys, I think I'm going now," he said, gently. "I'll not say good-bye, because—because you're all coming to meet me some day—we'll be friends there again and partners—eh, boys? All friends—and—and partners?" His eyes turned on them from the verge of that unknown world, eager and begging of them.

The men looked at each other with no hasty emotion, but a long unanswered question in their eyes. Then as by one impulse they joined hands.

"We'll meet you, gran'ther," said Beak, "and will be friends again and partners."

When they turned to the old man again his eyes were closed.

Naylor o' the Bowl's work was done.

THE moon came late to the twinkling sky,
To see what the stars were about:
"Fair night," quoth she, "are the family in?"
"Oh! no, they are, every one, out."

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THE TEN LITTLE DWARFS.

From the French of Emile Souvestre.

BY SOPHIE DORSEY.

THE long winter evenings had set in, and William's farm-house was the scene of frequent gatherings of friends and relatives. After the day's work, the family were accustomed to assemble around the fireside, and neighbors joined them; for in the solitary valleys of the Vosges Mountains, dwellings are scattered and neighborship establishes a sort of relationship.

It is there, around the glowing flame of pine knots, that friendships are cemented; the sweet warmth of the fire, the joyous reunion, and the freedom of conversation lead to intimacies. Hearts freely open to hearts, and minds unite in a thousand projects, each inner life is thrown into a common stock, the outer one being cast off for the occasion, as a mask thrown aside.

Sometimes Cousin Prudence joined the evening party, in spite of the distance he had to come, and *then* it was a real holiday at the farm; for this cousin is the cleverest "story teller" in the mountains; he not only knows all those the fathers have related, but also those told in books. He knows when all the old houses were built, and the histories of all the old families. He has learned the names of the moss-covered stones, which rise upon the hills like columns, or like altars; he is, in short, a living tradition of the country and its lore. And more than that, he is the *Wise Man.* He has learned to read hearts, and he rarely fails to discover the cause of any ill that may afflict them; others may know remedies for the infirmities of the body, but the old peasant treats infirmities of the soul, so the popular voice has bestowed on him the respected name of "Goodman Prudence."

It is the first time within the new year that he has appeared at the farn gatherings, and every one, at the sight of him, shouts for joy; they give him the very best place by the fireside, they form a circle around him, and William, the farmer, lights his pipe and seats himself right in front of him. The Goodman Prudence is then, first by one and then by another, informed of every piece of news about everything and everybody in the neighborhood; he wishes to know how the crops turned out, if the last colt is thriving, how the poultry yard is flourishing; but all his inquiries, when addressed to the farmer's wife, formerly so cheerful, are answered slowly and in an uninterested manner, as if her thoughts were elsewhere; for the pretty Martha thinks often of the village where she grew up, regrets the dances under the Elms, the long walks in the fields with her young companions, when they laughed and plucked flowers from the hedges, the long chats in the square and at the fountain. So it often happens that Martha sits with her arms listlessly hanging by her side, her pretty head drooping, and her mind occupied with the past. This very evening, whilst the other women worked, she sat before her spinning-wheel, which did not turn, her distaff, filled with flax, hanging idly to her girdle, her fingers playing abstractedly with the thread lying over her knees.

The Goodman Prudence had observed all this from the corner of his eye, without saying anything, for he knew that good council is like bitter medicine to children, and that the manner and the time for administering it must be well chosen to make it acceptable.

In the meantime the family and neighbors surrounded him, and cried out, "Goodman Prudence, a story, a story;" the old peasant smiled and cast a glance toward Martha, still sitting listless.

"That is to say," said he, "that one must pay for his welcome—well you shall have your way, my good folks. The last time I told you of the olden times, when the Pagan armies ravaged our mountains; that was a story for the men; *now* I shall speak, if it please you, to the women and children; every one must have his day. We told then, of Cæsar, now I will tell of Mother Water Green."

Everybody burst into a great laugh at this, and all quickly settled themselves to hear. William, the farmer, re-lighted his pipe, and the Goodman Prudence commenced:

This story, my dears, is not a nursery tale; you can read it in the Almanac, with other true tales, for it happened to our grandmother Charlotte, whom William knew, and who was a wonderfully reliable woman. Grandmother Charlotte was also fair in her time, though you would hardly credit it, when looking at her gray locks and her hooked nose always trying to meet her chin, but those of her own age said there was no better-looking, or gayer girl anywhere than she, when she was young. Unfortunately, Charlotte was left alone with her father, in charge of a large farm.

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much more productive of debts than of income, and work so constantly succeeded work, that the poor girl, who was not made for so much care, often fell into despair and took to doing nothing, since she could not find the way to do everything.

One day, whilst sitting before the door, her hands under her apron, like a lady with frost-bitten fingers, she commenced to say, in a low tone: "God forgive, but the task which has been laid upon me is not such as a Christian can bear, and it is a great pity that I am tormented at my age with so many cares; why, if I was more industrious than the sun, quicker than water, and stronger than fire, I could not do all the work of this family. Ah! why is not good fairy Water Green still in the world? or, why wasn't she invited to my christening, and asked to stand godmother? If she could hear me, and would help me, perhaps we should get relief from our troubles,—I from my care, and my father from his debts."

"Be satisfied, then, here I am," interrupted a voice, and Charlotte saw before her Mother Water Green supporting herself on her staff of holly.

At first, the young girl was frightened, for the fairy was dressed very differently from the costume of the country; she was clad entirely in a frog skin, the head of which served as a hood, and she herself was so ugly, old, and wrinkled, that if she had been worth a million, no one would have been bold enough to marry her. Nevertheless, Charlotte recovered herself quickly enough to ask of the fairy, with a voice rather tremulous but very polite, what she could do to serve her.

"It is I who have come to serve you," replied the old woman. "I have heard your complaints, and have brought something to relieve you."

"Are you really in earnest, good Mother?" cried Charlotte, who quickly, in her joy, lost her fear of her visitor. "Do you come to give me a piece of your rod, by which I can make my work easy?"

"Better than that," replied Mother Water Green. "I bring you *ten little workmen*, who will do all that you order."

"Where are they?" cried the young girl.

"I will show them to you." The old woman opened her cloak, and out popped ten little dwarfs of different heights.

The two first were very short, but quite stout. "These," said she, "are the strongest; they will help you in every work, and they make up in strength what they want in dexterity; those that you see follow them, are taller and more adroit, they know how to milk, to handle the distaff, and to take hold of all housework; their brothers, whose tall figures you see, are remarkably clever in the use of the needle, and that is the reason I have clapped little thimbles of brass upon their heads instead of caps; here are two others, who are not so smart, and who wear a ring for a girdle, they cannot do much more than aid in the general housework, as also these last little ones, and they are to be estimated by their *willingness to do what they can*—all ten of them appear to you, I warrant, very insignificant fellows, and not worth much, but you shall see them at work, and then you can judge."

At these words the old woman made a sign, and the ten dwarfs sprang forward. Charlotte saw them execute successively the rudest and the most delicate work, lend themselves to everything, prepare everything, and accomplish everything. Amazed, she uttered a cry of delight, and stretching her arms toward the fairy, "Ah! Mother Water Green," she cried, "lend me these ten brave workers, and I will ask nothing more."

"I will do more than that," replied the fairy, "I will *give* them to you, only as you cannot carry them about with you without being accused of witchcraft, I will order each of them to make himself very little and to hide in your ten fingers." One word, and this was done.

"You now know what a treasure you possess," continued Mother Water Green, "and all depends upon the use you make of it. If you do not know how to control your little servants, if you allow them to grow clumsy by idleness, you will gain nothing from my gift, but if you direct them properly, and for fear that they should pass their time in napping, never allow your fingers any repose, you will find the work, which now so frightens you, done as if by magic."

The fairy spoke truly, and our Grandmother, who followed her advice, not only cleared, at last, the farm from all its difficulties, but made money enough, after marrying happily, to raise eight children comfortably and respectably. Since that time it has become a tradition amongst us, that all the women in the family have inherited Mother Water Green's *workers*, for whenever they stir themselves these little laborers go to work, and we greatly profit thereby, and it is a common saying with us, that in the movement of the housewife's ten fingers lies all the prosperity, all the joy, and all the happiness of the family.

In speaking these last words the Goodman Prudence turned towards Martha — the young wife blushed, lowered her eyes and picked up her distaff.

Farmer William and his cousin exchanged a glance — all the family silently reflected upon the story, each one seeking to penetrate its full meaning, and apply the lesson to him, or her, self. But the farmer's pretty wife had already understood to whom it was addressed, for her face had become gay, the spinning-wheel turned rapidly, and the flax soon disappeared from the distaff.

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FOR THE BIRDS.

By C. C. Haskins.

My Dear Children: I have been thinking for a long time of writing a plea for a large family of our friends who are wantonly destroyed and abused by impulsive persons without good reason, and, very often, thoughtlessly. These friends are constantly at work for our good, and are doing much to cheer and enliven our every-day lives. If they were suddenly exterminated, we should sadly miss them, and regret their absence They are the birds—all of them—from the eagle and the vulture down to the tiniest humming-bird that pokes his little needle bill into the depths of our delicate flowers, and makes an ample dinner on less than a drop of honey.

St. Nicholas and I have had some correspondence on the subject of the abuse of birds, and we have devised a plan for their protection. How do you think we propose doing this? We are going to raise an army of defense, without guns, and carry war right into the enemy's camp. We shall use example and argument and facts, instead of powder, and we must try to carry on the war until we conquer, and the birds have perfect peace.

Before we can do much we must drum up our volunteers. We want all the boys, and the girls also, to form themselves into companies. But if any of the good fathers and mothers desire to join our young folks' army, we shall be heartily glad to have them do so.

Through St. Nicholas we will be enabled to learn the plans of our commanders, and the movements of the enemy; in it we can urge the claims of the birds, and answer all the false logic of any who dare oppose us.

There have been, at different times, in some parts of Europe, societies organized for the extermination of particular kinds of birds, because they were said to destroy fruits and grains. At an annual meeting of one of these, in the County of Sussex, England, the report of the bird murderers showed that this club alone had put to death *seventeen thousand sparrows!* This was only in one county. Other counties encouraged the same sort of slaughter. In France, too, the same outrageous killing was encouraged, and poisoned grain was sown, year after year, until the rapid increase of noxious insects completely ruined several of the grain-producing districts, and convinced the people of the error they had committed. A law was then passed, protecting the birds, and with the return of the merry little worm-eaters, the insects diminished in number, and the fields again became productive.

By careful investigation, it has been ascertained that a single pair of European sparrows, during the infancy of their brood, feed their little ones an average about *three thousand three hundred and sixty caterpillars* in a week! Now, take your slates and pencils, my little friends, and see how many caterpillars in a month the sparrows killed by that Sussex County club would have destroyed if they had been permitted. Think what quantities of pretty leaves, how many bushels of grain, and what an abundance of nice fruit must be destroyed by the taking off of seventeen thousand worm-eating birds!

There is a class of birds which feed on very small seeds. Did you ever shake a dry weed-stalk and see what quantities of seed fell from it? It makes very abundant provision for plenty of weeds of its kind next year. The seed-eating birds, who live mostly on this kind of seed, do more than the farmer and all his help in preventing the increase of weeds; and without the birds the farmer would find his plow and hoe work more than doubled.

Hawks and crows are our friends. So are the owls. The snakes, and mice, and rats devoured by these good fellows far exceed all that are killed by all the terrier dogs on the continent. And birds are my especial preference for two other reasons: I never have to beg meat for them at the butchers'.

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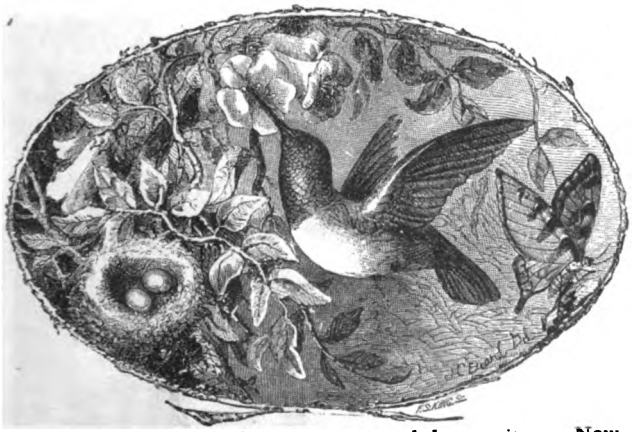
and I never heard of one having the hydrophobia. They do occasionally take a chicken for a holiday dinner, perhaps; but the rats and the weasels do much more of that sort of rascality than they; and if the birds were less fearful of being shot at and trapped there would be fewer rats in the barns, and the weasels would have to hide or die.

Almost every boy who goes gunning, if he can find nothing that he wants to bang away at, considers it the next best thing to kill a few woodpeckers. They look so funny, wrong end up on the side of a tree, bobbing and whacking around the loose bark, that the temptation is strong, and the poor, jolly hammerer has no friends—so *bang!*—and down he comes, and he is given to the dog to play with and tear to pieces. That poor little bird, if over a year old, has killed and eaten many hundred thousands of bugs' larvæ, in the form of grubs and worms, and almost every one of a kind which is injurious to vegetation. The cat-bird, one of our finest singers, and a bird that is always sociable, if ever permitted to be so, eats a cherry occasionally, and of course he must be banished or suffer death. He pays a better price for every cherry he eats than any fruiterer would dare demand in the market, in the worms he destroys, and throws in a complete bird-opera several times a day in the bargain.

The king-bird, or phoebe-bird, is too often stoned, and shot, and frightened—and almost any farmer's boy deems it a duty to risk his neck while climbing under a bridge to get at and destroy its mud nest. Why? "*He kills our bees!*" Well, yes, he does kill bees. He is very cunning about it, too. He watches the hive, sitting very near, as the bees go and come under his very nose, and sometimes he is impudent enough to alight close to the entrance, and rap with his bill to announce that he is making a call. Oh! what a rascal! A murderer, calling his victim to the door of his own house, that he may kill, and then eat him! And when the bees come to the door to answer the knock, Mr. Phoebe selects the largest bee, and makes off to the fence corner or to his mud nest to enjoy his prize. But the queer part of it all is that he only eats the drone bees, which never store any honey, and when the flowers become scarce the working bees kill these lazy drones and pitch them out of the hive. So the king-bird is a help, instead of a damage, to the bee raiser.



There are many reasons, in addition to what I have given you, why birds should be protected, but I must omit them now, and proceed to our organization.

I want all the little people to assist me in selecting a name for our army. There has been a deal of thinking and discussing, and we have said "that's it!" "ah, no! it isn't!" many times, and I am not sure we have quite hit it, yet. What do you say? There are "Bird Advocates," "Brigades," "Guards," "Friends," and ever so many more, but I am best pleased with "BIRD DEFENDERS." What do you think of it?

As a basis on which to commence work, let us adopt the following preamble and resolution:

Whereas—We, the youth of America, believing that the wanton destruction of wild birds is not only cruel and unwarranted, but is unnecessary, wrong, and productive of mischief to vegetation as well as to morals; therefore,

Resolved—That we severally pledge ourselves to abstain from all such practices as shall tend to the destruction of wild birds; that we will use our best endeavors to induce others to do likewise, and that we will advocate the rights of birds at all proper times, encourage confidence in them, and recognize in them creations of the great Father, for the joy and good of mankind.

Now, little folks, there is a starting-point; send in your names. ST. NICHOLAS is ready to hear from each and all of you on the subject of bird protection, and will be glad to learn what you have

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to say about organizing yourselves for this really important and humane work. Come forward freely with your plans, and let us all put our wits together and see if we can not decide upon a line of defence for our little feathered friends who, poor things, are unable to defend themselves from their thoughtless or cruel enemies. Here is an opportunity for all of us to do good work.

LOOKING THE WRONG WAY.

(Translation of German Story in our November Number.)

LITTLE Lizzie had the bad habit of never looking before her. She was always gazing to the right or to the left. It happened, once on a time, that she ran out with a large piece of cake in her hand into a court-yard where some masons were digging a hole which they intended to fill with lime. Lizzie ran gaily about, having entirely forgotten the warnings of her mother. Indeed, it was too funny to see the large dog, which came circling about her and snapped at the cake. But, alas! before she saw it, she fell headlong into the pit. Her screams brought the workmen to her, and they quickly helped the poor child out of the ugly hole.

Lizzie was obliged now to lie for a long time in bed and suffer great pain, while the other children were joyfully playing out-of-doors. She resolved never again to go one way and look another. Had she thought of that before, she would have spared her good mother sorrow and herself much pain. But it was with her as with the Tyrolese in Mr. Stephens' picture. Both failed to look where they were going, and we see what happened.

THE YELLOW COTTAGE.

BY MARION DOUGLAS.

'MID fields with useless daisies white,
Between a river and a wood,
With not another house in sight,
The low-roofed yellow cottage stood,
Where I,
Long years ago, a little maid,
Through all life's rosy morning played.

No other child the region knew;
My only playmate was myself,
And all our books, a treasured few,
Were gathered on a single shelf;
But oh!
Not wealth a king might prize could be
What those old volumes were to me!

On winter nights beside the fire,
In summer, sitting in the door,
I turned, with love that did not tire,
Their well-worn pages o'er and o'er;
In me,
Though sadly fallen, it is true,
Their heroines all lived anew!

One day, about my neck a ruff
Of elder flowers with fragrant breath,
I was, with conscious pride enough
To suit the part, Elizabeth;
The next,
Ensnared by many wily plots,
I sighed, the hapless Queen of Scots!

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Where darting swallows used to flit,
Close to me, on some jutting rocks,
Above the river, I would sit
For hours, and wreath my yellow locks,
And trill
A child's shrill song, and, singing, play
It was a siren's witching lay.

On Sundays, underneath the tree
That overhung the orchard wall,
While watching, one by one, to see
The ripe, sweet apples fall,
I tried
My very best to make believe
I was in Eden and was Eve!

Oh golden hours! when I, to-day,
Would make a truce with care,
No more of queens, in bright array,
I dream, or sirens fair;
In thought,
I am again the little maid
Who round the yellow cottage played

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A DAY AT SYDENHAM.

BY ELIZABETH LAWRENCE.

LITTLE Dora lived in London, and it was quite a standing joke in the family, that on her birthday there was always sure to be a royal show, or a grand flower exhibition, and on this particular eighteenth of June, which made Dora ten years old, the Queen was to open the new fountains at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, and papa and mamma and Dora were going.

They started about eleven, Dora, happy soul, in the freshest of rose-colored muslins, with cheeks to match, and opposite to her, the two whom in all the world she loved best.

As they drove rapidly along, it was easy to see the influence of the great *fête*, in the tide of carriages full of gaily dressed people, all setting in the same direction.

Dora often had been there before, but the Crystal Palace always seemed like Fairy-land, and to-day it was more beautiful than ever.

One can hardly make anybody who has never seen it understand the charm of the long nave with its high arched roof, its graceful galleries, its huge marble basins of water-lilies, edged with beds of the brightest flowers, its great hanging baskets of delicate plants, its tropical trees, its statues, its bright banners, its delicious music and its glimpses down the crossing transepts of one of the loveliest landscapes in all England; for these transepts, or crossways, you must know, are walled and roofed with glass like all the rest of the building.

And this is just what you have before your eyes as you go in, but to see all the curious and interesting things would take weeks. At each side of this wonderful nave, or body of the building, there are beautiful courts, in which one may see exact copies of famous places all over the world.

For instance, the Pompeian court, where there is an exact copy of a house in Pompeii, the city which was destroyed by burning lava from Mount Vesuvius hundreds of years ago, before Christ was born. You can scarcely believe it, I dare say, but it is true. And mind, I don't mean the ruins of a house like those to be seen to-day in Pompeii, but just as it used to be when that city was a busy, active place, and Pompeian little folk kept their birthdays and played and learned their lessons just as you do now.

And in another court there is a model of a house of ancient Rome, with couches instead of chairs in the dining-room, for you know, among other strange habits, the old Romans had a way of lying down at their meals.

I dare say you have heard of the Alhambra, the famous and beautiful palace built by the Moors in Grenada. Well, in this Crystal Palace you may see for yourselves just how it looked, and how gorgeous the Hall of the Abencerrages must have been with its wonderful rainbow-colored and gold fretwork dome filled with a soft lilac light.

And there are the Egyptian court and the Assyrian court and many more besides, and also copies of all the most celebrated statues in the world.

Upstairs, in the galleries, they have all sorts of pretty things for sale at different stalls; books, photographs, jewelry and fans and bronzes, beautiful glass and china, toys, and games, and dolls, and even candy, put up in boxes with pictures of the Crystal Palace on the lids.

You can scarcely imagine a more fascinating place to do shopping. Dora was delighted when her parents asked her to choose two birthday presents, in the lovely gallery overlooking the grand transept.

She was a long time making up her mind, but at last she decided on a fan with black and gold sticks, and a long tassel, and a nice little Russian leather writing-case, completely furnished, and with a lock and key. Then, with her own pocket-money, she bought a doll for the baby at home, and a box of barley-sugar fishes, with a picture of the Assyrian court on the top, and then they went down stairs again to get some luncheon.

One side of the dining-room, at the Crystal Palace, is an open verandah, with a view over the magnificent grounds of the Palace, and miles and miles of the lovely country beyond; and with such a picture before one's eyes, it must be a more exacting person than any of our party who would not forgive a slight toughness in the cold chicken and a want of flavor in the salad.

After lunch they went out into the grounds, and it was not too soon, for with one accord all the people began pouring out of the building, and the good places for seeing the great sight of the day were very soon filled. Our three found a charming little grassy knoll close to the broad gravel walk that encircles the large fountains, and there they established themselves most comfortably in the shade of a clump of rhododendrons, knowing that the royal party would drive along the walk just before them, and they could not possibly have had a better place to see all that would happen.

The grounds looked perfectly lovely on this fair

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June afternoon, with the bright masses of flowers of all kinds set into the velvety green turf; and the bright dresses of the ladies grouped about on the grass added to the beauty of the scene. The rhododendrons were at their height, and the polished dark green leaves were thickly sprinkled with large clusters of the delicate azalea-like flowers, in pink and crimson, and lilac and white.

And now I must explain that, for years, there had been a number of extremely fine fountains in front of the palace, which played every afternoon, but it had taken a long time to finish the grand series of water-works, which was to include, besides the first fountains, a number of very much higher jets, as well as others, in elaborate shapes, and some beautiful cascades, which altogether make, I believe, the finest set of fountains in the world, except, perhaps, those in the gardens at Versailles. And now, at last, they were all finished, and in working order.

Not a single fountain was playing, even the old ones were still waiting, like their new sisters, for the Queen to come.

Punctually at four o'clock, the people in the gardens saw the royal standard unfurled from the large flag-staff on the palace, and heard the bands playing "God Save the Queen," and then they knew that her Majesty had arrived and gone into the building, and presently the royal party came out on the garden side, and got into the pony carriages that were waiting—they being, by the by, the only persons who are allowed to drive in the grounds.

As the Queen came in sight, she was greeted by cheers and waving hats and handkerchiefs, and now, as if her Majesty had carried a magic wand, just at the very instant when she passed each fountain, it burst through its waiting stillness and leaped forth in loyal welcome, its spire of snowy foam mounting joyously towards the blue summer sky.

Down poured the cascades as she passed them; the broad, short fountains spread out their swan-like plumage, as their royal mistress went by, and in less time than it takes me to write this, the whole ceremony was over, and the air full of the musical sound of falling waters.

The Queen looked very good-natured and pleased, as she bowed and smiled to everybody, and talked to Sir Joseph Paxton, who rode, hat in hand, beside her carriage. She wore a blue silk dress (the shadow of widow's mourning had not fallen upon her then) and the sunlight lit up her hair and touched it with gold. The Prince Consort sat beside her, looking good and noble as he always did, and the Princess Royal was there, with the Crown Prince of Prussia, to whom she was married very soon after, and there were also several other foreign princes with long German titles, which I shall not trouble you to pronounce. The great people only stayed a little while, and after they were gone, our party lingered an hour or two in the gardens, enjoying the music of the Coldstream Band, and then they went inside to get Dora's parcels, which had been left in charge of the woman at the confectionery stall. By this time it was getting late, and they made their way, at last, through the crowd at the entrance, and got into the carriage, and drove home through the slanting sunshine and lengthening shadows at the close of the long, bright, summer day.

OLD SIMON.

OLD Simon and his boys were glad
  To take the plainest fare;
They brightened everything they had,
  With gratitude and prayer.

"Give thanks," said Simon, "when ye rise,
  Give thanks when day is done."
And none than Simon were more wise,
  Or happy, under the sun.

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MAKING A LIBRARY.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

LITTLE Charlotte determined to have a library all her own. She had some books,—nice little books, with big, fat letters, and the lines ever so far apart,—but these did not suit her. She wanted grown-up books, such as stood on the shelves of her uncle Harry's library.

Charlotte and her mother were on a visit to this uncle Harry, and the little girl, who was delighted with the great, fine house,—much handsomer than any she had ever seen before,—was particularly pleased with the library. She had a strong love for pictures, and when she found this large room with well-filled book shelves, from the floor to the ceiling, and seldom any one there to interfere with her, she thought she should live in a picture paradise.

But it was not long before she made a wonderful discovery. As the books on the lower shelves were mostly of a character uninteresting to her, she climbed to the upper shelves, and soon found that the books up there were not real ones. They were nothing but pasteboard boxes made like books, and with the names printed in gold letters on the backs.

Charlotte's uncle was an uneducated man, who had suddenly become rich. He wanted his house to have a fine library in it; but as he did not care for reading, or for spending a great deal of money on books that would be of no use to him, he had these mock books made, and they looked just as well on the upper shelves as real ones.

After a while, Charlotte became quite accustomed to these books; and, as some of them were open at the bottom, she used them for boxes in which to put her little treasures. She generally kept her second-best tea-set in a large volume on China and Japan, and her doll, Jane, who had lost her head and her right arm, was stowed away for a good long nap in Baxter's Saints' Rest.

So, one day, when Miss Charlotte was playing house down-stairs, and wanted a library of her own, there seemed no reason why she should not make

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it of these fine, big books, which she could handle so easily. In fact, they were so light that she could take an armful of them that would have been too much for a man had the books been real.

There is no knowing how large this library of Charlotte's would have grown—for she could readily climb from shelf to shelf of the library and throw down the books—had not a little accident occurred. While passing, with a great pile of books in her arms, the cradle in which the baby was asleep, Charlotte let the books slip a little, and over they went, bang! upon the cradle. If they had been real books the baby would have been killed. But, as it was, some of the larger books fell on the sides of the cradle, and they were all so light that no injury was done, except that the baby woke up suddenly, and commenced to cry his very loudest.

Charlotte's mother and a lady visitor came running up-stairs, and a stop was soon put to the library-making. But the worst of all was it now became known what sort of a library Uncle Harry had.

It was well for Charlotte that it was only her uncle who had a library just for show. Of course, it is bad enough to have an uncle of that kind, but it would be ever so much worse to have a father who would do such things.

A CLOUD-PICTURE.

By H. H. C.

I HAD a vision one eve at sea,
In the clouds as they unrolled,
When the kingly sun was falling asleep
On his royal couch of gold.
Many shimmering pictures
I saw among the clouds,
And troops of laughing children
Came dancing along in crowds.

And just in the midst of the glory,
In the brightest, sunniest place,
I saw four cherub boatmen
Pulling a fairy race.
Dimpled and white and airy.
Pulling with baby glee,
Their little craft a fairy,
Afloat on a golden sea.

They rowed their boat with sturdy might
Into a cloud and out of sight,
And then I knew the race was won,
And their goal was the far-off setting sun.

FISH-HAWKS AND THEIR NESTS.

By M. D. Ruff.

I SPENT the summer at a little fishing hamlet, on the New Jersey coast, and of all the strange and interesting things I saw there, nothing was stranger or more interesting than these birds of which I want to tell you. In poetry and science they are always called "ospreys." That may be a prettier word—but fish-hawks is the better name; it is the one which has been given by all fishermen on our coast, and it is more descriptive of the birds and their habits.

A broad shallow river, which was only the sea pushing back into the land, ran just in the rear of our boarding-house, and there, all day long, we could watch the fish-hawks circling above or swooping down from great heights, or diving headlong into the water, or sitting solemn and grave upon their nests. As soon as you come within sound of the ocean, you may see these large pouch-shaped nests wedged between the bare forks of the pine, oak and other strong trees, sometimes ten, sometimes fifty feet above the ground. They are placed, without any attempt at concealment, in the open fields, or close to the fishers' houses, or along the river-banks perhaps a mile inland; and they form a wonderfully picturesque feature in the landscape. They are built of large sticks three and four feet long, mixed in with corn-stalks, sea-weed, and mullein stalks, piled up four or five feet in a solid mass, and lined with sea-weed. They are not hollow like a pouch, as you might judge from the outside, but are nearly flat on top, and about as deep as a dinner plate.

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Of course they are very heavy, and the weight, together with the mass of wet stuff, saps the vitality from the tree in a few years, and it gets bare and ragged like the one you see in the picture.

This great weight is very necessary, however, for it enables the nests to resist the storms and high winds which sweep over our eastern shore. And strength is what is mainly needed, for the fish-hawk builds its nest as we do our houses, to last a great many years.

Ask any one of the old fishermen about them, and he will probably say first:

"Wall, they're a curus fowl. No matter what the weather may be, they come back on the 21st of March of each year, all at once; and the 21st of September you can't see one. They go over-night and no man from Maine to Georgia can tell where they go to."

They say, too, that the same birds come back to the same nest every year. If it has been injured by the winter's storms it is carefully repaired; sometimes even rebuilt entirely in the same place with the same material. One morning in the early spring I passed the ruins of a large nest which had been blown down by the wind of the night before. It was a great mass of stuff, scattered all around, and would have filled a good-sized cart. The homeless birds were flying about in great distress, flapping their wings, and uttering their peculiar, shrill note—a note that is in strange harmony with the melancholy sea. In a week I passed again and the ground was cleared of the wreck and the nest loomed up large as ever in the tree from which it had been blown. There is no doubt that many of the nests are very old. In the field through which we walked on our way to the beach, was a nest which I was assured was a hundred years old; "As old as them cedar rails on that fence, yonder," said the man; "my grandfather told me so." I believed it then, of course, for one's grandfather always speaks the truth.

You will suppose that a bird which builds such a large nest must lay large eggs and many of them, but this bird never lays more than three, and they are little larger than a hen's egg, of a reddish yellow, splotched with brown. They are laid about the first of May, and it takes a long and patient sitting till the last of June to hatch them. During this time and after the young birds come, the care of the parents is unceasing. The nest is never left unguarded. The male bird goes fishing and keeps his family well supplied with food, while the female rarely leaves her nest, but keeps over it a tireless watch. If any one approaches she cries shrilly and hovers over her brood, with her broad wings outspread and her piercing eyes flashing. Peaceable and gentle at other times, she will defend her nest with claws and beak against the enemy or too curious intruder.

The young fish-hawks are the funniest things you ever saw, awkward and misshapen, and yet with such a wise, dignified expression! I watched for several hours a couple learning to fly. They sat balanced uneasily on the edge of the nest, solemn and grave as judges, and looked as if they had come out of the shell knowing everything. The old birds were coaxing and going through various exercises which I suppose were the first principles of flying, and the young ones tilted about and rolled over and finally got fastened between the sharp branches of the tree. The mother and father fussed and scolded, "Bill-ee, Bill-ee, Stu-pid-i-ty." The young are very slow in learning to fly—and I have heard that they often linger in the nest long after they are well able to help themselves, to be fed and waited upon, till driven away by the parents, who beat them out with their wings, and peck them with their sharp beaks. I don't like to think this, but it may be so, for one day we found a young bird drooping on the fence. He allowed us to come very close to him, and we discovered that his wing was broken. It was not shot, so he must have fallen in his effort to fly. No birds were near him, he had evidently been deserted. He looked forlorn and pitiful, so we took him home and put him in the wagon-house. The children were very attentive to him; they cut up fish for him—pounds of it,—and tried to amuse him as if he were a lamed child. But it was of no use, he drooped still more, and then died and was buried with martial noise and pomp. He would not have been a successful pet, for these birds have a lonely, isolated nature. They seem to have bred in them the wild, untamable spirit of the wind and wave, and if deprived of their free, soaring flight, and their sportings in air and water, they will languish and die.

The largest fish-hawk I ever saw measured six feet across the wings. The average size is from four to five feet. The plumage is of greyish brown except on the breast and under part of the wings, where it is pure white. The beak is sharp and hooked, the claws long, and the legs very thick. The feet and legs are covered with close hard scales, the better to retain a hold upon the slippery fish. It used to be a common notion among the older naturalists that one foot of this bird was webbed and the other furnished with claws to serve the double purpose of swimming and seizing its prey.

Nothing can be finer than the sweep and directness of the fish-hawk's flight. You see one sailing, a mere speck in the sky; he stops suddenly, as if viewing some object in the water below; poised

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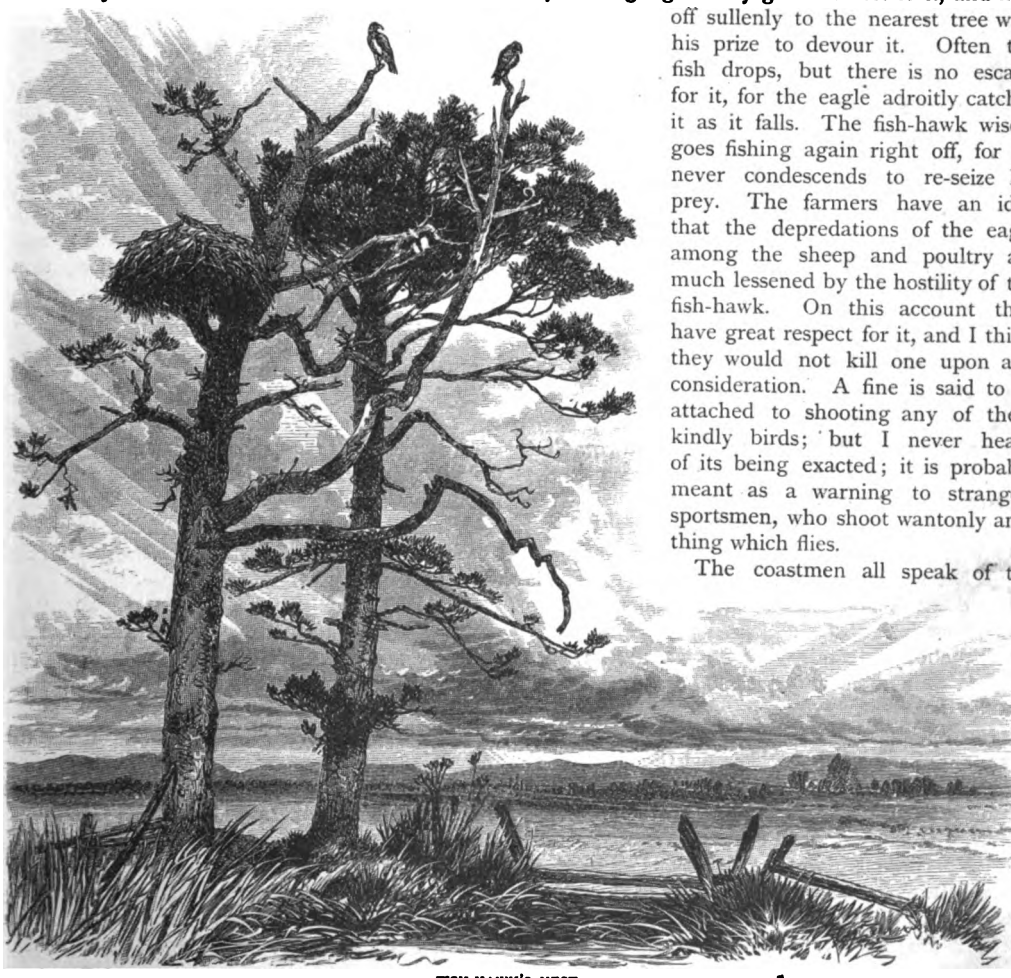
high in the air, without any visible motion of the wide-extended wings, he swoops down with the swiftness of lightning and plunges into the water head foremost. If he misses the fish he rises again, and circles round in short, abrupt curves, as if from mere listlessness. Again he pauses, darts into the water, and this time comes up with his prey in his talons. He shakes the water from his feathers and flies in the shortest line to his nest. Sometimes his fish weighs six or seven pounds. Add to this the struggles of the fish to free itself, and you may fancy the strength of the bird. I have heard, but I never saw an instance of it, that the fish is sometimes strong enough to drag the bird into the water, where he is drowned. The next tide carries him up on the beach with his claws buried deep in a sturgeon or halibut.

By some naturalists the fish-hawk has been classed with the eagle, from a similarity of appearance, but this is not just to our friend. He is much nobler in all his traits than any of the eagle species. His only prey is fish, so I can tell you no wonderful stories of children, or even of lambs, carried off by him to feed a ravenous brood. He never interferes with smaller birds, as the eagle does. On the contrary, a little timid bird called the crow black-bird builds its modest nest in the interstices of the hawk's nest. I have seen a half-dozen of these tiny homes built into the larger one. He is not a greedy robber, like the eagle, but fishes in an honest, straightforward manner, and, in short, has but one enemy, —the bald eagle.

Between them there are many desperate battles. The eagle, who is always hungry, and who seldom works when he can steal, waits till the fish-hawk catches a fish. As he comes from the water with the heavy burden, the eagle pounces upon the booty. They rise together, and in mid-air the contest goes on with beak and talon. I am sorry to say the eagle generally gets the best of it, and flies off sullenly to the nearest tree with his prize to devour it. Often the fish drops, but there is no escape for it, for the eagle adroitly catches it as it falls. The fish-hawk wisely goes fishing again right off, for he never condescends to re-seize his prey. The farmers have an idea that the depredations of the eagle among the sheep and poultry are much lessened by the hostility of the fish-hawk. On this account they have great respect for it, and I think they would not kill one upon any consideration. A fine is said to be attached to shooting any of these kindly birds; but I never heard of its being exacted; it is probably meant as a warning to stranger-sportsmen, who shoot wantonly anything which flies.

The coastmen all speak of the



FISH-HAWK'S NEST.

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fish-hawk with a curious affection. He foretells a storm, they say, by a peculiar restlessness, and a repetition of his feeble whistle. When the storm breaks the birds are abroad in the face of it, however wild and fierce it may be. If one can see anything through the blinding mists and rain, it is the fish-hawk soaring aloft in the tumult, curving and sweeping on the wild wind, his white breast gleaming against the black trees and sky. These birds show great skill in flying against the wind, never fly directly into it, but tack backwards and forwards as intelligently as a sailor does upon the water.

The fishermen think that a nest built near their houses ensures them good luck and prosperous living. The return of the bird heralds the coming of spring, and the happy activity of the fishing season. The wintry storms are over, the warm sun shines again upon the white sand and breaking waves, and children are playing on the shore. The nets are brought out and mended, the boats are launched, and the men who have lounged all winter in the house, gather in groups of two and three, with seines and hooks and lines, to catch the fish which come in shoals up the river from the sea.

BOWWOW-CURLYCUR AND THE WOODEN LEG.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

THE boy and the girl—no, that's impolite, I meant to say the girl and the boy, stood at the garden gate, looking up the road.

Bowwow-Curlycur, with his hair done up in curl papers, was there too, and he also was looking up the road.

To think that the cook had taken every stick to boil the oatmeal porridge; and the hoe, and the shovel, and the spade, and the rake had all gone to a party given by the new mowing-machine.

Seven nice plants and one young tree, and nothing to dig little houses in the ground for the roots to live in!

What on earth were they to do? Bowwow-Curlycur would have been willing to have scooped out a few holes, but he had an appointment with the dog that stole the chickens and didn't want to get his nose dirty.

"What shall we do?" said the boy, "the sun is going down behind Troykachunk hill as fast as ever he can."

"Somebody is coming down the road," said the girl. "It's a man, and doesn't he walk funny?" said the boy.

"I'll go and see who it is," barked Bowwow-Curlycur, and he made himself so flat that he looked like some queer kind of a giant caterpillar, squeezed himself under the gate and ran off up the road.

Now, Bowwow-Curlycur was a most wonderful dog. He could bark so plainly that any one of common intelligence who heard him could understand every word he barked.

"Who are you?" he asked, as he danced round the stranger.

(Bowwow-Curlycur danced beautifully, much better than the girl or boy could, for you see he had four legs and they only had two.)

The man had common intelligence, so he answered, "All right, old fellow."

Then Bowwow-Curlycur stopped dancing, sniffed at him, growled at him, jumped at him, turned back, ran to the girl and boy and barked one word, but it was in two syllables, so that made it equal to two little words.

"Sailor," barked Bowwow-Curlycur, and sure enough as the man came near, the girl and the boy saw that he was dressed in a blue striped shirt with large turnover collar, blue trousers, a pea-jacket, a tarpaulin hat, and a wooden leg.

"Ship-a-hoy!" shouted the sailor, as soon as he spied the girl and boy. "What craft's that?"

This was his way of saying, "How do you do?" and "Who are you?"

"Oh! if you only would," said the girl. "Oh! yes," said the boy, "if you only would lend us your wooden leg for a few moments," said the girl.

"Shiver my timbers," said the sailor, and he laughed so loud that his hat tumbled off his head and fell on the ground where Bowwow-Curlycur seized it and bit a large piece out of the brim, "What do you want my wooden leg for, youngsters?"

"Well, you see," said the girl, who was smarter than the boy—girls always are smarter than boys—"we have some plants and a young tree to set out, and the shovel and spade and rake and hoe have all gone to the new mowing-machine's party, and

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the cook has burned all the sticks, and Bowwow-Curlycur wants to keep his nose clean, and so we have nothing to make the root-houses with."

"*Won't* you lend us your leg for a little while?" said the boy.

"Blessed if I don't," said the sailor, "but you must take me with it, for it's so much attached to me, it can't leave me."

"Oh! no indeed," said the wooden leg, but so very softly that no one but Bowwow-Curlycur heard it, and he only put his head on one side, lolled out his tongue and barked nothing. .

Then the sailor threw his leg that wasn't wooden up in the air, spun around three times on the one that was wooden, commenced whistling the sailor's hornpipe and came into the garden.

"Here's fun," barked Bowwow-Curlycur, and ran round after his own tail like mad.

So they formed a procession. The sailor went first and stamped in the ground with his wooden leg—the boy came next and put a plant in the hole thus made—the girl followed with the young tree in her arms. Bowwow-Curlycur carried his ears and curl papers. The cat that made faces with her tail came after, with her four youngest kittens.

At last all the plants were set out and only the young tree remained.

"Now," said the sailor, "I must make a deep hole for this," and he raised his wooden leg and brought it down with such force that he buried it in the ground up to the knee, and oh! mercy's sakes alive! it wouldn't come out again.

The sailor tugged and pulled, and pulled and tugged, and the girl and boy pulled and tugged, and tugged and pulled, and Bowwow-Curlycur scolded and bit the leg that wasn't wooden, but all was of no use.

At last the sailor threw up his arms in the air, gave a great jerk, and away he flew straight up towards the sky, like a rocket, leaving his wooden leg behind him.

"Jolly!" said the boy, "what larks!" and the girl said, "Oh, my!"

Bowwow-Curlycur, for once in his life, was too astonished to bark anything.

The cat made a dreadful face with her tail, and walked solemnly off, her kittens marching behind her.

So the moon came out ana tne girl and boy knew it was bed-time, and they went to bed.

But about twelve o'clock at night, when everything was still except the frogs, and the crickets, and the katy-dids, and a few other things of that kind that stay up all night so that they can see the sun rise in the morning, they heard a strange tramp, tramp, tramp, in the garden, and getting up and peeping out of the window they saw the wooden leg hopping down the walk, and as it passed them it said with a chuckle, "How cleverly I got rid of that sailor. Now I'll go and see the world by myself," and it went out of the gate and up the road and they never saw it again.

But looking up at the moon they beheld the face of the sailor wearing a broad grin.

As for Bowwow-Curlycur, after he had taken his hair out of paper and called on the dog that stole the chickens, he buried (in the hole left by the wooden leg he had saved), a few choice bones and then slept the sleep of the just dog.

THERE was a good boy who fell ill,
And begged them to give him a pill;
"For my kind parents' sake
The dose I will take,"
Said this dear little boy who fell ill.

WHAT was the moon a-spying
Out of her half-shut eye?
One of her stars went flying
Across the broad blue sky.

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WOOD-CARVING.

BY GEORGE A. SAWYER.

A FEW years since, while recovering from an illness, I made my first attempt at wood-carving; and, as I gradually overcame its difficulties, I became very much interested, and began to make many pretty and useful things, such as boxes, brackets, shelves, picture-frames and clock-cases. As some of our boys and girls may take an interest in wood-carving, I will give them a few hints on the subject.

WHERE TO OBTAIN MATERIAL.

In all the larger cities there are mills where they saw veneers and thin boards for the use of cabinet or furniture-makers, and if you are so fortunate as to have access to them, you will find it very easy to supply yourself with materials; in fact, the greatest difficulty is not to get too much; a little goes a great way, you will find, if you do very nice work. There are, however, in almost all large towns, model-makers, cabinet-makers, etc., from whom you can obtain some of the commoner woods; or if there is a saw-mill where they have a circular saw, you can have some thick wood cut up to suit at trifling expense. Even when these fail, you can get a carpenter to saw and plane you a few small strips; and there is in every town, even the smallest, a tobacco store, where you can get empty cigar boxes. These generally are made of Spanish cedar, and by selecting some of the finest grained specimens, you sometimes can get extremely pretty pieces. Articles made from this wood, when polished and shellaced, would never be suspected of coming from a cigar box. You cannot, however, do much carving on it, because the grain is coarse and the wood wanting in strength.

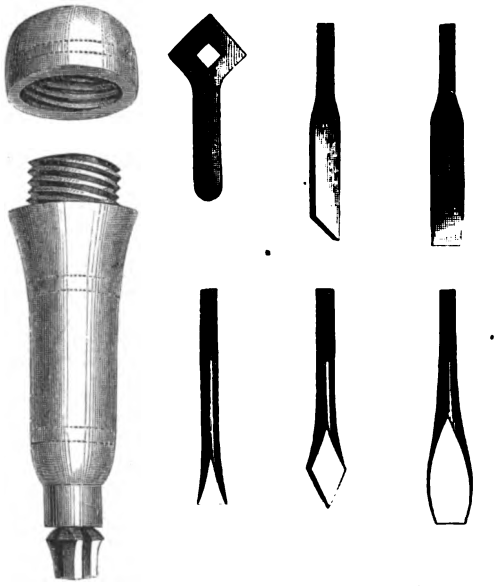
KIND OF WOOD.

The best woods for our use are walnut and white holly, sawed in thin boards, not more than a fourth or a sixteenth of an inch in thickness, and planed on both sides. Walnut is, of course, known to every one as the dark wood most generally used in this country for the better kinds of furniture. Though white holly is very common also, or at least has been rapidly becoming so within the last few years, you may not know, that it is the "white-wood" generally used for small brackets, card photograph frames, etc., found in the shops. It possesses in the finer strains a beautifully fine texture, even color, and is so strong that it may be sawed, if carefully handled, in the thinnest lines across the grain with little danger of breaking.

White holly is by far the best wood for a beginner; indeed, it is the best for any fine carved work, and designs done in it, and glued on to some dark wood like walnut or rosewood, make a very handsome contrast.

THE TOOLS REQUIRED.

Tools are, of course, an important item in every workman's calculations, and there are those particularly suited to the kind of work I am about to describe. I shall mention at present only those which I think most important for a beginner, that



BRAD-AWLS, ETC., WITH HOLLOW HANDLE.

you may not incur useless expenditure of money, and yet be sufficiently provided not to get discouraged for the want of the right tools to make a reasonably fair piece of work. As you gain in experience, you will be able to make additions for yourselves.

A pocket knife is of the first importance, and it is hardly to be presumed that any real boy is without that useful article. For our purpose, one having two blades, a large and a small one, such as can be purchased of sufficiently good quality for about seventy-five cents, more or less, will answer very well. Having a knife, every boy should possess the means of sharpening and keeping it in order. For this, and for sharpening other edged tools, the best instrument is an oil-stone, such as

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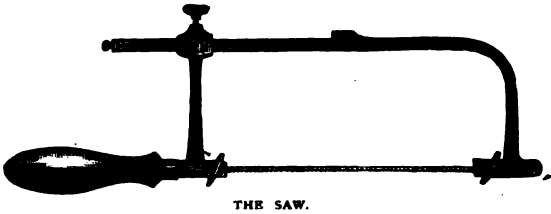
you will always find on carpenters' benches, fitted into a wooden box with a detachable lid. A useful size is about three inches long by two wide, and half an inch thick. We should make the box ourselves (I will tell you how by and by), and it both protects the stone from the chance of breakage, and keeps the oil from soiling other things. A stone of this kind will cost ten or fifteen cents, and wear for ever: that is, so long as we use it properly, and are likely to want it.

Perhaps the next most generally useful article is a case of brad-awls. There are several kinds for sale at tool stores, some with larger tools than those in the illustration; but these are the handiest, as well as cheapest. The price is about a dollar and a quarter. As will be seen from the figure (in which, however, only a few of the tools are given) this set includes a number of brads of various sizes, for boring holes; a screw-driver, several chisels, and a gauge, a countersink, scratch-awl, etc., and a wrench with which to fasten them into the handle, which is hollow and holds them all when not in use. As these tools never come sharpened ready for use, it is a good plan to take them to some carpenter's shop, and watch the carpenter when he puts them on his oil-stone, and accomplishes the desired object of giving them an edge. You would learn more by seeing the sharpening once done than by reading pages of description. So watch the carpenter.

We next want some files: a flat one, half an inch wide; one flat on one side and round on the other, a fourth or three-eighths of an inch wide; a round one three-eighths, and five or six like the one figured, made of one-eighth inch steel wire; one round; one half round and half flat; one triangular; one square; one flat; one knife-edge. Some of these have two inches of the round wire left to serve as a handle, and are necessary in finishing fine work. The lot may cost a dollar or more.



THE SAW.

For a long time I used only these tools mentioned, but one day a friend gave me what I believe is known as a dentist's saw. I give a figure of it. The tool itself costs a dollar and a quarter, and the saws come in packages of a dozen, at twenty-five cents. They are extremely fine and delicate, but do most excellent work. With care, a dozen will last a year. Lastly we want some sheets of sand-paper, assorted, fine and coarse.

FILE.

Having provided ourselves with these tools and a few pieces of some kind of thin wood, we will see what we can produce. Suppose for a first effort we make a common ruler, such as we would be likely to find useful at school; say an inch wide, and twelve or fifteen inches long.

HOW TO MAKE A RULER.

Take one of our pieces of board, white holly if you have it, and cut the edges as true and straight as you can, then lay a whole sheet of rather fine sandpaper, No. 1, is the best, on a perfectly flat surface, like the top of an uncovered table or box, and rub the edge of the wood to and fro, length-wise, till the edge is entirely smooth and straight. If you will hold this stick nearly horizontally and turned towards the light, one end opposite one eye and five or six inches from it, and closing the other eye look along the edge, you can see very plainly whether the edge is true or not.

Having made one edge straight, carefully measure off from it, at two or three points, the width you design making the ruler. You can do this quite well enough with a card or piece of stiff paper; and laying down a ruler, use it as an edge to cut through the wood with the point of a sharp knife. In thin wood this is very easy to do, and it makes a much cleaner job than sawing. Then smooth the edge as you did the other, being careful to keep the two edges parallel that the ruler may be of the same width.

Cut off the ends square. If you have a carpenter's square, you will find it useful; but I think, for the present, we can do without it, and use a good-sized visiting card, which, being cut by machinery, we may assume, has edges at two right angles. If you are far enough along in your geometry to be able to construct mathematically a right angled triangle, you can verify the angles of your card, and you will find great pleasure in applying your knowledge to such every-day uses; but if not, we will use the card for the present, just as we find it. Set one corner of the card at the point where you are to cut; make one edge coincide with, or be exactly even with, the edge of the ruler, and cut across the end by the other edge.

In cutting thin wood with the grain, or length-wise, you will find that you can do it best by laying down a ruler and drawing along its edge, with the point of a sharp knife, just as you would rule a line with a pencil, only, of course, holding the knife so as to be able to bear on it and force it

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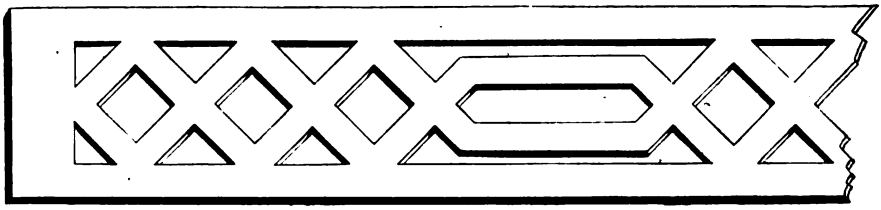
into the wood, taking care to hold it perpendicular so as to cut as straight through as possible. In cutting across the grain you can do it either in the same manner, or else mark a line with the point of the knife, and then use the saw; the back of the saw, however, will allow you to cut only narrow strips.

ORNAMENTATION.

Having now a long, narrow piece of wood, with straight even edges and square ends, we may venture upon a little ornamentation.

I select, as the most appropriate for a first effort, a geometrical design; that is, one with straight lines, which can be drawn with a ruler and compasses. Designs composed of flowers or natural objects, with ever-varying curves, which must be drawn by hand, are much more attractive, but are more difficult, and must be reserved till we have had a little practice.

I would recommend your taking a sheet of large writing or other paper, and drawing upon it a pattern just the size of the ruler you wish to make. Mark out within it the lines, as you intend cutting them in the wood. Mistakes with the pencil are easily corrected, and if you get the pattern exact, you can, by measuring the points, transfer it to the wood. You may cut out the design carefully with scissors and knife, and then laying it on the wood, mark its edges with a sharp-pointed pencil, or you may lay it over the wood and prick through with a pin or needle, and afterwards connect the pin points by pencil lines. Having the pattern nicely and accurately drawn, take one of your drills and carefully bore holes through all the spaces you intend cutting out,—one hole in each space. Take your saw and unfasten one end, and put that end through the first hole. Fasten it again. Lay the piece of wood on the edge of a table or large box, the part you are about to saw just over the edge, so that the saw will not cut the table, and hold the wood down firmly with one hand while with the other you use the saw, holding it so that the cut will be perpendicular. In this way saw around the piece to come out, following the pencil lines as nearly as possible. You will find, with a little practice, that you can cut almost exactly on the line; but for the present it is safest to keep a very little inside the line, and cut away the surplus afterwards with a file. In setting the end of the saw back again into the jaws, if you put the end of the saw-bow against a table and press on it slightly, and then fasten the end of the saw in, the saw will be strained tight and will work better than if put in loosely. Cut out all the spaces in succession in the same way, and then take your files and file up to the lines. In this design you will find use for your square, three-cornered, and flat files. After filing carefully up to the lines, take fine sandpaper and rub it all over smooth and white, and your ruler will be complete. I think you will take a satisfaction in using it yourself or in giving it to some friend, which you would not feel if you had bought it.



PATTERN FOR A RULER.

MIEUX VAUT AVOIR LA MOITIÉ D'UN PAIN QUE NE PAS AVOIR DE PAIN.

PAR M. M. D.

PEU de jeunes personnes connaissent l'origine de ce fameux proverbe.

En l'an onze cent onze, la grande duchesse Caroline van Swing et ses quatre charmants enfants s'étaient réunis dans la vaste cuisine du château pour prendre leur simple déjeuner. Dans ces premiers temps le lait condensé n'était pas connu, de sorte que les pauvres nobles enfants étaient obligés de prendre du lait ordinaire; mais ils avaient du pain condensé et c'était pour eux une grande satisfaction.

La grande duchesse elle-même se mit en devoir de préparer le repas, car, disait-elle avec des larmes d'attendrissement, "je suis une duchesse, mais ne

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suis-je pas aussi une mère?" A ces paroles les voix de ses petits enfants, pressés par la faim, répondaient le plus éloquemment du monde.

La noble dame prit un pain et saisissant le grand couteau avec lequel son noble grand sire avait terrassé une centaine d'ennemis, elle le brandit un instant, puis, d'un coup ferme et résolu, elle coupa en deux le pain condensé à la manière de toutes les nobles duchesses. Aussitôt que le couteau eut fait son œuvre, une moitié du pain tomba sur le sol avec un bruit sec. Le chien de la famille, qui n'avait pas quitté des yeux les mouvements de la duchesse, bondit en avant de son coin du grand foyer. Saisissant le pain entre ses mâchoires, il s'enfuit de la salle emportant son butin au milieu des cris et des appels plaintifs des chers enfants.

La noble mère, craignant de perdre la moitié de son pain, s'élança aussitôt vers la porte et jeta la moitié du pain qui lui restait sur le méchant animal.

Atteint à la tête, le chien lâcha le morceau et se mit à pousser des aboiements plaintifs. Pendant ce temps un âne, étant venu à passer, avala en deux bouchées les deux moitiés du pain. Le chien revint à la maison humble et repentant. "Il ne dérobera plus rien," s'écria la grande duchesse, en regardant avec amour ses enfants qui pleuraient. "Pourquoi pleurez-vous, mes chéris? Mais si j'avais gardé dans mes mains la moitié du pain, je n'aurais pu châtier Athelponto. Consolez-vous. Ne voyez-vous pas qu'il vaut mieux avoir la moitié d'un pain que ne pas avoir de pain?"

LA MOITIÉ D'UN PAIN.

"Oh oui, mère!" répondirent ces nobles enfants, prêts à s'en aller sans prendre leur déjeuner, depuis qu'Athelponto avait été puni de sa mauvaise faute.

Hélas! quel garçon ou quelle fille de ce temps ferait ainsi le sacrifice du confort au principe?

Le dicton de la grande duchesse a été transmis de génération en génération, mais la signification en a changé. Quand les mères d'aujourd'hui veulent apprendre à leurs enfants à se contenter de peu, elles disent: "Mieux vaut avoir la moitié d'un pain que ne pas avoir de pain."

Le monde n'est pas aussi héroïque qu'il l'était du temps de la grande duchesse Caroline van Swing.

(Our readers who are studying French may find some amusement, as well as profit, in translating the above story. We shall be glad to have the boys and girls send in their translations.)

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WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER IV.

KATE, VERY NATURALLY, IS ANXIOUS.

KATE hurried through the woods, for she was afraid she would not reach home until after dark, and indeed it was then quite like twilight in the shade of the great trees around her. The road on which she was walking was, however, clear and open and she was certain she knew the way. As she hastened on, she could not help feeling that she was wasting this delightful walk through the woods. Her old friends were around her, and though she knew them all so well, she could not stop to spend any time with them. There were the oaks,—the black oak with its shining many-pointed leaves, the white oak with its lighter green though duller hued foliage, and the chestnut oak with its long and thickly clustered leaves. Then there were the sweet gums, fragrant and star-leaved, and the black-gum, tough, dark, and unpretending. No little girl in the county knew more about the trees of her native place than Kate; for she had made good use of her long rides through the country with her father. Here were the chinquepin bushes, like miniature chestnut trees, and here were the beautiful poplars. She knew them by their bright leaves which looked as though they had been snipped off at the top with a pair of scissors. And here, right in front of her, was Uncle Braddock. She knew him by his many-colored dressing-gown, without which he never appeared in public. It was one of the most curious dressing-gowns ever seen, as Uncle Braddock was one of the most curious old colored men ever seen. The gown was not really as old as its wearer; but it looked older. It was composed of about a hundred pieces of different colors and patterns—red, green, blue, yellow and brown; striped, spotted, plain, and figured with flowers and vines. These pieces, from year to year, had been put on as patches, and some of them were quilted on, and some were sewed, and some were pinned. The gown was very long and came down to Uncle Braddock's heels, which were also very long and bobbed out under the bottom of the gown as if they were trying to kick backwards. But Uncle Braddock never kicked. He was very old and he had all the different kinds of rheumatism, and walked bent over nearly at right angles, supporting himself by a long cane like a bean-pole, which he grasped in the middle. There was probably no particular reason why he should bend over so very much, but he seemed to like to walk in that way, and nobody objected. He was a good old soul and Kate was delighted to see him.

"Uncle Braddock!" she cried.

The old man stopped and turned around, almost standing up straight in his astonishment at seeing the young girl alone in the woods.

"Why, Miss Kate!" he exclaimed, as she came up with him, "what in the world is you doin' h'yar?"

"I've been gathering sumac," said Kate, as they walked on together, "and Harry's gone off and I couldn't wait any longer and I'm just as glad as I can be to see you, Uncle Braddock, for I was beginning to be afraid, because its getting dark so fast, and your dressing-gown looked prettier to me than all the trees when I first caught sight of it. But I think you ought to have it washed, Uncle Braddock."

"Wash him!" said Uncle Braddock, with a chuckle, as if the suggestion was a very funny joke; "dat wouldn't do, no how. He'd wash all to bits and the pins would stick 'em in the hands. Couldn't wash him, Miss Kate; it's too late for dat now. Might have washed him before de war, p'raps. We was stronger, den. But what you getherin sumac for, Miss Kate? If you white folks goes pickin' it all, there won't be none lef' soon fur de cull'ed people, dat's mighty certain."

"Why, I'm picking it for the colored people," said Kate, "at least for one colored person."

"Why don't you let 'em pick it the'rselves?" asked the old man.

"Because Aunt Matilda can't do it," said Kate.

"Is dat sumac fur Aunt Matilda?" said Uncle Braddock.

"Yes, it is," said Kate, "and Harry's been gathering some and we're going to pick enough to get her all she wants. Harry and I intend to take care of her now. You know they were going to send her to the almshouse."

"Well, I declar!" exclaimed the old man. "I neber did hear de like o' dat afore. Why, you all isn't done bein' tuk care of you'selves." Kate laughed, and explained their plans, getting quite enthusiastic about it.

"Lem me carry dat bag," said Uncle Braddock.

"Oh no!" said Kate, "you're too old to be carrying bags."

"Jis lem me hab it," said he, "it's trouble enuf

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fur me to get along, anyway, and a bag or two don't make no kind o' dif'rence."

Kate found herself obliged to consent, and as the bag was beginning to feel very heavy for her, and as it didn't seem to make the slightest difference, as he had said, to Uncle Braddock, she was very glad to be rid of it.

But when at last they reached the village, and Uncle Braddock went over the fields to his cabin, Kate ran into the house, carrying her bag with ease, for she was excited by the hope that Harry had come home by some shorter way, and that she should find him in the house.

But there was no Harry there. And soon it was night, and yet he did not come.

THE SUMAC GATHERERS.

Matters now looked serious, and about nine o'clock Mr. Loudon, with two of the neighbors, started out into the woods to look for Aunt Matilda's young guardian.

Kate's mother was away on a visit to her relations in another county, and so the little girl passed the night on the sofa in the parlor, with a colored woman asleep on the rug before the fire-place. Kate would not go to bed. She determined to stay awake until Harry should come home. But the sofa cushions became more and more pleasant, and very soon she was dreaming that Harry had shot a giraffe, and had skinned it, and had stuffed the skin full of sumac leaves, and that he and she were pulling it through the woods, and that the legs caught in the trees and they could not get it along, and then she woke up. It was bright day-light. But Harry had not come!

There was no news. Mr. Loudon and his friends were still absent. Poor Kate was in despair, and could not touch the breakfast, which was prepared at the usual hour.

About nine o'clock a company of negro sumac gatherers appeared on the road which passed Mr. Loudon's house. It was a curious party. On a rude cart, drawn by two little oxen, was a pile of bags filled with sumac leaves, which were supported by poles stuck around the cart and bound together by ropes. On the top of the pile sat a negro, plying a long whip, and shouting to the oxen. Behind the cart, and on each side of it, were negroes, men and women, carrying huge bales of sumac on their heads. Bags, pillow-cases, bed-ticks, sheets and coverlids had been called into requisition to hold the precious leaves. Here was a woman with a great bundle on her head, which sank down so as to almost entirely conceal her face; and near her was an old man who supported on his bare head a load that looked heavy enough for a horse. Even little children carried bundles considerably larger than themselves, and all were laughing and talking

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merrily as they made their way to the village store at the cross-roads.

Kate ran eagerly out to question these people. They must certainly have seen Harry.

The good-natured negroes readily stopped to talk with Kate. The ox-driver halted his team, and every head-burdened man, woman and child clustered around her, until it seemed as if sumac clouds had spread between her and the sky, and had obscured the sun.

But no one had seen Harry. In fact, this company, with the accumulated proceeds of a week's sumac gathering, had come from a portion of the county many miles from Crooked Creek, and, of course, they could bring no news to Kate.

CHAPTER V.

THE TURKEY HUNTER.

WHEN Harry left Kate, he quietly walked by the side of Crooked Creek, keeping his eyes fixed on the tracks of the strange animal, and his thumb on the hammer of the right-hand barrel of his gun. Before long the tracks disappeared, and disappeared, too, directly in front of a hole in the bank; quite a large hole, big enough for a beaver or an otter. This was capital luck! Harry got down on his hands and knees and examined the tracks. Sure enough, the toes pointed towards the hole. It must be in there!

Harry cocked his gun and sat and waited. He was as still as a dead mouse. There was no earthly reason why the creature should not come out, except perhaps that it might not want to come out. At any rate, it could not know that Harry was outside waiting for it.

He waited a long time without ever thinking how the day was passing on; and it began to be a little darkish, just a little, before he thought that perhaps he had better go back to Kate.

But it might be just coming out, and what a shame to move. A skin that would bring five dollars was surely worth waiting for a little while longer, and he might never have such another chance. He certainly had never had such a one before.

And so he still sat and waited, and pretty soon he heard something. But it was not in the hole, —not near him at all. It was further along the creek, and sounded like the footsteps of some one walking stealthily.

Harry looked around quickly, and, about thirty yards from him, he saw a man with a gun. The man was now standing still, looking steadily at him. At least Harry thought he was, but there was so little light in the woods by this time that he could not be sure about it. What was that man after? Could he be watching him?

Harry was afraid to move. Perhaps the man mistook him for some kind of an animal. To be sure, he could not help thinking that boys were animals, but he did not suppose the man would want to shoot a boy, if he knew it. But how could any one tell that Harry was a boy at that distance, and in that light?

Poor Harry did not even dare to call out. He could not speak without moving something, his lips anyway, and the man might fire at the slightest motion. He was so quiet that the musk-rat—it was a musk-rat that lived in the hole—came out of his house, and seeing the boy so still, supposed he was nothing of any consequence, and so trotted noiselessly along to the water and slipped in for a swim. Harry never saw him. His eyes were fixed on the man.

For some minutes longer—they seemed like hours —he remained motionless. And then he could bear it no longer.

"Hel-low!" he cried.

"Hel-low!" said the man.

Then Harry got up trembling and pale, and the man came towards him.

"Why, I didn't know what you were," said the man.

"Tony Kirk!" exclaimed Harry. Yes, it was Tony Kirk, sure enough, a man who would never shoot a boy,—if he knew it.

"What are you doing here," asked Tony, "a-squattin' in the dirt at supper-time?"

Harry told him what he was doing and how he had been frightened, and then the remark about supper-time made him think of his sister. "My senses!" he cried, "there's Kate! she must think I'm lost."

"Kate!" exclaimed Tony. "What Kate? You don't mean your sister!"

"Yes, I do," said Harry; and away he ran down the shore of the creek. Tony followed, and when he reached the big pine tree, there was Harry gazing blankly around him.

"She's gone!" faltered the boy.

"I should think so," said Tony, "if she knew what was good for her. What's this?" His quick eyes had discovered the paper on the tree.

Tony pulled the paper from the pine trunk and tried to read it, but Harry was at his side in an instant, and saw it was Kate's writing. It was almost too dark to read it, but he managed, by holding it towards the west, to make it out.

"She's gone home," he said, "and I must be after her;" and he prepared to start.

"Hold up!" cried Tony, "I'm going that way. And so you've been getherin sumac." Harry had read the paper aloud. "There's no use o' leavin' yer bag. Git it out o' the bushes, and come along with me."

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Harry soon found his bag, and then he and Tony set out along the road.

"What are you after?" asked Harry.

"Turkeys," said Tony.

Tony Kirk was always after turkeys. He was a wild-turkey hunter by profession. It is true there were seasons of the year when he did not shoot turkeys, but although at such times he worked a little at farming and fished a little, he nearly always found it necessary to do something that related to turkeys. He watched their haunts, he calculated their increase, he worked out problems which proved to him where he would find them most plentiful in the fall, and his mind was seldom free from the consideration of the turkey question.

"Isn't it rather early for turkeys?" asked Harry.

"Well, yes," said Tony, "but I'm tired o' waitin."

"I'm goin' to make a short cut," continued Tony, striking out of the road into a narrow path in the woods. "You can save half-a-mile by comin' this way."

So Harry followed him.

"I don't mind takin' you," said Tony, "fur I know you kin keep a secret. My turkey-blind is over yander;" and as he said this he put his hand into his coat pocket and pulled out a handful of shelled corn which he began to scatter along the path, a grain or two at a time. After ten or fifteen minutes' walking, Tony scattering corn all the way, they came to a mass of oak and chestnut boughs, piled up on one side of the path like a barrier. This was the turkey-blind. It was four or five feet high, and behind it Tony was accustomed to sit in the early gray of the morning, waiting for the turkeys which he hoped to entice that way by means of his long line of shelled corn.

"You see I build my blind," said he to Harry, "and then I don't come here till I've sprinkled my corn for about a week, and got the turkeys used to comin' this way after it. Then I get back o' that thar at night and wait till the airly mornin' when they're sartin to come gobblin' along till I can get a good crack at em." With this he sat down on a log, which Harry could scarcely see, so dark was it in the woods by this time.

"Are you tired?" said Harry.

"No," answered Tony, "I'm goin' to stop here. I want to be ready fur 'em before it begins to be light."

"But how am I to get home?" said Harry.

"Oh, jist keep straight on in that track. It'll take yer straight to the store, ef ye don't turn out uv it."

"Can't you come along and show me," said Harry, "I can't find the way through these dark woods."

"It's easy enough," said Tony, striking a match to light his pipe. "I could find my way with my eyes shut. And it would not do fur me to go. I'll make too much noise comin' back. There's no knowin' how soon the turkeys will begin to stir about."

"Then you oughtn't to have brought me here," said Harry, much provoked.

"I wanted to show you a short way home," said Tony, puffing away at his pipe.

Harry answered not a word, but set out along the path. In a minute or two he ran against a tree, then he turned to the right and stumbled over a root, dropping his bag and nearly losing his hold of his gun. He was soon convinced that it was all nonsense to try to get home by that path, and he slowly made his way back to Tony.

"I'll tell ye what it is," said the turkey hunter, "ef you think you'd hurt yerself findin' yer way home, and I thought you knew the woods better than that, you might as well stay here with me. I'll take you home bright an' airly. You needn't trouble yerself about yer sister. She's home long ago. It must have been bright daylight when she wrote on that paper, and she could keep the road easy enough."

Harry said nothing, but sat down on the other end of the log. Tony did not seem to notice his vexation, but talked to him, explaining the mysteries of turkey hunting and the delight of spending a night in the woods, where everything was so cool and dry and still. "There's no nonsense here," said Tony; "Ef there's any place where a feller kin have peace and comfert, it's in the woods, at night."

By degrees Harry became interested and forgot his annoyance. Kate was certainly safe at home, and as it was impossible for him to find his way out of the depths of the woods, he might as well be content. He could not even hope to regain the road by the way they came.

When Tony had finished his pipe he took Harry behind his blind. "All you have to do," said he, "is jist to peep over here and level your gun along that path, keepin yer eye fixed straight in front of you and after awhile you can begin to see things. Suppose that dark lump down yander was a turkey. Just look at it long enough and you kin make it out. You see what I mean, don't you?"

"Yes," said Harry, peeping over the blind; "I see it," and then, with a sudden jump, he whispered, "Tony! it's moving."

Tony did not answer for a moment, and then he hurriedly whispered back, "That's so! It *is* moving."

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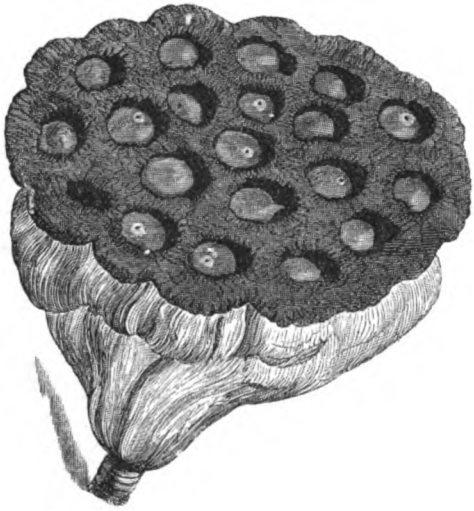
THE SACRED BEAN.

OUR picture certainly looks very much unlike a bean; in fact, some of our readers may suppose it



to be a wasp's nest. It is, however, the seed-vessel of a plant, and the loose little balls, which look as if they were ready to roll out of the holes, are the "beans" or seeds. In India it is known as the sacred bean, and in this country it is often called the water-chinquepin, because its seeds resemble the chinquepin or dwarf chestnut. It is found growing in deep water, both in the southern and western states. It grows in a few places in the eastern and middle states; for instance, in the Connecticut River near Lyme, and in Big Sodus Bay, Lake Ontario. The plant bears large circular leaves one to two feet in diameter, which grow out of the water, and do not float on the surface like the leaves of the common water-lily. The flowers are pale yellow, and from five to ten inches broad. After the flowers drop their leaves or petals, the seed-vessel gradually assumes the form shown in our picture. This seed-vessel is shaped somewhat like a top, and the "beans" look a little like acorns. The root resembles that of the sweet potato, and is said to be very nutritious when boiled; in fact, the Indians used to cook it in this way for food.

The seeds are also good to eat, and this makes its name of the water-chinquepin all the more appropriate, for although some of our Northern readers may not know it, the chinquepin bush of the South bears a nut that is very good eating.

HOW A TINKER WROTE A NOVEL.

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL.

ONCE upon a time—years and years ago—I wanted some good Sunday book to read; and when the want was made known, I was helped to a big, leather-bound, octavo book, which at first glance—notwithstanding one or two large splotches of gilt upon the back—did not look inviting. In the first place, what boy wants to grapple with a big octavo? Your precious old aunt will tell you what an octavo is—that it means a book with its paper folded so as to make eight leaves of every sheet, whereas a duodecimo is one of paper folded so as to make twelve leaves to a sheet; and this last is therefore much handier and every way better for boy use—at least, I think so. Then it was bound in full calf—very suspiciously like a dictionary, and like—well, I must say it—like the Bible. I don't mean, of course, to breathe one word against that venerable volume; but then you know, when a fellow

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wants a good Sunday book and knows just where the Bible is kept, and has read it ever so often, he doesn't want what looks too much like it.

However, there I was with the big book on my knee: and there were pictures in it. These were stunning. There was a picture of a man with a great pack on his back, doing his best to get out of a huge bog; and there were some people standing by who didn't seem to help him much.

There was a picture of a prodigious giant—fully as large as that in Jack and the Bean-stalk story—who was leading off two little men—one of whom looked like the man that wore the big pack, and was near sinking in the bog. Then there was a splendid picture of this same little man walking up with all the pluck in the world, through a path, beside which were seated two old giants, which—by the bones which lay scattered around their seats—seemed to have been amusing themselves by eating up just such little men as the plucky one, who came marching up between them so bravely.

In short, the pictures carried the day; and though it seemed droll Sunday work, I wanted amazingly to find out how this plucky little man got through with his bogs and giants.

So I set to.

Christian was the man's name, and he had a family; but he became pretty well satisfied that he was living in a city that would certainly be destroyed; and was very much troubled about it, and couldn't sleep o' nights, nor let his family sleep.

So it happened that this Christian, after getting some directions from a man called Evangelist, "put out" one day, with his pack on his back, and left his wife and children.

I didn't quite like the manner in which the book makes him leave his family; his course was all very well; but why shouldn't he have taken them along with him, instead of leaving that fellow Great Hear—— but I mustn't tell the story in advance.

Well, this man Christian got into the bog I spoke of, and he got out again—no thanks to the two weak fellows who journeyed thus far with him, and who had no sooner got a foot in the mire than they set off—back for home. And Christian gets rid of his pack too after a time, and sees wonderful things at a house he comes to on his way, called the Interpreter's house; amongst the rest,—two boys named Patience and Passion whom I haven't forgotten to this day; and a man with a muck rake grubbing away desperately, who comes into my mind now every time I go to the city and walk down Wall street.

But Christian was not journeying in Wall street, no, no: though there was a Vanity Fair where he tarried; and it was a city not very unlike New York. Faithful, who went with him, got whipped and hung there—if I remember rightly. He would have escaped that in New York, you know.

There was an Apollyon in the book; and a prodigious monster with scales, equal to anything in the "Arabian Nights;" and he strode wide across the path by which Christian was going to the Celestial city, and gave fight to him. It was "nip and tuck" with them for a long time, and I wasn't sure how it would come out. But at last Christian gave Apollyon a good punch under the fifth rib, and the dragon flew away. He wasn't through with his troubles, though; in fact, all sorts of enemies came upon him. There was a Giant Despair—it was he who was figured in one of the pictures—who took him to his castle and thrust him into a dungeon; and this giant had a wife called Diffidence—which seemed a very funny name for a woman who advised the giant to give Christian and Faithful a good sound beating every day after breakfast. He did give them a beating, and a good many of them; and Christian would have been murdered outright, if he had not bethought himself of a key he had, which unlocked the door of the giant's dungeon; and so he stole out and escaped. It was very stupid of him not to think of that key before, but he didn't.

So he went on, this plucky, earnest Christian—meeting with hobgoblins—worrying terribly in a certain Valley of Humiliation—enjoying himself hugely in the Delectable mountains, where some hospitable shepherds lived and entertained him,—reaching the very worst, as would seem, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death; but coming out all right at last by the shores of the river of Life, and in the streets of the CELESTIAL CITY.

Don't forget that it was a Sunday on which I first read this book, and dreamed, after it—of Apollyon (who I imagined a monster bat, with wings ten feet long, and flopping them with a horrible, flesh-y sound)—also of Giant Despair and his deep dungeon, (*if* Christian had happened to forget the key!)

I don't think I dreamed of old Worldly Wiseman, or Pliable, or Legality, or Pick-thank. These are humble, riff-raff characters (to boys), compared with Apollyon. But the day will come when grown boys will reckon them worse monsters than even Apollyon—by a great deal. I know I do.

There was a second part to this story—though both parts were bound in one within the leather covers I told you of. It was too much together for one day's reading; but I came to it all afterward.

The second part tells the story of Christian's wife and children, and how they packed up, and journeyed by the same road through the Valley of Humiliation, and over the Delectable mountains to the Celestial City. And there was a splendid fellow called Great-Heart who traveled with them and

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made much lighter of the dragons than Christian did, and who loved a good fight, and who—if the story is true, which you must judge of yourselves—absolutely went over into the grounds of Giant Despair, and slew him—as much as such a character can be slain.

I thought all the world of Great-Heart. I was glad when Mercy, who was a pretty, nice young woman that joined the travelers, refused Mr. Brisk (not much of a man); and I thought Great-Heart ought to have married her. But it didn't end so. Great-Heart never married. In fact the story is so rapid, there is no time for marrying.

Well, that story in the leathern covers, and as big as a Bible, has been printed by thousands and hundreds of thousands, and has been translated into all the languages of Europe, and it was written by a traveling tinker! Think of that.

John Bunyan was his name; and he was born in a house built of timber and clay (which was standing not many years ago) in the little village of Elstow, near to Bedford, England.

Bedfordshire is a beautiful county, there are fine farms and great houses, and beautiful parks in it; but this man, John Bunyan, was the son of a traveling tinker, and was born there only a few years after the pilgrims landed from the Mayflower, on Plymouth Rock. He says of himself that he was a wild lad, swearing dreadfully, going about with his father to tinker broken tea-pots, lying under hedges, having narrow escapes from death. Once, falling into the river Ouse, and another time handling an adder and pulling out his fangs with his fingers.

But he fell in with Puritan preachers, who "waked his conscience;" for he lived just in the heart of those times which are described in Walter Scott's novel "Woodstock;" and he didn't think much of Episcopacy or Bishops; and at last he took to preaching himself, having left off all his evil courses. He married too, and had four children—one of them, Mary Bunyan, blind from her birth.

He fought in the civil wars under Cromwell, and it is possible enough that he may have seen Charles the First go out to execution. May be he was one of those crazy fellows who came to Ditchley (in Scott's novel) to help capture the runaway, Charles the Second, who was gallivanting in that time in the household of old Sir Arthur Lee. He throve while the Commonwealth lasted, but when Charles the Second was called back to the throne in 1660 (John Bunyan being then thirty-two years old), it was a hard time for Puritans, and worst of all for such Puritan of Puritans as the Puritan preacher—Bunyan.

They tried him for holding disorderly religious meetings, and he put a brave face on it and contested his right; but this only made the matter worse for him, and they condemned him to perpetual banishment. Somehow, this judgment was changed in such a way, that Bunyan, in place of being shipped to Holland or Amercia (where he would have found a parish), was clapped into Bedford jail, where he lay (he tells us) "twelve entire years." He had no book there but the Bible and Fox's Book of Martyrs. He made tag-lace to support his family, the while he was in jail, and bemoaned very much the possible fate of his poor blind daughter Mary.

While he was living this long prison life, country people in England were reading the newly printed book, by Isaac Walton, called the Complete Angler. and during the same period of time, John Milton published his Paradise Lost; and in that Bedford jail, in those same years, John Bunyan wrote the story I have told you of, called "The Pilgrim's Progress."

He came out of jail afterwards—a good two hundred years ago to-day—and took to preaching again. But he preached no sermon that was heard so widely, or ever will be, as his preachments in "The Pilgrim's Progress."

He went on some errand of charity in his sixtieth year, and took a fever and died in 1688. It was the very year in which the orthodox people of England had set on foot the revolution which turned out the Papish King James the Second, and brought in the Protestant William and Mary. Poor John Bunyan would have seen better times if he had lived in their day, and better yet if he had lived in ours, and written in the magazines as well as he wrote about Great-Heart.

Live as long as you may, you can never outlive the people that he set up in his story.

Messrs. Legality, and Cheat, and Love-lust, and Carnal-mind, we meet every day in society. Every boy and girl of you all will go by and by—stump—into some slough of Despond; and God help you, if the pack you carry into it is big! Always, and all times, there must be thwacking at dragons in our own valleys of humiliation, and if the teeth of Giant Pope are pulled, Giant Despair, whatever Great-Heart may have done, will be sure to catch us some day in Doubting Castle. In fact, I don't much believe Great-Heart did kill him, and think, to that extent, the work is a fiction. Giant Despair lives; you may be sure of it; and he has a new wife; and her name is not Diffidence now, but Swagger; and you would do well to give her a wide berth. As for that Valley of the Shadow of Death, who that has lived since Bunyan died, or who that shall live henceforth, may escape its bewilderments and its terrors? The poor tinker and preacher—the zealous writer who made his words cleave like sharp knives, sleeps now quietly (to all seeming) in a grave

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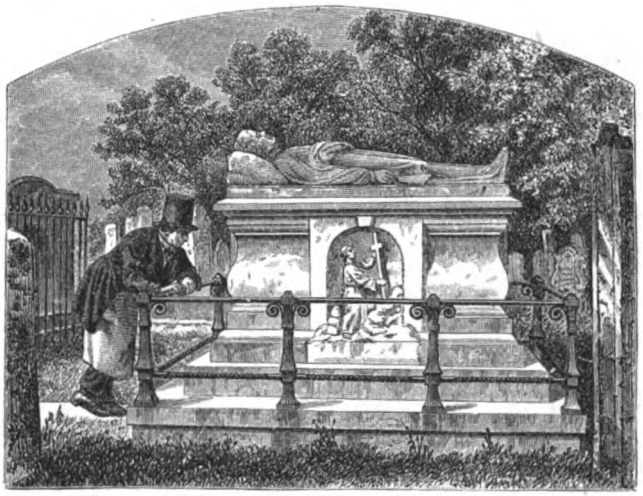
on Bun-hill Fields; and we shall have our resting places marked out too, before many more crops of autumn leaves shall fall to the ground; but evermore, the path to such resting-place, for such as he, and for such as we, must lie straight through the awful Valley of the Shadow of Death.

It would be a sad story if there were no Celestial City. Now, let us read "The Pilgrim's Progress."



TOMB OF JOHN BUNYAN.—(TAKEN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

SAM QUIMBY'S ART SUMMER.

By Fanny Barrow.

In the warm August days, with their golden sunshine, making wood and sky magnificent, an artist named May came to live with farmer Quimby. He set his easel up in the "spare room," spare and prim enough; for Mrs. Quimby—although she kept everything as neat as a pin, and cooked delightful doughnuts—knew as much about making a room beautiful to live in as a cat knows about playing the fiddle.

So the artist went into the woods, and brought back long trailing vines, and twined wreaths over the windows and door. He hung up a set of wooden shelves, ornamented with birch bark, upon which he arranged his books; and the room began to look comfortable.

But Mrs. Quimby, who was a fat, funny-looking old lady with no shape at all to speak of, lifted up her hands and eyes and exclaimed, "Wall now! It just beats me why he should want to litter up the room with them ar old weeds!"

Not so Sam, the farmer's son—a great, rough, healthy, country boy. He stood at the door, bashfully peeping in, and declared that it was "terrible pooty," and "dreadful nice," and when the artist looked up smiling at these compliments, he rushed off and hid himself in the barn.

Sam was out in the fields nearly all day, tossing hay, and riding home on top of great loads of it, full of grasshoppers; and whenever he could get a chance, darting into his mother's pantry, eating doughnuts and drinking milk. But now, he did something besides this. He forgot his work, to watch the artist. Great and greater grew his wonder, as the woods and mountains so familiar to him appeared upon the canvas. And when the lovely little stream, which sang all day long through the wood, and at last in a high frolic, tumbled heels over head over a boulder, came to light in the artist's work, Sam had almost spasms of delight.

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"NOW, I'LL PUT A LITTLE COLOR ONTO YOU."

"Oh dear," he cried, "I wish I could make pictures. I must! I will!" and he rubbed his hair up hard with both hands, and looked quite crazy enough for a genius.

He begged his mother for paper and pencil, and rushing out, climbed up into the fork of a tree, and after many attempts, during which he chewed his pencil into bits, he drew

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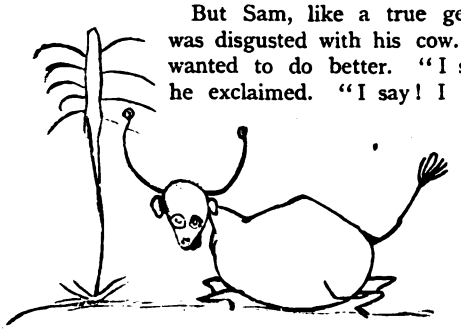
this beautiful picture of a cow reclining at her ease.

Here it is; quite nice, I think, for a beginning. At any rate, it looks more like a cow than it does like a crocodile.



But Sam, like a true genius, was disgusted with his cow. He wanted to do better. "I say!" he exclaimed. "I say! I know how to make a cow *here*,"—thumping his head with his fist, "why can't I get it right on paper?"

The next day he drew the cat washing her face by the kitchen fire. It looked very like the cow, with whiskers instead of horns, but never mind. Sam went on sketching everything he saw, on odd bits of paper, and all over the wall of his little room in the peaked roof of the cottage, until Mrs. Quimby, dreadfully worried about him, said to the farmer, "I'm clean tuckered out about Sam; I do believe he has gone cracked!"

"Gone cracked!" repeated the farmer. "Why, Molly, he's a'most as smart as the painter fellow! Why, now, just look at that there cat he took! Why, it's as likely a picture as ever I see."

"Oh," cried Sam, delighted at this praise, "I've got some paintin' fixin's that Mr. May gave me, and I'd like to take your portrait, Pop. Just you sit down and let me try."

The other artist had gone away trout-fishing for the day, and Sam, in his delight, proposed to borrow his easel and paint his father in fine style.

Down sat the good old farmer, grinning and chuckling, and Sam, staring his eyes nearly out of his head, made a lovely profile likeness of his father, with his old cloth cap stuck far back on his head, and one eye very flat and wide open, in the top of the forehead.

"Wall, I declare!" cried the old man, looking into the picture as though it were a mirror, "it beats all! but I must go now."

"All right," said Sam, as he leaned back in his chair to take an admiring gaze at his work; "you go and I'll stay and put a little more color onto you."

Meantime, the other artist had returned unexpectedly, and he was now standing at the door nearly bursting with suppressed laughter. At last a queer choking sound caused Sam to turn around. Up he jumped, dropped the palette, tried to pick it up, stepped on it, fell over it, and in his frantic struggles, upset the easel, with the tumbler of water, his father's portrait and all, and finally picked himself up with his hair straight on end with fright and confusion.

"Well, my young Titian," said the artist as soon as he could speak for laughing, "there's nothing to be ashamed of. Do you think you would like to be a painter? If you choose I will give you lessons."

This glorious offer made Sam turn crimson, and tingle from head to foot with delight. He had no fine long words in which to express his joy. He only answered, "Oh, yes, sir," and rushed out into the kitchen, to stand on his head, and dance a hornpipe, in order to relieve his feelings.

Then, all at once, he went up to his mother, who was rolling out paste for an apple-dumpling, and said in a strange, soft, new voice. "Oh mother! I am going to learn to be a painter, then I too will know how to paint the beautiful woods and mountains."

After this, Sam's thoughts by day were of painting, and he dreamed of nothing else at night.

But Mrs. Quimby went about turning up the whites of her eyes and moaning. "Who on earth will help your father with the farm? Who'll help him, I want to know?"

While the good old farmer, who was as sensible an old fellow as you will meet in a month of Sundays, said: "Never you mind, Molly; if it is in him to be a painter, he won't make a good farmer; so just you let the boy try."

Sam is hard at work now, learning his art—and for aught you and I know, or do not know—one of these days we may hear again of Samuel Quimby, Esq., the great painter.

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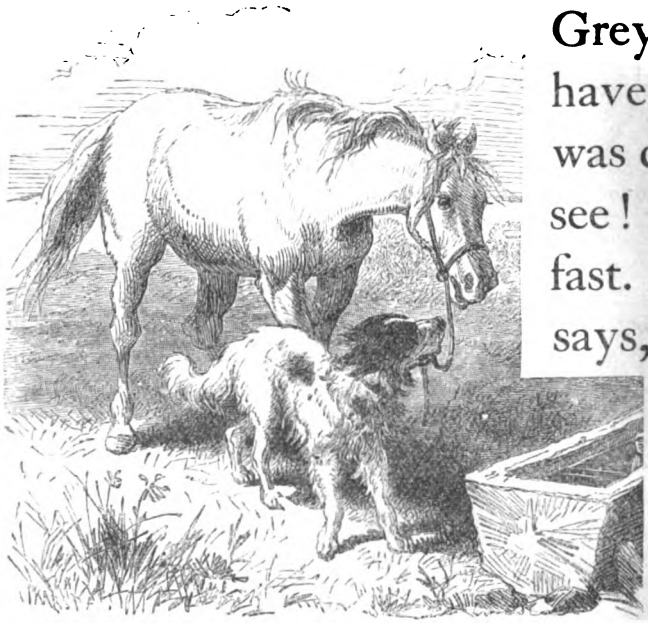
FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS.

"Oh, come, Bell," said Kate, with a hop, skip, and jump; "come take a walk with me."

"Oh yes," said Bell, "let us go," and she too had to hop, skip, and jump, she was so glad.

Down the lane they went, hand in hand, with a hop, skip, and jump, all in a lump, till they fell with a bump, just by a pump. But they were not hurt. Oh, dear no! not a bit!

"Oh, look!" said Bell, "look at Dash, and old Grey! Why, Grey must have told Dash that he was dry, oh so dry! and see! Dash has the rope fast. He looks up! he says, 'Come to the pump, old Grey, and take all you want.' I love Dash, don't you?"



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THE WONDERFUL RIVER.

By Paul Fort.

[SEE FRONTISPIECE.]

THE entrance to the cave was not imposing. It seemed like a hole in the ground—and that, in fact, was all it was. But those who had gone through this hole and had entered the grand "chamber of the Dome," through which the Wonderful River ran, knew what a magnificent place the cave was. The underground dwarfs used to sail on the river in their boats, and when their torches blazed up they could see the roof high above them sparkling as though it were set with diamonds, and wherever the light struck on the walls they shone and glittered like piles of polished crystal. Long pendants, hanging as if they were icicles of stone, gleamed with bright edges and points from the arches overhead, and under all this grandeur and brilliancy the river rolled, dark and silent. The underground dwarfs (and no one else had ever seen this cave) understood very little about this river. They knew it came out of the wall at one end of the cave and went into the wall at the other end, but that was all they knew. And considering how curious they were, and how anxious to find out things, it is a wonder that the river remained a complete mystery until young Akaran's day. Young Akaran made up his mind that he would find out all about the river, and one day he took a little boat and after fitting it up for an exploration, he rowed to the place where the river entered the wall of the cave. Then, as there was plenty of room for both the river and his little boat, he pulled into the great tunnel through which the water flowed. He was gone ever so many days, and all his friends thought he was lost, but one afternoon they heard his voice calling over the water under the great Dome, and they rowed out with torches to meet him. The Most Important dwarf sat in the prow of the first boat and everybody was full of joyful expectation. Akaran had wonderful things to tell.

"I rowed and I rowed for a day and a night," said he.

"And what did you discover?" asked the Most Important dwarf.

"Oh! I went on still further, and rowed, and rowed, and rowed."

"And what did you find out then?"

"I didn't stop," said Akaran, "but I rowed on and on, until at last the rocks were so many and so sharp, and the wind was so cold, that I thought I had gone far enough, and so I came back, rejoicing that I had rowed further along the Wonderful River than any one in the world."

"But what did you see?" the Most Important dwarf asked again.

"Oh, I couldn't see anything. It was as dark as pitch all the way. And the wind blew so that I could not light a torch."

"And so you really saw nothing at all?"

"Not a thing," said Akaran. "But no one ever went so far along the river before."

"And no one ever shall again," said the Most Important dwarf. "To risk life where nothing is to be gained by it, is all stuff and nonsense. Let us row home."

And so the Wonderful River has ever since flowed on as before, dark and mysterious beneath the great Dome and through the unknown tunnels. None know whence it comes or whither it goes.

But the dwarfs are just as happy as if they knew.

My little one came, and brought me a flower,
  Never a sweeter one grew;
But it faded and faded in one short hour,
  And lost all its pretty blue.

My little one stayed in the room, and played;
  And so my flower bloomed bright—
My beautiful blossom that did not fade,
  But slept in my arms all night.

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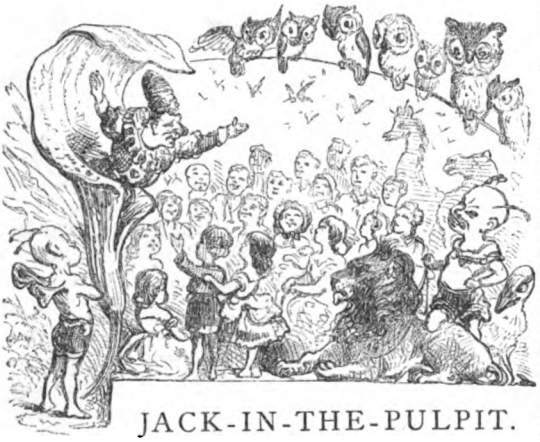

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HERE I am again! Nothing very much to say, so I suppose we'll talk rather longer than usual.

LEAVE THE HOUSE.

SOME of you children look pale. That's because you don't exercise enough in the open air—you, little girls, I mean especially. Study your lessons if you must, for I wouldn't on any account interfere with the advice of other Jacks; but remember that there are out-of-door lessons to learn—music lessons to take from the birds in summer and the winds in winter, picture lessons from Master Nature, health lessons from Dr. Oxygen, and love lessons from the bright blue sky. Don't miss them, my dears, else some day you'll be "kept in" for non-attendance in a way you'll not fancy. What would you like to hear about this time? The birds have brought me word of all sorts of doings, and I hardly know where to begin.

INDIA RUBBER TREES.

ARE all of you provided with India rubber boots for the winter? A smart bird asked me the other day if I'd ever seen an overshoes tree. He thought he was having a good joke on poor Jack. But I stirred his feathers by telling him that I hadn't seen one, but that I knew more about them than he could chirp to the moon in a fortnight. You see, a South American bird had told a friend of mine all about it. He gave me some figures about the caoutchouc or India rubber tree that I can spare as well as not: The trees are very plentiful, 43,000 of them having been counted in a tract of land eight miles wide and less than four times as long. They are tapped for the sake of a milky juice, which is the India rubber used in manufacture. This juice or "gum" is whitish at first, but is blackened by smoke. Each tree yields about a tulipful a day, and can be tapped for twenty successive years; so you see, in case you haven't your boots yet, the chances are that they are oozing out of some tree for you at this very moment.

NIGHT SCHOOLS.

TALKING of lessons, I wonder if the ST. NICHOLAS children have any idea of how many girls and boys go to night schools. The poor little things have to work during the day, and so, rather than not have any schooling at all, they say their lessons at night. Not only young persons, but middle-aged men and women attend these schools. I know of one man past forty years of age who has learned to read at a night school within the last two years. All honor to him and the school too. Such schools abound now in the large cities. They have fine rooms, good teachers, and many thousand pupils in all. Capital thing; but (whisper) I'm glad I don't have to go.

A STRETCH OF GOLD.

TALKING of figures, a humming bird told me the other day on the very best authority that a piece of pure gold as big, or, I should say, as small as his own bright little eye, could be beaten out thinner and thinner until it would cover seventy square miles. Some of you school-boys may say "That's too thin," but you're mistaken; and besides, Jack doesn't approve of slang expressions.

A NEW CONUNDRUM.

HERE'S a conundrum. Very young folk needn't apply. What wild animal is the past tense of a verb which, spelled with two letters, means a negative?

It's a *gnu* conundrum, you observe.

TREES UPON STILTS.

DID ever you hear of trees upon stilts? A lady who had been reading a book called the "Desert World" told a little bird about it, and the little bird brought word direct to me. In Guiana and Brazil, the lady said, are found the immense forests which supply the whole world with nearly all the dye woods in use, and the most beautiful timbers for cabinet work. These trees love the sea air, so they grow as near to the shore as they can without having their roots and trunks washed by the salt water, which would kill most if not all of them. Between these great forests and the open ocean stretch vast swamps, which at low tide are only marshy, but at high tide are covered with several feet of water. In these swamps grow immense quantities of mangroves, their dense foliage seeming to float on the surface of the water when the tide is in, but when it is out the branches present the appearance of growing out of the sides of prostrate trunks of trees, which are supported upon immense crooked stilts. These

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stilts are the bare roots, which are obliged to seek the deep rich mud for nourishment, at the same time that they must support the trunk and branches at a height that the tide cannot affect them. The mangrove swamps are the haunts of many curious creatures which are here almost perfectly safe from pursuit, for the tangled masses of roots are a more effectual defence than the strongest walls.

A VERY FUNNY BOOK.

I DON'T know when I've laughed inwardly more than I did at a book that a dear little girl had in our meadow yesterday. The pictures are enough to split the sides of the soberest Jack-in-the-Pulpit that ever lived; so funny, and so bright with color that, for a moment, it seemed to me as if the autumn landscape had suddenly turned into a great big illuminated joke. The book is English—I'd wager my staik on that; but it is republished by Mr. Scribner's publishing house in New York. It is called "The Ten Little Niggers;" and I'll tell you the thrilling story it illustrates, if you'll allow me to change one little word throughout the poem, so as not to hurt anybody's feelings:

THE TEN LITTLE BLACK BOYS.

Ten little black boys went out to dine;
One choked his little self, and then there were nine.

Nine little black boys sat up very late;
One overslept himself, and then there were eight.

Eight little black boys traveling in Devon;
One said he'd stay there, and then there were seven.

Seven little black boys, chopping up sticks;
One chopped himself in halves, and then there were six.

Six little black boys, playing with a hive;
A bumble-bee stung one, and then there were five.

Five little black boys, going in for law;
One got in chancery, and then there were four.

Four little black boys, going out to sea;
A red herring swallowed one, and then there were three.

Three little black boys, walking in the "Zoo;"
The big bear hugged one, and then there were two.

Two little black boys, sitting in the sun;
One got frizzled up, and then there was one.

One little black boy, living all alone;
He got married, and then there were none.

THE BEST PATHFINDERS.

DO my young Americans know who are the best pathfinders on the American continent, the great original pathfinders of the West? I'll tell you. They are the buffaloes. Yes, sir, it's true. Hear what a correspondent of ST. NICHOLAS writes with the quill of a dear gray-goose friend of mine:

As the frosts of winter destroy their pastures in the north, so the heats of summer parch those in the south, and the buffaloes must, each spring and autumn, take long journeys in search of fresh feeding grounds. The large size and weight of these somewhat clumsy explorers make it rather difficult for them to cross the mountains, so they seek out for themselves the most practicable routes; and hunters and emigrants have found that a "buffalo-track" offers the surest and safest path for men and horses. The best passes in the Cumberland and Rocky mountains, and the regions of the Yellowstone, and the Colorado, have been discovered by following the trail of these sagacious animals.

I know this is so, for the great traveler, Humbolt, once wrote: "In this way the humble buffalo has filled a most important part in facilitating geographical discovery in mountainous regions otherwise as trackless as the Arctic wastes, as the sands of Sahara."

ORGAN MOUNTAINS.

I KNOW where there are some organ mountains! How did I hear? Why, the fact is, my new ST. NICHOLAS friends, without intending the slightest disrespect to the birds, already have begun to send me paragrams, as I suppose all messages over the paragraphic wires must be called. Here's the message about organ mountains: "I don't mean musical instruments, dear Jack, so big as to be called mountains—though there are some cathedral organs large enough to almost deserve the term,—but real mountains. Up to heights sometimes greater than that of Mount Washington, these organ mountains do not differ from other ranges in the same countries. But suddenly, from the midst of the trees and verdure with which the lower parts of the mountains are covered, there rise the vast and smoothly-rounded columns of sparkling porphyry whose resemblance to the pipes of gigantic organs gives a name to the mountains.

"Peaks and ranges of this kind are found in France and in Mexico, but the most celebrated are the *Sierra de los Organos* in Brazil, rising west and north of the beautiful bay of Rio Janeiro. To make the resemblance more complete these mountains emit a grand and wonderful harmony. The lightest breeze, even the cry of a jaguar, or the howling of a monkey, passing between these vast stone pipes produces a wild and solemn music. The great instruments are seldom quite silent, even in the calmest weather, but in a storm their mysterious tones rise and swell into harmonious thunder. Sometimes long before a storm breaks upon the country below, the inhabitants are warned by the notes of the mountains that a tempest is coming, and the Indians whisper, 'The Great Spirit makes thunder-music; by and by He will be angry.'"

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BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE most charming book for young readers published this season, is "*Bed-time Stories*," by Louise Chandler Moulton (Roberts Bros., Boston). The volume contains sixteen delightfully-told tales, just as full of lovable boys and girls as any book can be. We fear that if any of these stories were told at bed-time to some young folks we know, they would not have their natural rest, for it would be impossible to get them to go to sleep until every story was told. The illustrations are by Addie Ledyard, and altogether it is a book which our little folks—the girls especially—ought to have before the year is out.

AFTER you have read Mrs. Moulton's book you hardly can find anything new that will interest you more than *Northern Lights*, a collection of stories by Swedish and Finnish authors, translated by Selma Borg and Marie A. Brown. The publishers (Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia) have had the original Swedish pictures re-drawn by Mr. Bensell, and the book is one of the handsomest of the season. These "Lights" will lead you into the very brightest and richest nooks of story-land, and, what is of great importance, they will bring you back again, with its gleams still lingering about you. It is a good thing to feel, after we have read a delightful book, "Ah, now I can strive and study with a will!" But if it makes us sigh, "Ah, how can I take up my old humdrum life again!" we may be sure something is wrong.

Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, send us "*Lady Green Satin.*"

Lady Green Satin was only a little white mouse, living in a cattle-shed on the Pyrenees mountains, until Jean Paul found her.

Jean Paul was nine years old. His father was dead, his mother and sisters very poor, so poor, that the dear little fellow ran five miles to carry a letter and fetch its answer, in order to earn a little less than ten of our cents, that he might buy black-bread to give them to eat.

The way was so long that on his way back it grew quite dark. The rain began to fall, and he went into the cattle-shed where Lady Green Satin and her maid Rosetti lived.

In the night when the white mice began to nibble at the little boy's supper of white bread, Jean Paul caught them, put them on his head underneath his leather cap, fastened it, and went home before daylight.

This delightful new fairy story tells us how the little white mice came to be Lady Green Satin and her maid Rosetti; how Jean Paul taught them to perform wonderful tricks on a small white board, which he called his theatre; how, when times were bad and he could get no more money by exhibiting Lady Green Satin among the Pyrenees, he left his home one day, with the consent of his mother, and made his way to Paris. The story tells us how, after many days the little fellow came to the great city; how he thought he could sleep in the streets and found that he could not; how he gained his lodgings for two sous a night, and then went and came, cold, wet, hungry, and sometimes very happy because Lady Green Satin and her maid Rosetti had performed so well, that he had gained good friends, and best of all, had gathered many sous to send to his dear mother and sisters.

The story is charmingly told. The sweet, *every-minute* trust in the good God that led Jean Paul safely through so many hard places and at last back to his home, is just the trust that children, and grown folks, too, need everywhere in order to make life bright all the way through. The book is written by the Baroness E. Martineau des Chesnez, and will, we hope, be read by every reader of ST. NICHOLAS.

"*Romain Kalbris.* His Adventures by Sea and Shore," is a book that is certain to be read—devoured, we will say—by every boy into whose hands it may fall, and upon the whole, we recommend it. The adventures are possible, the escapes thrilling; and Romain's honesty is so true in great or small emergencies, and his return to his duties at last is so satisfactory that we are inclined to do as others did and forgive him. Romain Kalbris is translated from the French of Hector Malot, by Mrs. Julia McNair Wright. Published by Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia.

"*Try and Trust; or, The Story of a Bouna Boy.*" By Horatio Alger, Jr. Loring, publisher, Boston. Here is a book for the boys, by a capital writer. It is the story of an orphan boy who had been well trained, and fairly educated, but who on the death of his mother was left without means. His uncle in a distant city, influenced by the pride of his family, failed to assist him. He was then obliged to take a situation as bound-boy by the select-men of the town in which he lived. His upright conduct and fearlessness carry him safely through many perils. The master to whom he is bound is very cruel, but his unreasonable treatment only serves to show the heroism of the boy, who

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bravely carries out the last advice of his loved mother, to "try and trust." After leaving his inhuman master, he meets with many adventures, and finally ——. But you must read the book for yourselves, young friends. Its fresh incidents will delight you and you'll take in good lessons without knowing it.

"*Brightside*," by Mrs. E. Bedell Benjamin. Published by Robert Carter & Bros.

This story of little Sorella, an English child, left in charge of a careless nurse in Italy while her parents went to Russia, and afterwards stolen in Naples and brought to America, is told in a simple and very interesting manner. All our children will be delighted to be told how this little stolen girl came to be known by the pleasant family at Brightside, and what came of that knowledge.

"*Aunt Sadie's Cow*," by Sarah J. Prichard. Published by Robert Carter & Bros.

A beautiful story well told by one who knows the ins and outs of young hearts.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Matt's Follies, and other Stories, by Mary N. Prescott, with illustrations. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

Children of The Olden Time, by the author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam." Scribner, Welford & Armstrong, New York.

Leaves from the Tree of Life, by Rev. Richard Newton, D.D.; *Truffle Nephews*, by Rev. P. B. Power; *Fanny's Birthday Gift*, by Joanna H. Matthews; *Kitty and Lulu* books; *Not Bread Alone*. Robert Carter & Bros., New York.

THE RIDDLE BOX.

CLASSICAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT.
2. God of the Shepherds.
3. Inferior Roman gods.
4. A Myrmidon hero; father of Epigeus.
5. A beautiful youth punished by Nemesis.
6. A legendary hero of Attica: who, emulating Hercules, undertook to destroy the robbers and monsters that infested the country.
7. A fierce and powerful Thracian people, subdued by the Romans.
8. The clothing of the Satyrs.
9. A consonant.

The centre letters, horizontal and perpendicular, name a god and a flower.

CHARADE.

MY *second* went to the side of my *first*,
And stayed through the *whole*, for the air;
There were croquet and swinging,
And bathing and singing
And chatting with maidens fair.

HIDDEN SQUARE WORDS.

FOUR words concealed in the following sentence will form a perfect word-square:

He gazes toward the lone beech on the far distant hillside, and thinks how happy he should be could he but own all those broad and fertile fields.

SQUARE REMAINDERS.

BEHEAD three words having the following significations, and the remaining letters will form a word-square:

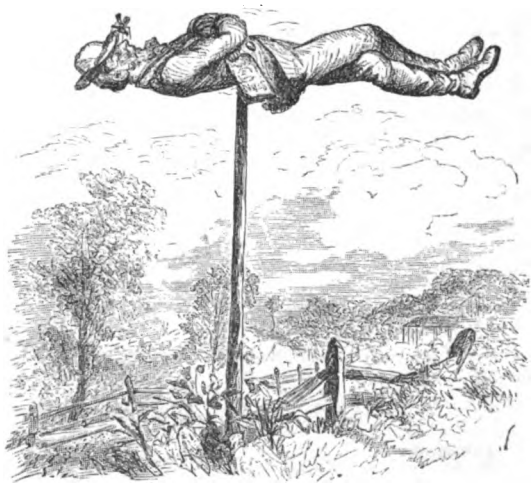
1. Genuine; 2. To change; 3. To crook.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

I SHINE like the dew-drop when beauty adorning,
I reflect the *green* leaves sun-kissed in the morning.

1. A river famed in story.
2. This the reporter's glory.
3. A name for anything.
4. This man will have to swing.
5. And now I really wish
   To taste this Spanish dish.
6. This number's anything.
7. He played before the king.

REBUS.



[WHAT GREAT MAN IS THIS?]

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PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

POSITIVES AND COMPARATIVES.

(EXAMPLES.—Stream—streamer, past—pastor.)

1. He brings his bill for service done,
   And straightway mounts his steed.
2. The little rascal plays his pranks,
   Then runs away with speed.
3. Now see the youth with nimble tread
   As step by step he mounts.
4. How well the story he'll relate,
   How rapidly he counts.
5. Then give me but my Arab steed,
   And well I'll shave his head.
6. Oh! what a horrid, noisy bell,
   The noontide meal is spread.

PUZZLE.

CUR
IOU sepit apht HEM
ilk ofhum AN
KIN
DN essw ASM yow N dearc
HE rubwi FEI'
LLN Eve RFI nda no
the rone asgo O dinal
LM yli FES heblo
O Me
DS he B loss
O Me
DS He Dec aye Dan
Dun Dert Hist Reeh
erbo
DYISLA ID.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES AND PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.—Hesperus, the Evening Star. (Hesperia, Granius, Vesta, Teuta, Hera, Nereis).

RIDDLE.—A drum.

ELLIPSES.—2.—Abby, baby. 3.—Levl, veil. 4.—Ruth, hurt. 5.—Sway, ways. 6.—Pass, asps. 7.—Kale, lake.

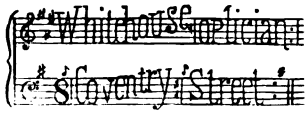
ANAGRAMS.—1.—Earliest. 2.—Immediate. 3.—Proselytes. 4.—Rapacity. 5.—Abdicates. 6.—Beardless. 7.—Journalist. 8.—Enlargement. 9.—Sectarian. 10.—Incarceration.

REBUS.—In at one ear, and out at the other.

LOGOGRIPH.—Carpet—out of which may be made: ace, acre, act, ape, arc, art, car, care, carp, cart, cap, cape, cat, crape, crate, ear, pace, part, pat, pea, pear, peat, pet, race, rap, rat, rate, tap, tape, tar, tare, tea, tear.

PARAPHRASED PROVERB.—A care-less watch inn-vi(e)-tes a vigilant foe.

THE VISION.—



DIAMOND WORD.—

b
r a g
n e g r o
b a g p i p e
b r i a r
a p c
e

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.—Next month we shall give the names of those boys and girls who sent to the "Riddle Box" the best list of answers to this rebus. Here are the names of sixty towns and places that can be found in the picture:

Lone Pine. Archangel. Bridgeport. Krossen. Buffalo. Rockland. Portland. Rockport. Watertown. Cape Fear. Homestead. Pigeon Roost. Hillsdale. Black Rock. Enfield. Waterford. Horse Creek. Horsford. Columbia. Domaize. Hall. Carr Rock. Log Cabin. Houston. Katonah. China. Table Rock. Genoa. Salem. Manchac. Waterloo. Cape Henlopen. Pine Hill. Boardman. Mendota. Logie. Stockton. Leghorn. Rameses. Ramsgate. Wellow. Lowell. Manchester. Bootan. Manaccan. Stone. Kane. Loggun. Canaan. Kasey's. Manatee. Crestline. Painted Post. Turkey. Cape Horn. Skowhegan. Chickasaw. Washington. Bull Run. Plainfield.

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THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

FROM A PAINTING BY DELAROCHE.

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. I. JANUARY, 1874. NO. 3.

CHRISTMAS ANGELS.

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL.

I FEEL like a savage—indeed I do; like Captain Kidd with his knife whetted sharp, "as he sailed, as he sailed," and the Christmas duns are coming in (you 'll know what duns are soon enough without looking in your dictionaries).

And A—— has promised to pay, and does n't pay; and B—— has promised to pay, and does n't pay. And Sligo & Co., who had a few hundred dollars of ours—laid up for a wet day—have suspended: (you 'll know what that word means too, if you live long enough).

Yet all the while, just beside me, where I am writing, I can see a white winged Christmas angel, with a star upon her forehead and hand uplifted, is warbling a Christmas carol:—

"And all the angels in heaven do sing,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the angels in heaven do sing,
On Christmas day in the morning."

"Rat—tat—tat." Somebody has come up to the door with his small bill; and would Mr. —— "be so kind as to give a cheque?"

—"And all the souls on earth do sing,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the souls on earth do sing,
On Christmas day in the morning."

Shall the angels carry the day? or, shall Captain Kidd?

There is a little gush of song from below, where piping voices are putting themselves in trim for a Christmas anthem, and it floats up the stairs and fills the upper hall, and blends softly and gently with other voices that I seem to hear above the house-tops, carrying along through the wintry

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skies the first great Christmas carol of "Peace and good-will to men."

That was what the shepherds heard, you know, as they lay out of doors at night on the hillside somewhere in Judea. And I suppose the angels that sang it have been singing it ever since, on every Christmas night (eighteen hundred and seventy-three of them)—if we could only hear it. The singing master's rules can't make you hear it; nor what he calls an ear for music. There are hard-handed men and tender-hearted women whom I know, who could n't tell Old Hundred from the last new opera tune—and yet they have so taken up the burden of that old, first carol of the Christmas angels into their ears and heads and hearts, that they go echoing it in every step of their march through life.

The angels may talk in songs, perhaps; who knows? But *we* don't. There's a great deal of Christmas music that does n't get sung, nor yet tripped off from the keys of Miss Gertrude's piano.

"What sort of music, then?" says Miss Gertrude, in a maze.

Well, there is the click of needles that goes to the knitting of some warm worsted muffler for grandmamma; there is the earnest "Thank ye ma'am" from the old crone in the edge of the wood, who gets a fat fowl for her dinner that one day in the year; there is the stifled whispering of a crew of little voices, which covers—or tries to cover—some grand scheme of a gift that is to lie all revealed and dazzling on mamma's plate on Christmas morning; there are the thousand kind words of greeting and cheer drifting about in all the mail-bags of Christmas time, making the leathern pouches fuller of music than even the Scotch bag-pipes. For once, too, there is music in the schoolmaster's voice as he says, "The boys and girls may have a holiday!"

Then there are the stealthy footfalls of that dear, tender-hearted mistress of the household as she gropes her way, past midnight, from chamber to chamber, bearing gifts heaped up and running over for the little slumberers—not waking these; but surely those quiet, stealthy, kindly footfalls of hers shall waken echoes for the blithest carols that any of the angels can sing.

For one, I don't believe that all the angels who hover near the earth at Christmas time are grown-up angels, though the painters may make them so. I think there are little half-formed, piping voices that make themselves heard from out all the Christmas carolings, more clearly and distinctly, for many a listening ear, than if they were full-grown voices.

I dare say you do not know why I should say this, or what I mean by it. I can fancy that Miss Gertrude or Miss Alice are all agape with wonderment.

But listen for a moment.

Do you know of any little private drawer, where you young people may not venture; and have you ever caught sight in it of a tiny pair of half-worn morocco shoes, which you know can fit no one—no one of the living—and have you ever caught chance sight of a certain loved figure bowed down over that private drawer; and hurrying away, as if you had no right there, have you glanced furtively afterward at your mother's face to see if there were signs of tears?

Yes, there are Christmas angels, who are not half grown; and their childish voices in the sweet Christmas tunes, change the plaint of a mother into carols of joy.

I think there are *old* Christmas angels too, whatever the painters may say.

At this, Miss Gertrude rolls her eyes in wonderment again.

Have n't you or I had, some day, a darling old grandmother, who wore spectacles, perhaps, but who had a peach bloom upon her cheek, that told of great beauty in her younger days; not over tall, but with a walk that was almost stately for its dignity? Then, she had such far-seeing, kindly eyes, we could never escape them; we never wanted to escape them; they had such a sweet, inviting fondness in them. She did not make her home with us; otherwise, I think we should have outgrown a little awe that always came over us in her presence. Yet it was an awe that was full of tenderness.

Jeanette, who was the clever one among us, said she did n't quite know whether she felt most fear or love of grandmamma: but she could never be in the room with her a half hour, and hear her talk as she was used to talk, without running up and throwing her arms around her neck in such a headlong way as put all the old lady's ruffles (for which she had a vanity) in danger.

I think Jeanette was the grandmother's favorite.

But when the Christmas box came—as it was sure to come—bless me, there was no favoritism there.

Dick had his ball—we knew what fingers had sewed up its morocco cover; Fred has his top, and a host of nick-nacks besides; and there were tid-bits of all sorts, and candies running over; but for each child, whatever that child's fancy would most have coveted, and with every gift a line of writing in that dear hand—overlooked then, in that Christmas gale of frolic, but dearly remembered now.

Does anybody who ever had such a grandmamma doubt that she is among the Christmas angels?

(I must own to you, my youngsters, that I had

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quite forgotten the Captain and his sharp knife, but will tell you more of him some day.)

Meantime, I am sure that on these—of whom we have been talking—and such as these, brightening their lives with kindly deeds of cheer and of good-will—whether young or old, living or dying—in Christmas times, and in all times, a great light shall shine forever more.

THE LAST FLOWER OF THE YEAR.

By Lucy Larcom.

The gentian was the year's last child,
Born when the winds were hoarse and wild
With wailing over buried flowers,
The playmates of their sunnier hours.

The gentian hid a thoughtful eye
Beneath deep fringes, blue and shy;
Only by warmest noon-beams won,
To meet the welcome of the sun.

The gentian, her long lashes through,
Looked up into the sky so blue,
And felt at home—the color, there,
The good God gave herself to wear.

The gentian searched the fields around;
No flower-companion there she found.
Upward, from all the woodland ways,
Floated the aster's silvery rays.

The gentian shut her eyelids tight
On falling leaf and frosty night;
And close her azure mantle drew,
While dreary winds around her blew.

The gentian said, "The world is cold;
Yet one clear glimpse of heaven I hold.
The sun's last thought is mine to keep;
Enough—now let me go to sleep."

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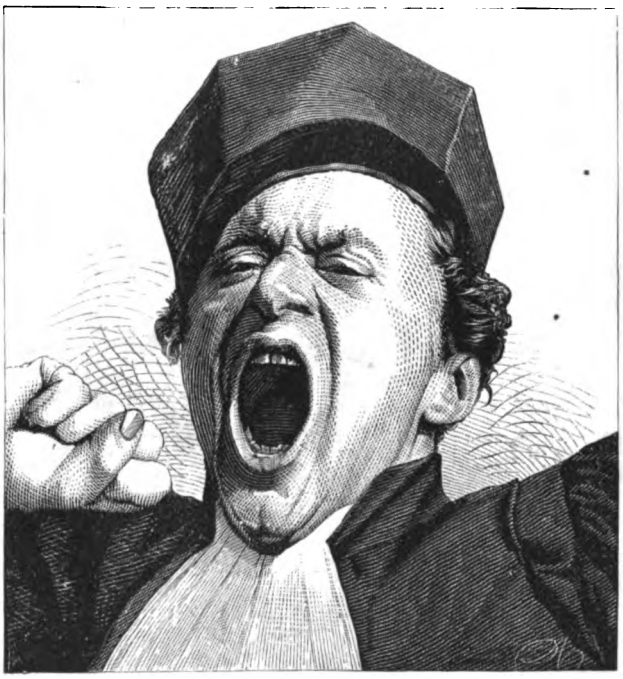

THE MAN WHO SAT THE OLD YEAR OUT.

THE ELVES' GIFT.

The Veritable Narrative of Thomas Graspen.

BY ARTHUR CROSBY.

IT was very cold, so cold that all about the old farm house that day—though the sun had been shining his brightest—the icicles had hung motionless, except, perhaps, in one snug little corner, where the leafless wistaria trails over the dining-room window, and the rose-bushes in their overcoats of straw looked so comfortable and warm. Into that cozy nook the sun always rushed with such an earnest good will, and lingered there so cheerily, that the coldest-hearted icicle in the world could hardly hold out against him. But on that day, before Christmas, I am not sure but even there the icicles were unyielding, it was so bitter cold. There had been a thaw the previous day, but now the deep snow was crusted over so firmly that the children could play on the top of it, without any chance of breaking through. Of course, this was grand fun. They were muffled up in scarfs, and tippets, and leggins, until they looked like so many laughing worsted balls. How their red cheeks shone, and their bright eyes sparkled! How they rolled, and tumbled, and screamed! and little Peter (he was just six) actually had to lie on his back and kick his fat legs in the air, he felt *so* good.

But for Tom Graspen, this was all too childish. Why? Tom was a big boy. He was eleven last August, and he was not going to play on the snow with the children, while "the boys" were all going skating on the mill-pond—not he.

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The plan that afternoon, was to stay late, for there would be a splendid moon.

What sport they had as they made the hard ice ring beneath their steel-clad feet! To be sure, Tom was n't quite satisfied; he liked the fine skating well enough, but he seemed to want summer weather with it, and that, of course, was quite out of the question; then his skates, excellent as they were, were not of the tip-top, very best and latest make, and that troubled him. However, all the other boys were in such glee it did n't make much matter. They raced, they played "Cross the Line," and "Fox and Geese" until the blood fairly leaped through their young veins. And then when the sun had set and the moonlight came, it was like a dream of fairy-land to glide over the smooth, gleaming ice.

It was glorious! The very air was full of Christmas gladness. But all things must end; and at last the skaters knew their time was up; and so, reluctantly taking off their skates, they set out for home.

For a little way up the lane they all kept together, but when they reached the main road, Will, and Harry and Bob, and the rest, went in one direction, while our friend Tom had about a mile of lonely road, right through the woods, to walk, all by himself. To tell the truth, he did n't like it much. He was not a bit afraid! Oh, no, indeed—but then, you know, he would just a little rather have had hold of his father's hand. However, he slung his skates over his shoulder, and shoved his hands very deep into his overcoat pockets, and began to whistle very loud, and walk just as fast as his tired legs would let him.

He had gone perhaps half of the way home, when suddenly he thought he heard some one calling, "Tom, Tom!"

I tell you he stopped short, and his heart was right up in his throat, as he looked about him in every direction. But as he could not see any one, he made up his mind that it must have been the ice cracking in the brook, or some belated squirrel taking a lonely supper in the trees. So he started off again, whistling louder than ever.

"Tom, Tom," called the same voice. And this time it was so distinct and so near that he thought some one must be speaking to him from the ground. He looked down, and there on the white snow, at his feet, clearly seen in the soft moonlight, was a little man not more than six inches high, with a long white beard that reached to his knees.

He was dressed in a beautiful flowing robe, made all of Autumn leaves, and he had on his feet the cunningest little boots, cut out of hickory nuts, and a jaunty cap of snow-bird's feathers, and on the cap a tiny crown that glistened and sparkled with frozen dew-drops; while in his hand he carried for a sceptre a sweet-briar thorn.

Tom gazed at him in utter bewilderment, and rubbed his eyes and thought it must be a dream; but there the little fellow stood, with a merry twinkle in his eye, and a right cheery ring in his clear, shrill voice, as he beckoned to Tom and sang:

"O Tommy! O Tommy! don't stand there and shake;
But follow me quick and your fortune you 'll make;
Of all Christmas fairies I 'm chief and I 'm king,
And 't is I and my elfins the church bells who ring.
We climb the steep steeple with laughter and song,
And merrily spring on the ponderous gong;
Then with a 'heave-ho' the huge clapper we raise,
And thus gleefully hail the gladdest of days.
But my moonbeam is waiting; for, Tom, you must know,
That when king-fairies ride, on moonbeams they go.
So Tom, you young rascal, don't stand there and shake,
But follow me quick and your fortune you 'll make."

Beckoning again, the elfin king started off through the woods, and Tom, who by this time had almost recovered from his fright, followed after as fast as he could. Several times he lost sight of his little majesty, and was about to turn back, but each time he would hear the shrill voice just ahead of him calling, "Tom, Tom," and then his royal highness would come shimmering back, and tell him to hurry along. At length they reached a little hollow under a couple of old oak trees, where the snow had drifted two or three feet deep. "Wait a minute," said the elf, and disappeared. Our hero waited and waited, when, just as he was about to give it all up and go home, he saw king fairy's dew-drop crown appear out of a hole in the snow-crust that he had not before noticed. "Come now," said the tiny monarch, "and see the fairies' Christmas tree." So Tom got down on his hands and knees and looked into the hole, and oh! what a magnificent sight was before his eyes! A broad flight of stairs, cut in the soft snow, led down into a large square hall with arched corridors on every side. At the side opposite the stairway the king sat on his throne, which was beautifully carved, in fantastic shapes, from a single huge icicle; while a hundred little fellows, even smaller than their lord, danced gaily on the moss-covered floor, while, with shrill piping voices they sang a weird melody. Right in the centre stood a miniature hemlock tree, lighted, Tom knew not how, but so brilliantly that the diamonds, and rubies, and precious stones of all sorts with which the tree was loaded, glistened till Tom's eyes were fairly dazzled. Presently the king waived his briar-thorn sceptre, and as soon as silence was restored, addressed his subjects:—"Most mighty and magnanimous people," he said, "children of the moonlight, offspring of the snow-flake! On this our Christmas eve, I have, accord-

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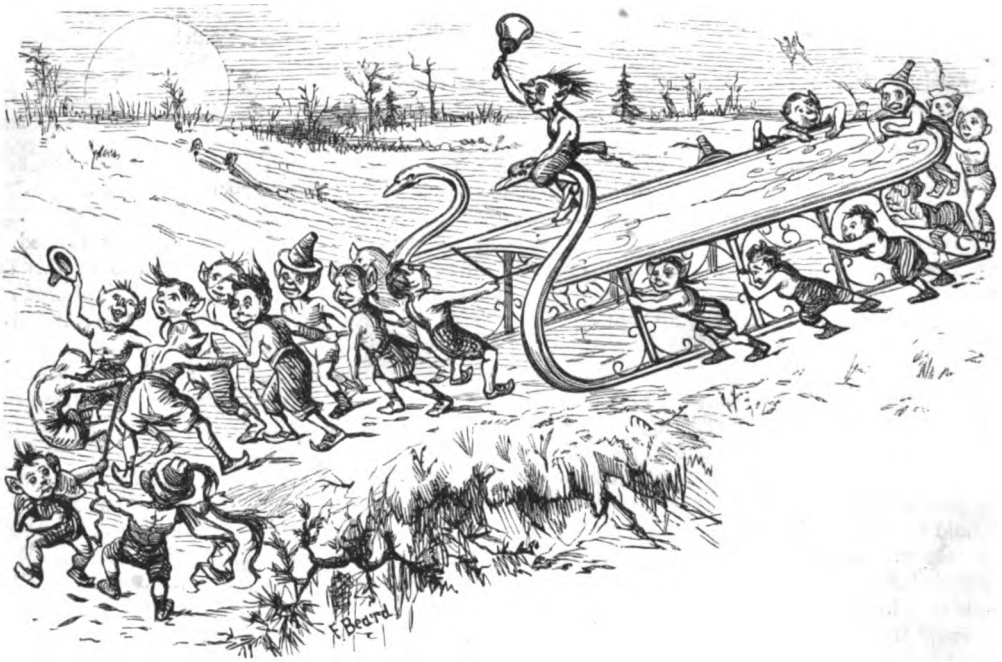
ing to our time-honored custom, brought here one little boy to share our sports and to receive a token of the fairies' kindness. Make haste and bear aloft the appointed gift."

Upon this about twenty of them, after bowing low before the throne, skipped off down one of the side corridors, but immediately returned, drawing after them a most beautiful hand sled—all carved and painted with exquisite taste, but no larger than an oyster shell; and as they came merrily on, with many a jest and laugh, the others clapped their hands and shouted joyously from very gladness and kindness of heart.



"NOW THE LITTLE FELLOWS HAD TO TUG AND PULL."

When they had climbed the stairs and passed through the entrance out to where Tom was now standing, the sled began suddenly to grow, and grow, until in a few moments, it was quite large enough for any boy to use. And now the little fellows had to tug and pull until they were red in the face, but they only seemed to enjoy it the more; and struggling manfully on, placed the golden cord in Tom's hand with a right cheery "Merry Christmas."

Now, Tom was, in most respects, an unusually good boy; but, as you have seen, he had one very serious fault: he was never satisfied with any thing that was given to him, but always wanted "something more." And so, now, instead of being grateful to the kind little elves, who had taken such pains to please him, he began to look sour and grumble, "Is that all?" The words had hardly passed his lips when the cord of his new sled slipped from his hands; the sled grew small in a twinkling, and he had barely time to see the fairies hurrying back with it into the palace of snow, when a great thick cloud came over the moon, and in the darkness he began to feel a multitude of little pinches and pricks in feet and legs, as if a whole bee-hive had broken loose, and a wasp or two besides, while a chorus of angry voices sang:

"Pinch him, and twitch him, and prick him with pins,
And jump on his toes and hammer his shins.
Send him home to his mother all tired and sore,
For Tom Graspen to-night has been asking for more.
These punishing pinches he 'll never forget,
But be thankful hereafter for what he can get."

How Tom reached home and got into his warm bed he hardly knew himself, but he woke up almost another boy on the bright Christmas morning. Everything charmed him. His presents were "just the thing," and his best friends were astonished to see him so thoroughly satisfied. In short, ever afterwards, when he felt inclined to grumble, the thought of the fairy sled and those pricks and pinches would change his sour looks into a smile of thankfulness.

As for the elves, when their king saw how disap-

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pointed they were at Tom's bad behavior, he gave them permission to disguise themselves as little boys, and take their pockets full of gold to a poor cottager and his wife who lived on the edge of the great forest.

"Great Land!" cried the delighted wife, as the elves skipped away from the house. "Them children, wherever they come from, was all lighted up with Christmas!" And her goodman thought he heard far-away voices singing:

"Tom, Tom was not content,
So to a better man we went.
Hi and a-ho, it is well to go
With welcome gifts
To the poor and low-
Ly—ah—ly—ah!"

THE TRANSFORMED STOCKINGS.

(A Poem in two parts, with Illustrations by the poet.)

BY MASTER SAM QUIMBY.

PART I.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

LITTLE children in their bed,
Both their stockings on the wall;
Not a thought disturbs their dreams—
That is, if they dream at all.

PART II.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

WHEN the Christmas morning comes,
Both the children bounce from bed:
"Wh————ee, ————ew!"
That was all the children said.

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WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER VI.

TONY STRIKES OUT.

THERE was no doubt about it; something *was* moving. There was a rise in the ground a short distance in front of the turkey-blind, and a little patch of dark sky was visible between the trees. Across this bit of sky something dark was slowly passing.

"Ye kin see 'most anything in the darkest night," whispered Tony, "ef ye kin only git the sky behind it. But that's no turkey."

"What do you think it is?" said Harry, softly. "It's big enough for a turkey."

"Too big," said Tony. "Let's git after it. You slip along the path, and I'll go round ahead of it. Feel yer way, and don't make no noise if ye run agin anything. And mind this"—and here Tony spoke in one of the most impressive of whispers—"don't you fire till yer *dead certain* what it is."

With this Tony slipped away into the darkness, and Harry, grasping his gun, set out to feel his way. He felt his way along the path for a short time, and then he felt his way out of it. Then he crept into a low, soft place, full of ferns, and out of that he carefully felt his way into a big bush, where he knocked off his hat. When he found his hat, which took him some time, he gradually worked himself out into a place where the woods were a little more open, and there he caught another glimpse of the sky just at the top of the ridge. There was something dark against the sky, and Harry watched it for a long time. At last, as it did not move at all, he came to the conclusion that it must be a bush, and he was entirely correct. For an hour or two he quietly crept among the trees, hoping he would either find the thing that was moving or get back to the turkey-blind. Several times something that he was sure was an "old har," as hares are often called in Virginia, rushed out of the bushes near him; and once he heard a quick rustling among the dead leaves that sounded as if it were made by a black snake, but it might as well have been a Chinese pagoda on wheels, for all he could see of it. At last he became very tired, and sat down to rest with his back against a big tree. There he soon began to nod, and, without the slightest intention of doing anything of the kind, he went to sleep, and slept just as soundly as if he had been in his bed at home. And this was not at all surprising, considering the amount of walking and creeping that he had done that day and night.

When he awoke it was daylight. He sprang to his feet and found he was very stiff in the legs, but that did not prevent him from running this way and that to try and find some place in the woods with which he was familiar. Before long he heard what he thought was something splashing in water, and, making his way towards the sound, he pushed out on the bank of Crooked Creek.

The creek was quite wide at this point, and, out near the middle of it, he saw Tony's head. The turkey-hunter was swimming hand-over-hand, "dog-fashion," for the shore. Behind him was a boat, upside down, which seemed just on the point of sinking out of sight.

"Hel-low, there!" cried Harry; "what's the matter, Tony?"

Tony never answered a word, but spluttered and puffed, and struck out slowly but vigorously for the bank.

"Wait a minute," cried Harry, wildly excited, "I'll reach you a pole."

But Tony did not wait, and Harry could find no pole. When he turned around from his hurried search among the bushes, the turkey-hunter had found bottom, and was standing with his head out of water. But the bottom was soft and muddy, and he flopped about dolefully when he attempted to walk to the bank. Harry reached his gun out towards him, but Tony, with a quick jerk of his arm, motioned it away.

"I'd rather be drownded than shot," he spluttered. "I don't want no gun-muzzles pinted at me. Take a hold of that little tree, and then reach me your other hand."

Harry seized a young tree that grew on the very edge of the bank, and as soon as Tony managed to flop himself near enough, Harry leaned over and took hold of his outstretched hand and gave him a jerk forward with all his strength. Over went Tony, splash on his face in the water, and Harry came very near going in head-foremost on top of him. But he recovered himself, and, not having loosed his grip of Tony's hand, he succeeded, with a mighty effort, in dragging the turkey-hunter's head out of the water; and, after a desperate struggle with the mud, Tony managed to get on his feet again.

"I don't know," said he, blowing the water out of his mouth and shaking his dripping head, "but

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what I 'd 'most as lieve be shot as ducked that way. Don't you jerk so hard again. Hold steady and let me pull."

Harry took a still firmer grasp of the tree and "held steady," while Tony gradually worked his feet through the sticky mud until he reached the bank, and then he laboriously clambered on shore.

"How did it happen?" said Harry: "How did you get in the water?"

"Boat upsot," said Tony, seating himself, all dripping with water and mud, upon the bank.

"Why, you came near being drowned," said Harry, anxiously.

"No I did n't," answered Tony, pulling a big bunch of weeds and rubbing his legs with them. "I kin swim well enough, but a fellar has a rough time in the water with big boots on and his pockets full o' buck-shot."

"Could n't you empty the shot out?" asked Harry.

"And lose it all?" asked Tony, with an aggrieved expression upon his watery face.

"But how did it happen?" Harry earnestly inquired: "What were you doing in the boat?"

Tony did not immediately answer. He rubbed at his legs, and then he tried to wipe his face with his wet coat-sleeve, but finding that only made matters worse, he accepted Harry's offer of his handkerchief, and soon got his countenance into talking order.

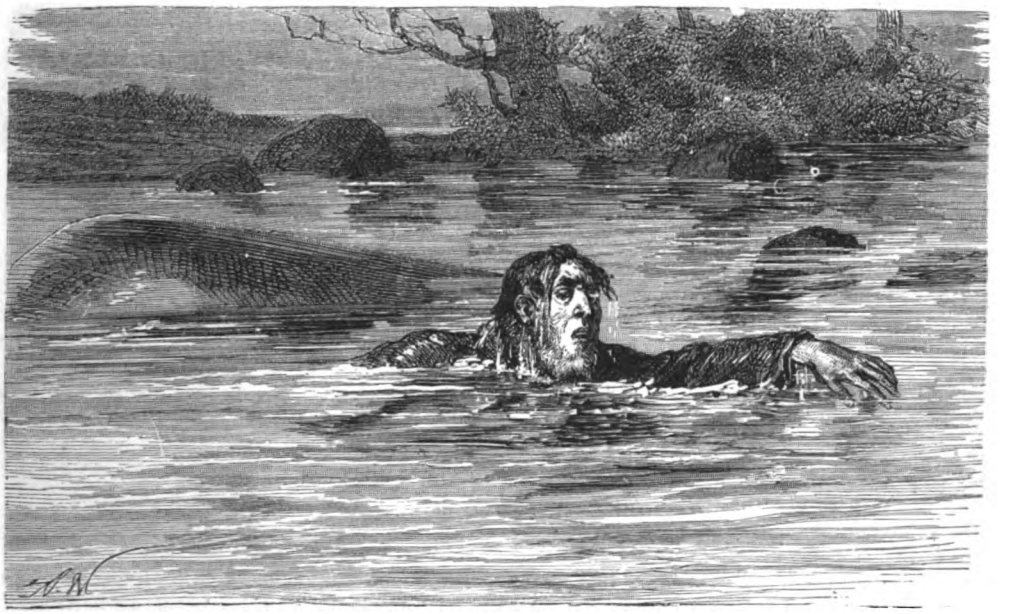
"Why, you see," said he, "I kept on up the creek till I got opposite John Walker's cabin, where it 's narrow, and there 's a big tree a-lyin' across—"

"Still following that thing?" interrupted Harry.

"Yes," said Tony; "an' then I got over on the tree and kep' down the creek—"

"Still following?" asked Harry.

"Yes; and I got a long ways down, and had one bad tumble, too, in a dirty little gulley; and it was pretty nigh day when I turned to come back. An' then when I got up here I thought I would look fur John Walker's boat—fur I knew he kept it tied up somewhere down this way—and save myself all that walk. I found the ole boat—"



THE TURKEY-HUNTER IN TROUBLE.

"And how did it upset?" said Harry.

"Humph!" said Tony; "easy enough. I had n't nuthin to row with but a bit o' pole, and I got a sorter cross a-gettin' along so slow, and so I stood up and gin a big push, and one foot slipped an' over she went."

"And in you went!" said Harry.

"Yes—in I went. I don't see what ever put John Walker up to makin' sich a boat as that. It 's jist the meanest, lopsidedest, low-borndedst boat I ever did see."

"I don't wonder you think so," said Harry, laughing; "but if I were you, I 'd go home as soon as I could, and get some dry clothes."

"That 's so," said Tony, rising; "these feel like the inside of an eel-skin."

"Oh, Tony!" said Harry, as they walked along

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up the creek, "did you find out what that thing was?"

"Yes, I did," answered Tony.

"And what was it?"

"It was Captain Caseby."

"Captain Caseby?" cried Harry.

"Yes; jist him, and nuthin else. It was his head we seen agin the sky, as he was a-walkin' on the other side of that little ridge."

"Captain Caseby!" again ejaculated Harry in his amazement.

"Yes, sir!" said Tony; "an' I 'm glad I found it out before I crossed the creek, for my gun was n't no further use, an' it was only in my way, so I left it in the bushes up here. Ef it had n't been for that, the ole rifle would ha' been at the bottom of the creek."

"But what was Captain Caseby doing here in the woods at night?" asked Harry.

"Dunno," said Tony; "I jist follered him till I made sure he was n't a-huntin' for my turkey-blind, and then I let him go 'long. His business was n't no consarn o' mine."

When Tony and Harry had nearly reached the village, who should they meet, at a cross-road in the woods, but Mr. Loudon and Captain Caseby!

"Ho, ho!" cried the Captain, "where on earth have you been? Here I've been a-hunting you all night."

"You have, have you?" said Tony, with a chuckle; "and Harry and I've been a-huntin' you all night, too."

Everybody now began to talk at once. Harry's father was so delighted to find his boy again that he did not care to explain anything, and he and Harry walked off together.

But Captain Caseby told Tony all about it. How he, Mr. Loudon and old Mr. Wagner had set out to look for Harry; how Mr. Wagner soon became so tired that he had to give up, and go home, and how Mr. Loudon had gone through the woods to the north, while he kept down by the creek, searching on both sides of the stream, and how they had both walked, and walked, and walked all night, and had met at last down by the river.

"How did you manage to meet Mr. Loudon?" asked Tony.

"I heard him hollerin," said the Captain. "He hollered pretty near all night, he told me."

"Why did n't you holler?" Tony asked.

"Oh, I never exercise my voice in the night air," said the Captain. "It 's against my rules."

"Well, you 'd better break your rules next time you go out in the woods where Harry is," said the turkey-hunter, "or he 'll pop you over for a turkey or a musk-rat. He 's a sharp shot, I kin tell ye."

"You don't really mean he was after me last night with a gun!" exclaimed Captain Caseby.

"He truly was," said Tony; "he was a-trackin' you his Sunday best. It was bad for you that it was so dark that he could n't see what you was, but it might have been worse for ye if it had n't been so dark that he could n't find ye at all."

"I 'm glad I did n't know it," said the Captain, earnestly; "thoroughly and completely glad I did n't know it. I should have yelled all the skin off my throat, if I 'd have known he was after me with a gun."

After Harry had been home an hour or two, and Kate had somewhat recovered from her transports of joy, and everybody in the village had heard all about everything that had happened, and Captain Caseby had declared, in the bosom of his family, that he 'd never go out into the woods again at night without keeping up a steady "holler," Harry remembered that he had left his sumac bag somewhere in the woods. Hard work for a whole day and a night, and nothing to show for it! Rather a poor prospect for Aunt Matilda.

CHAPTER VII.

AUNT MATILDA'S CHRISTMAS.

WHEN Harry and Kate held council that afternoon, their affairs looked a little discouraging. Kate's sumac was weighed and it was only seven pounds! Seven whole cents, if they took it out in trade, or five and a quarter cents, as Kate calculated, if they took cash. A woman as large as Aunt Matilda could not be supported on that kind of an income, it was plain enough.

But our brave boy and girl were not discouraged. Harry went after his bag the next day, and found it with about ten pounds of leaves in it. Then, for a week or two, he and his sister worked hard and sometimes gathered as much as twenty-five pounds of leaves in a day. But they had their bad days, when there was a great deal of walking and very little picking.

And then, in due course of time, school began and the sumac season was at an end, for the leaves are not merchantable after they begin to turn red, although they are then a great deal prettier to look at.

But when Harry went out early in the morning, and on Saturdays, and shot hares and partridges, and Kate began to sell her chickens, of which she had twenty-seven (eighteen died natural deaths, or were killed by weasels during the summer), they found that they made more money than they could have made by sumac gathering.

"It's a good deal for you two to do for that old woman," said Captain Caseby, one day.

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"But, didn't we promise to do it?" said Miss Kate, bravely. "We'd do twice as much, if there were two of her."

It was very fortunate, however, that there were not two of her.

Sometimes they had extraordinary luck. Early one November morning Harry was out in the woods and caught sight of a fat wild turkey.

Bang!—one dollar.

That was enough to keep Aunt Matilda for a week.

At least it ought to have kept her. But there was something wrong somewhere. Every week it cost more and more to keep the old colored woman in what Harry called "eating material."

"Her appetite must be increasing," said Harry; "she's eaten two pecks of meal this week."

"I don't believe it," said Kate; "she couldn't do it. I believe she has company."

And this turned out to be true.

On inquiry they found that Uncle Braddock was in the habit of taking his meals with Aunt Matilda, sometimes three times a day. Now, Uncle Braddock had a home of his own where he could get his meals if he chose to go after them, and Harry remonstrated with him on his conduct.

"Why, ye see, Mah'sr Harry," said the old man, "she's so drefful lonesome down dar all by sheself, and sometimes it's a-rainin' an' a long way fur me to go home and git me wrapper all wet jist fur one little meal o' wittles. And when I see what you all is a-doin' fur her, I feels dat I oughter try and do somethin' fur her, too, as long as I kin; an' I can't expect to go about much longer, Mah'sr Harry, de ole wrapper's pretty nigh gin out."

"I don't mind your taking your meals there, now and then," said Harry; "but I don't want you to live there. We can't afford it."

"All right, Mah'sr Harry," said Uncle Braddock, and after that he never came to Aunt Matilda's to meals more than five or six times a week.

And now Christmas, always a great holiday with the negroes of the South, was approaching, and Harry and Kate determined to try and give Aunt Matilda extra good living during Christmas week, and to let her have company every day if she wanted it.

Harry had a pig. He got it in the Spring when it was very small, and when its little tail was scarcely long enough to curl. There was a story about his getting this pig.

He and some other boys had been out walking, and several dogs went along with them. The dogs chased a cat—a beautiful, smooth cat, that belonged to old Mr. Truly Matthews. The cat put off at the top of her speed, which was a good deal better than any speed the dogs could show, and darted up a tree right in front of her master's house. The dogs surrounded the tree and barked as if they expected to bark the tree down. One little fuzzy dog, with short legs and hair all over his eyes, actually jumped into a low crotch and the boys thought he was going to try to climb the tree. If he had ever reached the cat he would have been very sorry he hadn't stayed at home, for she was a good deal bigger than he was. Harry and his friends endeavored to drive the dogs away from the tree, but it was of no use. Even kicks and blows only made them bark the more. Directly out rushed Mr. Truly Matthews, as angry as he could be. He shouted and scolded at the boys for setting their dogs on his cat, and then he kicked the dogs out of his yard in less time than you could count seventy-two. He was very angry, indeed, and talked about the shocking conduct of the boys to everybody in the village. He would listen to no explanations or excuses.

Harry was extremely sorry that Mr. Matthews was so incensed against him, especially as he knew there was no cause for it, and he was talking about it to Kate one day when she exclaimed:

"I'll tell you what will be sure to pacifiy Mr. Matthews, Harry. He has a lot of little pigs that he wants to sell. Just you go and buy one of them and see if he isn't as good-natured as ever, when he sees your money."

Harry took the advice. He had a couple of dollars, and with them he bought a little pig, the smallest of the lot; and Mr. Matthews, who was very much afraid he could not find purchasers for all his pigs, was as completely pacified as Kate thought he would be.

Harry took his property home, and all through the Summer and Fall the little pig ran about the yard and the fields and the woods, and ate acorns, —and sweet potatoes, and turnips when he could get a chance to root them up with his funny little twitchy nose,—and grunted and slept in the sun; and about the middle of December he had grown so big that Harry sold him for eleven dollars. Here was quite a capital for Christmas.

"I can't afford to spend it all on Aunt Matilda," said Harry to his mother and Kate, "for I have other things to do with my money. But she's bound to have a good Christmas, and we'll make her a present besides."

Kate was delighted with this idea and immediately began to suggest all sorts of things for the present. If Harry chose to buy anything that she could "make up," she would go right to work at it. But Harry could not think of anything that would suit exactly, and neither could Kate, nor their mother; and when Mr. Loudon was taken into council, at dinner time, he could suggest nothing but an army blanket—which suggestion met with no favor at all.

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At last Mr. Loudon advised that they should ask Aunt Matilda what she would like to have for a present.

"There's no better way of suiting her than that," said he.

So Harry and Kate went down to the old woman's cabin that afternoon, after school, and asked her.

Aunt Matilda didn't hesitate an instant.

"Ef you chill'en is really a-goin' to give me a present, there ain't nothin' I'd rather have than a Chrismis tree."

"A Christmas tree!" cried Harry and Kate, both bursting out laughing.

"Yes, indeed, chill'en. Ef ye give me anything, give me a good big fiery Chrismis tree, like you all had, year 'fore las'."

Two years before, Harry and Kate had had their last Christmas tree. There were no younger children, and these two were now considered to have outgrown that method of celebrating Christmas. But they had missed their tree last year—missed it very much.

And now Aunt Matilda wanted one. It was the very thing!

"Hurrah!" cried Harry; "you shall have it. Hurrah for Aunt Matilda's Christmas tree!"

"Hurrah!" cried Kate; "won't it be splendid? Hurrah!"

"Hurrah!" said Uncle Braddock, who was just coming up to the cabin door, but he did not shout very loud, and nobody heard him.

"Hurrah! I wonder what dey's all hurrahin' about?" he said to himself.

Harry and Kate had started off to run home with the news, but Aunt Matilda told the old man all about it, and when he heard there was to be a Christmas tree, he was just as glad as anybody.

When it became generally known that Aunt Matilda was to have a Christmas tree, the people of the neighborhood took a great interest in the matter. John Walker and Dick Ford, two colored men of the vicinity, volunteered to get the tree. But when they went out into the woods to cut it, eighteen other colored people, big and little, followed them, some to help and some to give advice.

A very fine tree was selected. It was a pine, ten feet high, and when they brought it into Aunt Matilda's cabin, they could not stand it upright, for her ceiling was rather low.

When Harry and Kate came home from school they were rather surprised to see so big a tree, but it was such a fine one that they thought they must have it. After some consideration it was determined to erect it in a deserted cabin, near by, which had no upper floor, and was high enough to allow the tree to stand up satisfactorily. This was, indeed, an excellent arrangement, for it was better to keep the decoration of the Christmas tree a secret from Aunt Matilda until all was completed.

The next day was a holiday, and Harry and Kate went earnestly to work. A hole was dug in the clay floor of the old cabin, and the tree planted firmly therein. It was very firm, indeed, for a little colored boy named Josephine's Bobby climbed nearly to the topmost branch, without shaking it very much. For four or five days the work of decorating the tree went on. Everybody talked about it, a great many laughed at it, and nearly everybody seemed inclined to give something to hang upon its branches. Kate brought a large box containing the decorations of her last Christmas tree, and she and Harry hung sparkling balls, and golden stars, and silver fishes, and red and blue paper angels, and candy swans, and sugar pears, and glittering things of all sorts, shapes, and sizes upon the boughs. Harry had a step-ladder, and Dick Ford and five colored boys held it firmly while he stood on it and tied on the ornaments. Very soon the neighbors began to send in their contributions. Mrs. Loudon gave a stout woolen dress, which was draped over a lower branch; while Mr. Loudon, who was not to be diverted from his original idea, sent an army blanket, which Kate arranged around the root of the tree, so as to look as much as possible like gray moss. Mr. Darby, who kept the store, sent a large paper bag of sugar and a small bag of tea, which were carefully hung on lower branches. Miss Jane Davis thought she ought to do something, and she contributed a peck of sweet potatoes, which, each tied to a string, were soon dangling from the branches. Then Mr. Truly Matthews, who did not wish to be behind his neighbors in generosity, sent a shoulder of bacon, which looked quite magnificent as it hung about the middle of the tree. Other people sent bars of soap, bags of meal, packages of smoking tobacco, and flannel petticoats. A pair of shoes was contributed, and several pairs of stockings, which latter were filled with apples and hickory nuts by the considerate Kate. Several of the school children gave sticks of candy; and old Mrs. Sarah Page, who had nothing else to spare, brought a jug of molasses, which was suspended near the top of the tree. Kate did not fancy the appearance of the jug, and she wreathed it with strings of glittering glass balls; and the shoulder of bacon she stuck full of red berries and holly leaves. Harry contributed a bright red handkerchief for Aunt Matilda's head, and Kate gave a shawl which was yellower than a sunflower, if such a thing could be. And Harry bore the general expenses of the "extras," which were not trifling.

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When Christmas eve arrived everybody came to see Aunt Matilda's Christmas tree. Kate and Harry were inside superintending the final arrangements, and about fifty or sixty persons, colored and white, were gathered around the closed door of the old cabin. When all was ready Aunt Matilda made her appearance, supported on either side by Dick Ford and John Walker, while Uncle Braddock, in his many-colored dressing-gown, followed close behind. Then the door was opened, and Aunt Matilda entered, followed by as many of the crowd as could get in. It was certainly a scene of splendor. A wood fire blazed in the fire-place at one end of the cabin, while dozens of tallow candles lighted up the tree. The gold and silver stars glistened, the many-colored glass balls shone among the green pine boughs; the shoulder of bacon glowed like a bed of flowers, while the jug of molasses hung calm and serene surrounded by its glittering beads. A universal buzz of approbation and delight arose. No one had ever seen such a Christmas tree before. Every bough and every branch bore something useful as well as ornamental.

As for Aunt Matilda, for several moments she remained speechless with delight. At last she exclaimed:

"Laws-a-massey! It's wuth while being good for ninety-five years to git such a tree at las'."

(To be continued.)

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WOULD N'T EAT CRUSTS.

THE awfulest times that ever could be
They had with a bad little girl of Dundee,
Who never would finish her crust.
In vain they besought her,
And patiently taught her,
And told her she must.

Her grandma would coax,
And so would the folks,
And tell her the sinning
Of such a beginning.
But no, she would n't,
She could n't, she should n't,
She 'd have them to know—
So they might as well go.

Now what do you think soon came to pass?
This little girl of Dundee, alas!
Who would n't take crusts in the regular way,
Sat down to a feast one summer's day;
And what did the people that little girl give,
But a dish of *bread pudding*—as sure as I live!

PETE.

BY L. G. M.

"I 'M Pete. An' I 'm a newsboy. This story ain't writ by me, coz I can't write. Nor I can't read, so if anything 's took down wrong, it won't be my fault.

"A gentlemun in one of our offices says to me: 'You tell me the story of your young un, an' I 'll take it down, and git it printed in ST. NICHOLAS.' An' he says to begin at the werry beginnin', w'en I fust seed my young un—a little chap wot I foun' arter his father died, an' he had n't nothin' but a fiddle in the world. When I fust goes up to him in the Park, down to City Hall, and asks him to

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play, he takes his stick an' pulls it acrost an' acrost the strings, an' makes the wust n'ise ye ever heerd in yer life. He felt so took down when I laughed that I asked him, serious, to keep at it, till he he says, lookin' up inter my face, drefful disappinted, 'They 's awful n'ises, ain't they?' I says, 'Wal, no; I've heerd the cats make ten times wuss ones nor that. I guess it 'll come some time if ye keep a tryin',' an' it cheered him heaps.

"So he hugged up his fiddle an' we started down to the corner. An' I says, 'W'ere air ye goin'?' An' he says, 'Now'eres.' An' I says, 'Don't ye live now'eres?' An' he says, 'No.' An' I says they was n't no use in it, fur he could n't no more take keer of hisself than a baby ken, an' he 'd have to live with me. An' he says, 'Will *you* take care o' me?' An' I says, 'Yes, I will.' An' that 's the way he come to be my young un.

"I axed him wot was his name, an' I can 't tell yer it, fur it was one o' them blamed furrin names, an' I could n't never get it right, so I allus called him jes 'Young Un.' An' he axed me wot was my name, an' I telled him, 'Pete,' an' then we knowed each other.

"'W'ere do ye live, Pete?' he says; an' I sez, 'Wal, I live roun'—jes about roun'—here, I guess. Ye see, I moved this mornin'.' An' he says, 'W'ere did ye move to?' An' that was a stunner. I war n't a newsboy then, ye know; I was on'y a loafer. But I seed a airy; so I says, 'Wal, we'll wait till all the lights is put out down stairs in this house, an' then we 'll live here ternight. But we mus' go fust an' git our bed afore it 's dark,' I says. So we walks roun' to a lot w'ere they was buildin', an' he waits wile I digs out the bed from under a pile o' stones. Yer see, I had to bury it in the mornin's fur fear o' rag-pickers, 'cause it was a werry good bed an' comf'table, 'specially in airies. 'Wot was it?' It was a ole piece o' carpet wot I foun' in front uv a house wunst arter some people moved away from it, an' it was ez long ez—ez long ez *you* air, sir, an' longer, too. I takes it under my arm, an' the young un hol's on to my other han' an' we finds the airy agin. But we has to loaf roun' a good wile 'fore the lights is put out. W'en it 's all dark we goes down under the steps, an' I rolls up the carpet kind o'loose an' tells him ter crawl inside it. 'Will ther' be room fur the fiddle, too?' he says; 'coz, if ther' won't I don't mind, I ken sleep outside, Pete.' An he looks so worrited that I sings out, 'Of *course*, ther' will! Do yer think I 'd leave the fiddle out ter cotch his death o' cold an' be laid up an' tooken to the orspital?' An' that makes him laugh, an' then he crawls in fust, an' I crawls in last, an' then, theer we was, all three of us, squeedged up comf'table together.

"This was a long time ago, afore I was a newsboy, w'en I was tryin' to sot up a broom at the crossin's; but brooms was hard to git. We tried all next day beggin', an' on'y got two cents, an' we was so cold an' hungry that I says to young un, 'Let 's begin again in the mornin', an' let's have a treat to-night. So we did; an' we had reg'lar good fun goin' to a shop to *buy* our supper, 'stead o' beggin' it. I makes him an' the baker woman laugh axin' her to guv me 'the most she can of anything for two cents.' An', I tell ye wot, she was a jolly woman, too, for she guv us a lot o' bread, an' then she told us to hold on a bit, an' she went into another room an' bringed us out in her apron a lot o' splendid stale goodies an' some ellegant bits o' sugar wot was broke off a real weddin' cake. She did somethin' else, too. W'en the young un looked up at her an' says, 'You 's good!' an' tuk hold of her gownd, she stooped down suddent, an' *she put her two arms roun' him an' kissed him!* An' he dropped his fiddle—think o' that! He *dropped his fiddle*, wot he never let go of night or day afore. An' he put his arms roun' her neck an' hid his face agin her. An' she says to me, 'Be good to him, for he 's littler nor you.' An' he sings out, 'He *is* good to me! They ain't nobody so good as Pete in the whole world!' Then he cotches hold o' me an' we picks up the fiddle, an' the woman opens the door for us, an' tells us not to forgit weer the shop is, but to come to her w'en we 's stuck an' can 't git no supper. But I don't know wot made her stan' at the door an' cry whilst she was lookin' arter us. *We* did n't do nothin' to make her cry. An' I don't know wot made the young un cry nuther. An'—bust me! I don't know wot made *me* 'most up an' cry, too. I wonder wot it was?

"But that ain't wot I was goin' to tell yer about Santy Klaus, on'y it was just that time we used to have lots o' fun lookin' in the shop windies seein' the Chrismus trees an' things. An' wot tickled him more nor anything else was the Santy Klauses with the bags o' toys an' things piled on their backs. He axed me wunst 'Did I b'lieve they was *reely* a Santy Klaus?' B'lieve it! Do I ever in my life see one o' them images in the windies now 'thout shakin' my fist at him? The ole cheat! Ye better b'lieve I don't! Wal, the night afore Chrismus we was sleepin' down to B. F. Harriman & Co's in a big packin' box full o' straw, wot they 'd left on the pavement, an' he says to me, 'Pete, ain't this the night Santy Klaus comes an' puts things in children's stockin's wot 's hung up in the chimbley?' An' I says, 'I've heerd somethin' 'bout it, but I don't much b'lieve it, an' I never tried it.' An' he says, 'Pete, do ye think he'd come to this box ef we hanged up stockin's to the top of it? Will ye let 's try, Pete?' An' I says,

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'Weer's the stockin's?' An' that was a stunner. An' he says, 'O, yes; we ain't got none. An' you ain't got no shoes, nuther, Pete. Ain't yer feet cold?' he says. 'Ain't my feet cold?' Did n't I kick a shindy in a place in the gutter weer it was frozed, to let him see if my feet was cold. I got him laughin' so he 'mos' choked hisself. Then he

says, 'I tell ye, Pete—let's hang up my shoes—one for you an' one for me—an' let's *see* if he'll come.' So, I says there was n't no harm in tryin', an' I hung 'em up by the strings fas' to two nails wot stuck out. 'Cause, I thought, if Santy had a *mind* to come, theer they was. An' I stuffed the young un's feet inter my cap an' fixed the straw roun' him an' told him for to go to sleep fast; an' he did; for we'd walked a lot that day, an' his legs was werry small. But I kep' a watch to see if the ole feller 'd come or not.

"Nights is awful long w'en ye try to keep awake. But, I was boun' to do it, an' I did till 'mos' mornin', when I knowed it was n't no use. Fust I counted all the lamps I could, then I counted all the windies, an' then I fixed my eye on a big star, an' every time he winked at me I winked back agin' to him. Then I beat chunes on the box to the young un's breathin'—for they was somethin' that creaked kinder in his chist, an' I could beat the chunes real easy, on'y I had to do it soft, for fear wakin' him. An' I kep' a watch on them two shoes, an' I thought of all the things I 'd ever wished for in my life, an' I wondered if Ole Santy 'd leave on top o' the box wot he could n't git into the shoes. Twicte I heerd a noise an', I thought, sure 'nuff, theer he was, an' I laid myself down quick, an' commenced a-snorin'. But it was n't him, an' he never come nigh the box; an' I knowed afore mornin' that he 'd never come if we 'd waited a hundred nights for him, an' that he was a sell! Wunst I thought mebby it was true wot I 'd heerd 'bout his leavin' empty the stockin's of bad children; but he might a left *my* shoe empty an' I 'd b'lieved on him; but if he thought my young un was bad anyways, jes' let him or any one else say a word agin that young un an' I 'll—I 'll—wal, just you *let 'em try it*—that's all!

"I never thought of his bein' so awful sorry next mornin', or I 'd a done *somethin'*—but w'en he waked up an' seen the shoes a-swingin' there with nuthin in 'em, an' I says, a-kickin' up my heels an' laughin': 'It's all a sell, young un!' his face kinder shook itself all over, an', as hard as he tried, he could n't help his eyes a-cryin', an' he says, with the creakin' in his wice: '*Then, we's forgot!* Then they ain't nobody to look arter us! They would n't be nobody to take keer of me, Pete, if you got lost!' An' then he bust. I tell ye, I never in all my life had to kick up so many shindies, an' laugh so hard, as I had to that time, to make that young un stop a-bustin; an' he did n't stop a-shakin' his face an' squeedgin the tears back inter his eyes, not till I thought o' somethin'. I jumps up an' says: 'Look 'e here! We did n't do it fair!' 'Do ye s'pose, Pete,' he says, 'it't bein' shoes an' not stockin's 'd make a difference?' 'No,' I says, 'but I guess Ole Santy has too much to do to git it all done in one night, an' mebby, if we hang the shoes out agin to-night, he'll come!' Ye 'd ought to seen his face shine up w'en I says that. '*Do* ye think so, Pete?' he says; an' I says, square out, 'Yes, I *do!*' an' I never lied sech a lie since I was borned. But I did n't keer for anything but to comfort him, an' I made up my mind that I was goin' to have *somethin'* in that theer shoe of his that night, if I had to tell a whopper.

"So I tuk him to a ole musicianger wot lived up

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in a attic,' an' wot got to teachin' him a little sometimes how to play a chune on the fiddle, an' I left him theer w'ile I went out by myself to look for somethin'. I tell ye, I stud at the crossin's an' watched the people with bundles to see if they'd drop somethin', an' I kep' my eye on people to see if I could n't git a cent somehow. I picked up a ole lady's muff fur her, an' a swell's cane, an' I cotched a dorg between my legs an' held on to him to keep him from skeerin' a little gal, an' I held open a 'bus door for a woman, an' I ran arter a gent's hat w'en the wind tuk it. An' wunst a lady dropped a ball an' a w'istle, an' w'en she did n't know it, an' I picked 'em up, it seemed as if I *could n't* give em back. I follered her a good ways, feelin' an' feelin' 'em, an' lookin' an' lookin' at 'em, roun' an' roun', an' thinkin' how tickled the young un 'd be with 'em. But I jest happened to think wot if he foun' out that *I* put 'em in his shoe, an' axed me weer did I git 'em. W'en I thought of that, I walked as fast as I could, an' guv 'em back to the lady. I looked at her *werry* sharp, but she never guv me nothin'. An' nobody never guv me nothin', an' I had to take home the young un's supper, wot I begged at last, an' nothin' else. There he was a-waitin' for me. 'It's 'mos' night, Pete,' he says, 'an' it'll soon be time to hang up the shoes agin, won't it?' An' he was feelin' so glad that he could n't stop a-talkin'. 'You's walked a long ways to-day, Pete,' he says; 'have ye had a good time 'thout me?' An' I says I'd had a jolly good time, but it was a lie. An' I had ter lie agin w'en he was n't goin' to eat anythin' till I did, an' I said I'd had my supper.

"Arter supper, I piled him into the box agin an' hung up the shoes. I waited till he was to sleep, an' then I went off agin to hunt. But I watched and watched, an' I waited an' waited, an' I could n't find nothin' at all but a leetle piece of a branch wot was broke off from a Chrismus tree. It war n't no bigger nor my hat, but I tuk it home, an' w'en I got theer an' seen the young un sleepin' soun' an' kinder laughin' in his sleep, as if he seen Ole Santy Klaus with a whole bundle o' toys for him; an' w'en I looked at on'y the leetle green thing in my hand, I come nigh bustin myself. But he moved, so I jest stuck the branch into his shoe an' crept into the straw alongside o' him.

"I did n't sleep werry much, an' I woke up fust in the mornin', an' I waited for him to wake, 'spectin' he'd bust agin w'en he seed his shoe an' nothin' but the green thing in it. But wot do ye think he did? He waked up, an' he seed it, an' —he jumped right up an' sung out, a-shiverin' an' laughin', 'O Pete! Look! It *is* true! They *is* a Santy Klaus! See! He had to go all roun' everywheer, an' w'en he got to you an' me, he had n't only this left. He put it into my shoe, but he meant it for you too. It's a sign, Pete; it's a *sign*. We *ain't* forgot. They *is somebody someweers* to take keer of us!'

"That's wot he b'lieved, an' he allers stuck to it, an' kep' the green thing buttoned up in his jacket. An' he kep' it till we got stuck on account of his bein' took sick, an' went to the baker-woman's, an' she kep' us an' put him into a bed, an' would n't let us go, but she an' me took care of him. An' the musicianger come werry often to see him, an' learn him the chunes. An' he makes me sit on the bed aside of him. 'For,' he says, 'I wants you, Pete; an' I wants you to put yer head down here, on the pillow, close to mine.' So I does it an' I hears him say: 'You's werry tired, Pete. I guess you's walked a hundred miles for me. An' oh, ain't it good, Pete, to be on a *bed?*—a *real bed!*' An' then he says, werry soft, 'Pete! *I feels somebody a-takin' keer of us!* Do *you* feel 'em?' An' I axes him, 'Is it the woman, young un?' An' he says, 'No.' An' I axes, 'Is it the musicianger?' An' he says. 'No, Pete. They's werry good, but I feels *Somebody else*, too. I don't know who it is, but I thinks I'm finding 'em out, an' I'll know werry soon, Pete—werry soon, indeed.'

"An' they is one thing wot is queer: he says that so often that *I* kinder gets to b'lieve somethin' too. I don't know wot it is, 'cept that *it ain't* anything 'bout Santy Klaus; but I believes *somethin'*. An' I's sure of it, one mornin', w'en he's sittin' up in bed, an' the woman's there, an' the musicianger's helpin' him to hold the fiddle, for he's learned a chune at last, an' he wants to play it to me. He plays it werry soft, an' feeble, an' shaky, an' he has to stop sometimes to rest, but he plays it an' he won't guv it up till he comes to the end of it. Then he says: 'Pete, that's my chune, an' its name is Home, Sweet Home. I used to think it meant home weer me an' fader an' this fiddle lived, an' here weer the woman lives, but it ain't—it's someweers else. An', Pete,' he says, huggin' of his fiddle, 'you must keep my Chrismus tree till——till——.'

"You see, sir, the little chap was set on it that he was a-goin'—but he did n't go. A week from that day he took a turn, and mended faster 'n he 'd gone down. But he was allus kind o' saint-wise arter that, and kind o' got me to bein' so blamed putikular agin doin' wrong things that—that—well, you see, sir, it's led me inter good, honest, steady bizness, and I don't look upon lyin' same as I used to, no how. As fur the young un hisself, sir, he was coaxed away agin his will an' my own, by the musicianger who's been a-teachin' an' doin' so well by him, that, if you 'll believe me, sir, he's soon goin' into a orkistry, my young un is."

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HOW MEG CHANGED HER MIND.

By Elizabeth Lawrence.

Little Meg lay on the sofa in her mother's pleasant sitting-room, with a very discontented expression on her plump round face.

Everybody knows that a sprained ankle cannot be cured without perfect rest. Meg had not been allowed to put her foot to the ground for a week. Her father carried her into the sitting-room every morning, and Mamma read aloud, and played games, and devoted herself to Meg's pleasure; but on this afternoon, Mamma was obliged to go out for an hour or two, and it had just occurred to Meg that she was very tired of lying still, and, moreover, that this was the day her friend, Edith Perkins, was having a party; and she imagined what fun they must be enjoying while she was left at home with Jane, the maid. She had plenty of books to read, and a large family of dolls of all kinds, from wax to paper, besides Snow-ball, the fat white kitten, who was always ready to play, but she was out of humor, and did not wish to amuse herself with any of these things; besides, her ankle ached.

And so it happened that when Aunt Mary arrived to spend the afternoon with her pet, she was greeted with a burst of tears and sobs, mingled with oft-repeated lamentations of "Oh! how horrid everything is! I want to go to Edith's party! There never was anybody in the world so unfortunate as I am!"

Poor Aunt Mary tried soothing and petting in vain, till at last she said, "Meg, dear, I want to tell you about some little sick children I saw in London. Wouldn't you like to hear? I can't begin till you stop crying."

CHILDREN IN THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

One of Aunt Mary's London stories was not to be despised, and presently Meg said, in quite an altered tone, "Do tell me, Aunty; I won't cry now."

"Well, then, in the mighty city of London there are many people so dreadfully poor that they suffer from hunger and cold and dirt every day of their lives. Now, this is fearful enough for the strong ones, but fancy what illness must be in a crowded room, on a hard bed, with no clean linen, no cooling things to drink, or nice, nourishing food to give strength; without any doctor, very likely, and, in short, with more misery of every kind than you and I could even imagine.

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"Knowing all this, good people have built hospitals, where these unfortunate ones can have everything done for them to soothe their sufferings and help them to get well. Some of these are especially for children, because it is thought they can be better taken care of in an hospital suited exactly to their wants than where there are sick people of all ages. In one that I went to see there were about fifty little patients, divided among four large, airy, cheerful rooms, with pictures on the walls and flowering plants in the windows. Each child had a neat little iron bedstead, with a white counterpane, and across each bed a sort of shelf-table was fixed on which their play-things were arranged. Very queer play-things they were, generally old shabby toys that had been discarded by more fortunate children; but although most of the dolls were more or less forlorn, and the horses didn't look as if they could run very fast, they were evidently highly valued by those little people, some of whom probably had never had a toy of any kind before. In one of the rooms the little patients were too ill to play, but as they lay back on their pillows they gazed fondly at their small possessions; and the dolls who sat on the little tables, with their legs hanging over the edge, vacantly staring at their poor little owners, I dare say did them as much good as some of the doctors' medicines.

"In the other rooms the children were able to have a good deal of fun, if one could judge from the merry laughter one heard at the little jokes that went about from one bed to another, and yet, do you know, Meg, it often was saddest of all to see the children who seemed most comfortable, because one knew that while some of the few who were violently ill might get quite well again with the good care they were having, many of these would never walk or run, or be rosy, healthy boys and girls any more in this world.

"One little boy named Arthur, I was told, was a great favorite with all the rest, and I did not wonder at it when I spoke to him, and heard his sweet voice and saw the bright smile that lit up his pale little face. He told me with delight that his father and mother and the baby came to see him every Sunday, upon which a little girl in the next bed said sadly, 'I've no mother to come and see me, for she is dead,' but she added, brightening, 'Father comes, though, once a month.'

"I turned away to hide the tears that would get into my eyes. Of course, I knew the kind doctors and nurses at the hospital did all they possibly could for the happiness of the poor little things, but it seemed to me so very, very hard, that they could not have their mothers just when they were ill and needed them so much!

"One thing that brightened all, was their sweet behavior to each other. Not one bit of jealousy or selfishness did I see, and there was a real courtesy in the way that each one seemed to care that the others should be noticed too. I could not help contrasting it with the rude self-seeking of many children I have known, who ought to behave better, not worse, than they.

"And how shall I tell you how patient they were! There was no crying or complaining, though some were suffering dreadful pain; and the only noise I heard was a slight moan wrung from the white lips of a little hero, who had been brought in the day before, dreadfully injured by a fall. There was a kind, strong angel in that hospital, whose sweet presence, though unseen, was felt." "Yes," whispered Aunt Mary, as she bent to kiss Meg's upturned questioning face, "it was the angel of patience, darling, and he will always come to anybody who longs for him, and tries faithfully to keep him when he is here."

The story was finished and Meg lay quite still for some minutes, thinking, with her hand fast clasped in Aunt Mary's. Then she said softly, "I'm very sorry I was so naughty, I don't really think I am more unfortunate than anybody else, and I'll never say so again."

Meg did not forget her promise, and all through the remaining weeks of her confinement to the sofa, the angel of the hospital staid close by her side.

CHRISTMAS IN SPAIN.

BY JOHN HAY.

THERE is no civilized country on earth in which children are not made happy by the promise of the coming Christmas. But in every country the festival is called by a different name, and its presiding genius is painted with a different costume and manner. You know all about our jolly Dutch Santa Claus, with his shrewd, twinkling eyes, his frosty beard, his ruddy face and the bag of treasures with which he comes tumbling down the chimney, while his team of reindeer snort and stamp on the icy roof. The English Christmas is equally well-known, and the wonders of the German miracle-tree, the

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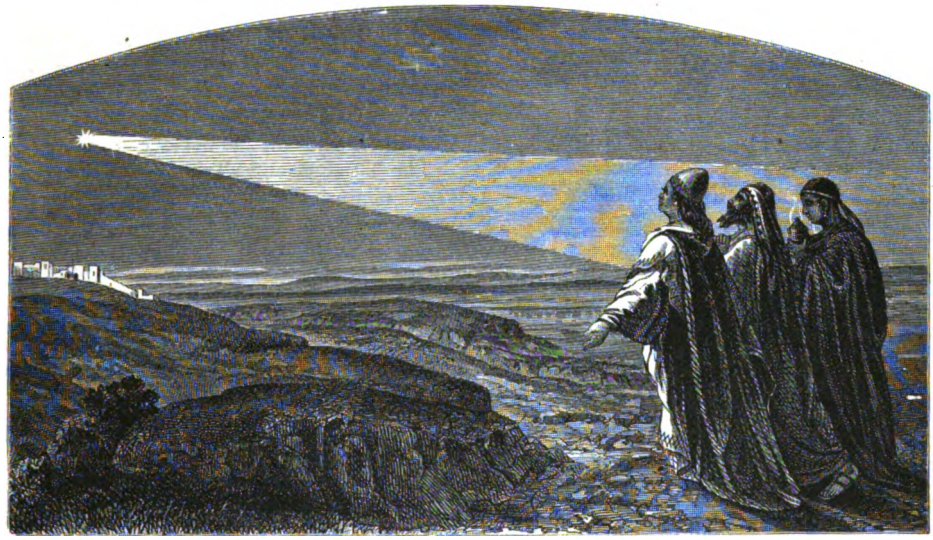
first sight of which no child ever forgets. But you are, perhaps, not so familiar with the spirit of the blessed season of advent in Southern Europe, and so I will tell you some of the pleasures and fancies of the Spanish Christmas.

The good cheer which it brings everywhere is especially evident in Spain. They are a frugal people; and many a good Spanish family is supported by less than the waste of a household on Murray Hill. But there is no sparing at Christmas. This is a season as fatal to turkeys as Thanksgiving in New England. The Castilian farmers drive them into Madrid in great droves, which they conduct from door to door, making the dim old streets gay with their scarlet wattles, and noisy with obstreperous gabbling. But the headquarters of the marketing during those days are in the Plaza Mayor, where every variety of fruit and provision is sold. There is nothing more striking than those vast heaps of fresh golden oranges, plucked the day before in the groves of Andalusia; nuts from Granada, and dates from Africa; every flavor and color of tropical fruitage; and in the stalls beneath the gloomy arches, the butchers drive their flourishing trade. All is gay and joyous—chaffering and jesting, greeting of friends and filling of baskets. The sky is wintry but the ground is ruddy and rich with the fruits of summer.

At night the whole city turns out into the streets. The youths and maidens of the poorer class go trooping through the town with tamborines, castanets and guitars, singing and dancing. Everyone has a different song to suit his own state of mind. The women sing of love and religion, and many of the men can sing of nothing better than politics. But the part which the children take in the festival bears a curious resemblance to those time-honored ceremonies we all remember. The associations of Christmas in Spain are all of the Gospel. There is no northern St. Nick there to stuff the stockings of good children with rewards of merit. Why, then, on Christmas eve do you see the little shoes exposed by the windows and doors? The wise kings of the East are supposed to be journeying by night to Bethlehem, bearing gifts and homage to the heavenly Child, and out of their abundance, when they pass by the houses where good children sleep, they will drop into their shoes some of the treasures they are bearing to the Baby Prince in Judea. This



thought is never absent from the rejoicings of Christmas-tide in Spain. Every hour of the time is sacred to Him who came to bring peace and good-will to the world. The favorite toy of the season is called "The Nativity." It is sometimes very elaborate and costly, representing a landscape under a starry night; the shepherds watching their flocks; the magi coming in with wonder and awe, and the Child in the stable, shedding upon the darkness that living light which was to overspread the world.

Before the holidays are ended the three kings make their appearance again. On the eve of the Epiphany, the porters and water-carriers of Madrid, wherever they can find one young and simple enough to believe it, tell him that those royal and sacred personages are coming to the city that night, and that they must go to the gates to receive them. They make the poor fellow carry a long ladder, which, on arriving at each gate, is mounted by one

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of the party, who announces that the visitors are not yet in sight. The ladder is then put again upon the shoulders of the victim, and the sorry joke is repeated as long as he can endure it.

Before leaving Spain I will give you a little story in rhyme, which came to be written in this way: One Christmas time we went to visit a beautiful Moorish ruin, and one of the party, an American boy, who was too lively to be very thoughtful, picked up a curiously carved nail, used for studding a door in old times, and, I regret to say, put it on his head under his hat. He had great trouble in carrying it home, and was very much laughed at in consequence. He wrote these verses as a penance for his fault, and I give them to you to see if you can find the moral of them:

THE CONTRABAND NAIL.

As I walked in pleasant company,
From the tables of the Moor,
I spied a large, seductive nail
That lay on the marble floor.
A thievish suggestion came to me,—
Fiends' whispers are so pat—
The antiquarian flesh was weak—
I put the nail in my hat.

Through the court I walked with rigid eyes;
The breeze was heavy with dread—
I spoke to the passers like a boor
With sulky, covered head.
The host passed by—the friars scowled,
And fain would have struck me flat;
How could I bow when the host passed by?
I carried a nail in my hat.

It weighed a ton when, at last, I closed
My purgatorial course;
I felt that my head was growing bald
With friction and remorse.
I dropped my nail in the Tagus' stream,
And tried to atone by that,
For the crime I had done, and the woe I had known,
When I carried a nail in my hat.

And I could but think as I homeward rode
Across the moonlit miles,
How we would stare, could we see the care
Beneath our neighbors' tiles;
The stiffened neck, the devious walk,
The dodging, and all that
Grow plain as the sun in a Spanish noon—
When you've carried a nail in your hat.

ACTING CHARADE.—"SILENT."

By MARY L. RITTER.

[This charade requires no special costumes, and can be acted well in any drawing-room, without scenery.]

Dramatis Personæ.—MR. CORWIN. MR. CARELESS. MARGERY. *(Servant to Mr. Corwin.)*

ACT I.—SIGH.

SCENE I.—*Room in the house of Mr. Corwin. Mr. C. at a table covered with books, law-papers, &c. Valise on the floor. Preparation for a journey.*

Mr. Corwin (heaving a long sigh).

Well, well, troubles and pains that can't be cured,
Whether with grace or not must be endured—
I hate most awfully to go away.
And yet, how can I reasonably stay?
The weather's cold, and travel insecure;
But, yet, those evils I could well endure,
Did not these papers so perplex the case.

(Takes a paper from the table, unfolds, and looks it over with a long sigh.)

I found them, too, in such a curious place,—
Concealed within the book I got to-day
From Mr. Careless, deftly laid away
Between the outside cover and the back.
These papers we have vainly tried to track,
For want of which a legal war we wage
To prove our title to the heritage

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Of certain lands grown valuable of late,
For half the town belongs to the estate.
If Careless should suspect, he wouldn't dare
To come and ask me for them "on the square,"
And if I leave them, he will surely plan
Some tricky way to get them, if he can;
And if I take them, then farewell to rest.
Who would believe such things could be a pest?
They ought to be of most prodigious size,
They are so precious to my doting eyes. *(Sighs.)*
There's Margery, my good, hard-working maid,
She's kind and faithful. Still, I am afraid
Some curious gossip, over toast and tea,
And under pledge of strictest secrecy
Might worm the matter from her; for her tongue,
To tell the truth, is in the middle hung.
If I could only tie it I'd be sure;
But, nothing else would make the thing secure.
She's good as gold. Gold! that's the word for me.
Silence is golden; it remains to see
Whether with gold I can so lock her lips
That not a word from out the portal slips. *(Rings the bell. Enter Margery.)*
Well, Margery, my girl, before I go
We'll have a bit of talk. I'm sure you know
How much I prize your services. You've been
Steady, industrious, respectful, clean,
Ready to do even more than I desired.

Margery. Wal, sir, to tell the truth, when first I hired
To do your work, I thought I moughtn't stay
Without no mistress here to pint the way;
But you've been just that kind, that I could work
And not feel hurried or a mind to shirk;
And while you're gone you needn't have no fear
But what I'll do the same as when you're here,
Although I'll make so bold as just to say,
I wish you hadn't got to go away.

Mr. Corwin. I thank you, Margery. I'm glad to know
You like your home. I hope you'll stay. And so
To prove how much I trust you, and how well,
I've got a secret for you.

Margery. L-a! du tell!

Mr. Corwin. Yes; one of great importance. If you say
That you will keep it while I am away,
I'll tell you now. If it should get about— *(Sighs.)*

Margery. I moughtn't keep it, then again, I mought.
I always did tell everything I know'd.
'Tis like a flower,—the fust you know, it's blowed!

Mr. Corwin. Yes, so I thought; let me my plan explain,
If you don't speak at all, why then 'tis plain
You can't be made to tell, so you may earn
Five dollars every day till I return,
By never speaking to a single soul.

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Margery. (In great surprise.) Five dollars every day?
Mr. Corwin. Yes; to control
That wagging member that I can't quite trust.
Margery. Sir, 'tis a bargain. If I must, I must.
Five dollars and my wages is a heap,
And I won't talk unless it's in my sleep.
'Twill be hard work; but I don't care a straw,
I'll put a sticking-plaster on my jaw.
Mr. Corwin. That's right, my girl! you never will regret it,
And for my bargain, I will not forget it.
Now for my wondrous secret: Hid away
In the big book I borrowed yesterday
From Mr. Careless, I, by fate directed,
Found in a place that no one had suspected
Some papers of great value in the case
That Careless has against me. Should he trace
The deeds to me, he'll come here to find out,
And then, I reckon, he'll find *you* about.
Here are the papers; keep them safely hid,
They're worth their weight in gold. Do as I bid—
No matter what they say or what they do,
Don't let them get a syllable from you. *(Exit Mr. Corwin.)*
Margery. So that old sarpent, Careless, is the man,
I hate him so I'll plague him all I can.
But, law! here I am gabbling away
As if I wasn't paid so much a day.
If Careless comes, won't he be in a tease? *(Trying to sneeze.)*
I wonder if it's talking when you sneeze?
(Claps her hands over her mouth in horror, and runs off the stage.)

ACT II.—LENT.

SCENE I.—*Office of Mr. Careless. Mr. C. with a box before him containing old books and papers. Books piled on the floor. Papers thrown about. Mr. C., wearing green spectacles, seated, examining papers.*

Mr. Careless. Here, let me see now; here, now, let me see,
I know just where those papers ought to be;
But if I've bought this trash of neighbor Jones,—
Just dead, poor fellow, Heaven rest his bones,—
And after all my trouble find too late
No trace of any deeds of the estate
I think I shall go mad. Why was I late?
He strove so vainly to articulate
Just at the last; but I could not make out,
Although I tried, what it was all about. *(Enter servant with letter.)*
Servant. A letter, sir.
Mr. Careless. A letter? Let me see. *(Opens, and looks at signature.)*
From Mrs. Jones; what can she want with me?
(Reads). "Dear Sir:—You were so kind in my distress,
Buying my husband's books, I can't do less
Than tell you that you 've been so fortunate
As now to hold the deeds to that estate."
(Zounds! here is luck! I hope she isn't mad—

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Or parted with the little sense she had.)
(Reads.) "My husband hid them, thinking that some day
Old Mr. Corwin or yourself would pay
To get them back; but when our funds were low,
And I entreated him to let you know,
And give me half the money for a shawl,
He said he'd found they were no good at all,
Only as curious things that people buy
When their great hobby is antiquity;
That he should tell you of it the next day,
When, lo! paralysis took him away,
And I am left my mourning to begin,
Without a yard of crape to do it in."

Mr. Careless. Well, this *is* good, when here she gives away
Enough to make her rich for many a day.
But let us see where I shall find the goods;
Don't crow too loud, till you get through the woods.
(Reads.) "The volume where the papers lie concealed
Is Locke, and with the key I give 'twill yield
The treasure, which, although now valueless,
I think you will be happy to possess,
And, thanking you for various friendly loans,
Gratefully yours, Matilda Mary Jones."
Locke! gracious powers! that was the one I *lent*
To Corwin, of all men! and he has spent
At least one night with it, and has no doubt,
Scrutinized, probed, and found the whole thing out!
Lent! I shall burst with rage. Lent! lost and gone!
And no one here to vent my rage upon.
Corwin, they say, is off on some goose chase,
And no one knows when I shall see his face.
And Margery is dumb; at least I've heard
That for some reason she won't say a word.
I'll go there, anyway, on some pretence,
And end as best I can this great suspense. *(Exit.)*

ACT III.—SILENT.

SCENE I.—*Mr. Corwin's house. Margery dusting and arranging the room. Enter Mr. Careless in out-door dress, with an umbrella.*

Mr. Careless. Well, Margery, my girl, how do you do?
(Margery looks at him, and gives her duster a great shake.)

Mr. Careless. Why, what the mischief 's entered into you?
A devil, mayhap, such as used to be
About the shores of the Galilean Sea.
I'd cast him out by means of a stout stick,
Were I in Corwin's place. Where is he? Sick? *(M. shakes her head.)*
Then gone? *(She nods.)*
Why, zounds, you jade! Stop nodding so,
Or I shall shake your head, myself! But, no!
I'm wrong. I ask your pardon. I am quick,
And apt to be a little choleric.

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You say that Mr. Corwin is away? *(She nods.)*
And do you know how long he's going to stay?
(Margery takes an empty purse from her pocket, and looks at it.)
Ah, ho! I see! 'Tis bad about your cold. *(Takes out his purse.)*
I wish you'd please accept this piece of gold,
And get some honey-dew, or coal-tar gum.
It's very nice to take. Now, Margery, come!
Did Corwin speak of papers, deeds, or such? *(She nods.)*
Ah, yes; he did! All right, I thought as much.
Perhaps he left them. Just step in and see.
(Margery again takes out her purse, and the key of the next room.)
Yes, yes; I understand, and I agree
To pay you well. And while you're there, just look
And bring me out my Locke. *(Aside)* I'll take the book;
Perhaps it's still within it, and this fool
Will be for once a most convenient tool.
(Margery puts the key in the door, and looks wistfully at Mr. C's money.)
Well, I will trust you. Take it now, and go.
(She goes out and returns with a bundle of brown paper and an old door-lock.)

Mr. Careless. You wretch! you thief! you cheat! Oh, heavens! Oh!
Give me my money, or I'll break your skull.
(He threatens her with the umbrella. She snatches it away and beats him with it.)
Oh, what a goose I've been! oh, what a gull!
This is the worst drop in my cup of gall,
I'll hide myself lest it should not be all;
But I would gladly suffer other ways,
If this wretch could be *silent* all her days.
(Margery drives him out at the point of the umbrella and dances wildly about the stage.

A NEW REGULATION.

If the police were elephants,
Perhaps we'd have less noise;
'Twould be so easy for them then
To "take up" little boys.

The little truants all about
Would quickly know their rule;
They'd pack each fellow in their trunks,
And take him back to school.

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A GARRET ADVENTURE.

By M. M. D.

"SNOW! snow! snow!"

So it did. But Ned Brant need not have been so cross about it. He seemed to think, as he said the words, that of all unfortunate, ill-used fellows he was the most to be pitied; and of all hateful, malignant things, those soft, white, downy specks, flitting past the window, were hatefulest and most malignant.

"Christmas week, too!" said Ned, bitterly.

So it was; and perhaps it ought to have been ashamed of itself; but it didn't seem to be.

At this moment a great clattering was heard at the back door.

"They've come! after all," cried Ned, rushing out of the room and down the stair, all his wretchedness gone in an instant.

His two sisters were at the door before him, and the three opened it together.

"O, O, howdy-do? we were afraid you wouldn't come!" said some voices, and "Hello! where's your scraper?" "Pooh! we weren't going to mind such a little snow as this," cried others, all in a chorus.

Six visitors! Think of that. Two lived next door on one side, two lived next door on the other side, and two lived across the way. The first pair were named Wilbur and Rob; the second pair were Herbert and Dickie; the third pair were Jamie and Tommy. Wilbur had on an overcoat and a muffler, for he had a weak chest. Rob had a tippet tied over his cap, for he was subject to ear-ache. Herbert had a cap and a grey overcoat; Dickie had a cap and no overcoat; Jamie wore a Scotch suit; and Tommy wore a short bob-jacket and long trowsers. I tell you this so that you may know how they appeared. As for their faces, they were so rosy and bright that [illegible] looked alike when the door opened. A[illegible]sitors were boys, as any one would have [illegible] who heard the tramping as the party went up-s[illegible]s.

Yes, up stairs they went, nine of them, talking every step of the way. The home children, Ned, Ruth, and Dot, almost always took any visitor that came, right to their mother's room to introduce them, out of respect to her, or at any rate, to give them the benefit of her hearty "How do you do, my dears?" But this time they went straight past her door, up, up, to the very garret.

"Ned," his mother had said in the morning, "if the children come this afternoon to help you keep the holidays, either play in the yard or up in the garret, for I shall be quite busy. Have all the fun you can, but be sure not to break anything and not to take cold."

You may wonder why Mrs. Brant did not say: "Be sure not to be naughty." But she would almost as soon have said: "Be sure not to cut off your heads," as to have said *that*. She knew her children too well to think they did not wish to be good. As for telling them "not to take cold," that only meant they must be sure to dress warmly if they played out of doors. The garret was never very chilly, because the heat from the furnace always crept up there whenever it had a chance.

It was a lovely old garret, light, yet mysterious, with plenty of stored-away things in it to make it interesting, and a great cleared space to play in. Just now it was even more delightful than usual, for in one corner of it was a very big heap of "potter-baker's" clay.

"O, what's that?" cried the visitors, the moment they reached the garret door.

"That's potter-baker's clay," said Ruth. "It's splendid for lots of things. Father's going to make some kind of what-you-call-'ems out of it."

Thereupon the six visitors all stood in a row and gazed at the heap. It was grey, dusty and lumpy, and looked something like faded-out garden soil.

"*What's* he going to make?" said Tommy.

"I don't know, exactly," said Ruth, "it only came yesterday."

"Was it a Christmas present to your papa?" asked little Dickie, innocently.

"I bet it wasn't," replied Ned, with lofty scorn. "He had slippers. What'd your father get?"

"Slippers, too," said Dickie.

"So did my papa," laughed Wilbur.

"I guess all gentlemens gets 'em," said Dickie, thoughtfully, "but I'd rather have 'most anything 'sides them."

Still the children stood staring at the heap of clay.

"Let's sit on it," said Jamie, with great daring. "I guess it 'll dust off."

A hint was enough. The heap was soon covered with children, and when they jumped up they found that Jamie was right. It "dusted off" admirably.

"Let's make a road," cried one of the others.

"All right!" said Ned, in great glee; but he looked at Ruth, and she answered his look with "yes; we'd best ask Mamma."

Ned was down-stairs in a twinkling. Mrs. Brant was very busily fitting a dress on her mother.

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"Don't come in, Ned!" she called, as Ned opened the door. "I'm busy with Grandma; what do you want?"

"Can we play with the clay, mother?"

"O, yes, I suppose so," said the mother, pinning a plait on Grandma's shoulder; "do what you please with it, only don't throw it about and get it into each other's eyes."

"O no, ma'am," answered Ned, as he rushed toward the garret stairs again, quite delighted.

But when he reached the top, he found all the children with tears in their eyes.

They had already forgotten the clay; for Ruth had taken a big onion from a bunch that hung on one of the rafters. Wilbur had cut it in slices, and now every one was holding a piece to see "which could smell the onion longest without crying."

"What a pack of ninnies!" cried Ned, laughing, and all the ninnies laughed with him, except little Dot, who whined a little and wished she hadn't tried it.

"Have you given up the road?" ask Ned, but nobody answered him, for that old garret had so much in it to look at, so many odd nooks and corners, that before the eight pairs of eyes were dry their owners were all scudding and burrowing about like so many rabbits. What a delightful time they had! I cannot begin to tell you all the games they played, and the comical talks they had, nor how they "dressed up" in the old hats and garments they found hanging on the nails, nor how the boys made the girls scream by crying "Here's a rat, kill him! kill him!" and then flinging their victim across the floor in the shape of an old boot or a bit of torn fur. At last Tommy looked out of one of the little square windows, which was half covered with cobwebs. "I say, its snowing harder than ever—there'd have been good skating by to-morrow if it hadn't snowed!"

This seemed to make all the party serious for a moment.

"It isn't so very bad," said Ruth, who always looked on the bright side of things. "There'll be splendid snow-balling."

"Who cares for snow-balling!" cried little Dickie, "skatin's the best."

Everybody laughed at this, for Dickie was only six years old, and couldn't skate a stroke, not even on roller skates.

Suddenly, Wilbur cried "Oh!" and stood motionless, looking steadily at the floor. Rob flew to him like a good brother, as he was, and gave him a poke.

"What on earth's the matter, Wilbur?"

"Nothing. Only I bet we could! Sure as I live we could!"

"Could *what?*" cried Tommy.

"Why, make a skating pond *here*, right here, in this very garret!"

"Yes, you could," sneered Tommy, who, by the way, was the only fellow who had taken off his hat; Ruth had excused them because the garret was not very warm.

"I tell you, I could, man. I say Ned, let's do it! We can have a pond here before night. Your bath-room is right on the next floor, isn't it? Here are pots and pans enough for all of us."

All the eight stared at Wilbur, as if they thought his wits were leaving him, but he added eagerly,

"I tell you, it will be grand. We'll have as big a circle as we can get here in the middle of the garret, and make a bank out of that clay—clay holds water perfectly. Then we'll fill up the circle with water."

Their eyes danced at this, but Tommy chilled their ardor with a sarcastic

"Ho! skate on water! ho!"

"We'll open the scuttle and the windows, and let the pond freeze over-night," said Wilbur.

"Jiminy!" screamed Ned; "so we can! Come on here; we'll have the bank in a jiffy!"

"Hurrah!" cried the rest.

In an instant all hands were at work—all but Ruth, who looked troubled, and begged Dot to "go down and ask Mamma." She should have gone herself, for Dot was only six years old, and a very uncertain young woman at carrying messages.

Soon Dot, clambering down two sets of stairs, rushed into her mother's room with—"Mamma, Ruth wants to know if we can do it?"

"Do what, Dot? (Mother, do look at that child's cheeks—they're just like roses.) Do what, my pet?"

"Why, play bank with the clay," panted Dot.

"O, I suppose I must," laughed the mother. "Tell her yes, Dot." As the little girl ran out of the room and up the stairs, screaming, "Yes, yes, Mamma says you can do it," Mrs. Brant said to Grandma, "I ought to go up, I su[illegible]e. But they can't do more than make a m[illegible]it, and they can clear it all up to-morrow."

"You're too easy with those [illegible]ren, Eliza," said Grandma, quietly, adding, a[illegible] Mrs. Brant hurriedly took up her sewing again, "but they're such dear little things, I don't wonder you like to make 'em happy."

"Good!" cried Ned when Dot's happy message was delivered. "Mother's splendid. I say, we must fill up all these cracks with the clay, boys."

"You're sure Mother said we could, Dot?"

"Course she did," said Dot, decidedly. "She laughed, too."

Poor little Dot had no idea that she had told her mother only half of their plan. Her own head was

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so full of it that she thought everyone else must know all about it, too. As for Ruth, she being three years older, couldn't help being surprised at their mother's consent to such wild fun, but she never dreamed but that her mother *had* consented. It was a time of deep delight to her, for she could work as hard as any of the boys.

In a little while the bank was made. "Many hands make light work." It was a fine affair, well packed and quite regular in shape, for Wilbur had chalked a circle on the floor for them "to work by."

So Ned and Tommy took two pails that were in a corner of the garret, and ran to the bath-room for water. Ruth gave a pitcher to Jamie, a basin to H[illegible]t, a tub to Wilbur, and, seizing a big earthen[illegible]r herself, gave the word for all to follow.

It was hard [illegible]rk, but it passed for play, and they all played with a will. They let the water run from both of the faucets into the bath tub, so that after a while some could fill at the faucets, and some could dip out of the tub.

Up and down, down and up, the laughing children went, panting and puffing, filling and pouring, bucketful, pailful, pitcherful, basinful, crockful, over and over again, till at last the pond began to show in earnest. Wilbur seized an old spade out of a broken cradle, and had as much as he could do to watch the clay bank, and mend breaks, and beat it solid with the back of the spade.

"Keep on! keep on!" shouted Ned, still leading the way, while the rest followed. "We'll have her full in less than no time."

* * * * *

"Eliza!" said Grandma, "do hear the trampin'. What on earth can those children be doing?"

"O," laughed Mrs. Brant, "they're playing some game or other. Betsey'll look after them. She's busy up-stairs, for I hear the water running."

* * * * *

"It's mighty queer," said Ned, dashing in a pailful, as Ruth emptied her crock for the twentieth time—"mighty queer how long it takes the thing to fill—but keep on, fellows. Don't stop."

In a few moments the street door opened, and up went Mr. Brant to the sewing-room.

"How dy'e do, how dy'e do?" said he, kissing Mrs. Brant and his mother. "Well, this *is* a busy party—put up your work, my dear, and come up to the library—I've something to tell you and Mother. Ho! ho! here's baby awake. Well, we must take him up, too."

Baby shouted with delight to find himself in Papa's arms. Mrs. Brant put down her work, Grandma took her crochet-basket in her hand, and they all went up to Papa's light, pleasant library on the floor above.

"Well, my dear, what is it? Some good news,

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I'm sure," said Mrs. Brant, as Grandma nestled in her easy chair, and Papa putting baby on the floor with a kiss, proceeded to place a chair for himself between his wife and mother.

"Yes it *is* good news, dear, I'm happy to say," he answered, with a bright smile. "I don't know when I've had anything so pleasant to——Holloa, what the mischief's the matter?"

They started up. Surely enough, something was the matter. It was raining! A shower was coming down on their heads, the ceiling was cracking, the baby screaming. Patter, patter came the water, faster and faster. What *could* it be? Perhaps the house was on fire and the firemen were up-stairs already with their hose! The thought made Grandmother scream as she rushed to the baby's rescue. Mr. Brant dashed up the stairs, almost knocking down Dot and Rob on the way.

"What's going on up here? Quick! where does the water come from?"

No need of asking the question. There were the pond, the startled faces of the children, the pitchers, basins, and pails.

"What in the world!" cried the father, seizing a pail and scooping up as much as he could from the pond. "Here, lend a hand all of you! Call Betsy! we must empty this as quickly as possible."

He was at the little window by this time emptying the pail. The children took the hint and opening the other window, went to work as hard as they could, and with beating hearts emptied the pond in a quarter of the time it had taken to fill it. Mrs. Brant, Grandma, and Betsy came up, too, and did wonders with towels, sheets and every thing they could lay their hands on. In her excitement Mrs. Brant came near wiping the floor with the baby.

The worst was soon over, but it seemed the library ceiling couldn't get over it in a hurry. It dripped, and dripped, and broke out in great damp blotches and cracked and whimpered as if it were alive. Fortunately, the book-cases escaped wetting, and the carpet didn't "run," as Grandma said; so it might have been worse.

But those six visitors—who shall describe their emotions! As one of them afterwards said, they were frightened to death and bursting with laughter. They all tried to hide behind each other when Mr. Brant, half angry, half amused, asked them what they would like to do next.

"Go home, sir, I guess," said Tommy.

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IS THE WORLD ROUND?

By John W. Preston.

"Mamma," said Johnny, one day, as he stood by the sea-side with his mother, and was looking over the broad surface of the ocean, "mamma, do you see that place, away over yonder, where the ocean stops and the sky begins?"

"Yes," replied his mother; "that is called the horizon."

"Well, mamma, why don't the water all run off, in that place, I don't see any land to stop it?"

"Why, Johnny, there is no place there for it to run off. If you were there you would find it quite as flat and level as it is here, and the horizon just as far away as it seems to be now."

"I don't see how that can be, mamma, isn't there any place where the world comes to an end, and everything stops?"

"Take this orange, my son, and tell me where it comes to an end, as you say," said Mrs. Watson, taking a fine specimen of that fruit from her pocket.

Johnny took the orange in his hand, looked it carefully all over, casting his eyes, every now and then, out upon the ocean, and along the horizon, as if in deep thought, which was, indeed, pretty deep thought for a little boy seven years old, and at length, said:

"I remember, mamma, the geography says that the earth is round; but I did not know for certain that the earth means just the land and water that we live on. But is it round like this orange?"

"Yes, my little boy; all this land and water is the earth, and it is round like that orange; and if you were to get into a ship and sail right straight out there, to the east,—about where the sun comes up in the morning,—you would have to go three or four thousand miles on the ocean, just as a fly would crawl on that orange, before you came to land again. All that water would be the Atlantic Ocean, and the land you would come to would be the continent of Europe. And then, if you kept on going directly east,—traveling over Europe and the continent next to it, Asia,—several thousand miles, you would come to another ocean, much larger than the Atlantic, called the Pacific Ocean. After crossing the Pacific, you would come to the western side of the American continent, where Oregon and California are, you know,—where Uncle John went last year; and if you continued on traveling east, you would come, at last, to this very same spot, where we are now standing, only you would come up behind us; and if I were standing here alone, looking for you, I should have my face turned away towards the woods; for you would have gone all around the earth, just as the fly would have walked all around the orange, and come back to the place he started from. Do you understand that?"

"Oh, yes, mamma, I understand that; but when I got on the other side, I should fall off, I know I should."

"Fall off from *what?*"

"Why, from the earth, mamma," said Johnny.

"You forget that I told you that if you were to go out to the place where the ocean and sky seem to meet, it would seem all level and flat, just as it does here,—the earth under your feet and the sky overhead, and so it would be wherever you went; if you fell off, you would have to fall up into the sky, and that, you know, is impossible."

"Well, but mamma, when I got just half around the earth, wouldn't I be walking with my head down and my feet up, and what could keep me from falling off? I couldn't stick on with my feet, could I?"

"Which way is *up*, Johnny?"

"Why, *up* is right up here, overhead, up in the sky!"

"Well, which way is *down?*"

"Down is right here, under my feet."

"Towards the earth, is it not?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Well, now, suppose you are going around the earth, wherever you go and wherever you are, *up* is overhead, or towards the sky; and down is always under foot, or towards the earth; is not that so?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Now, suppose again, you had got half around the earth, and were in China, and I was standing right here, your feet and my feet would be pointing towards each other, and our heads *away* from each other. Both of our heads would be pointing towards the sky. If you fell, you would fall towards the ground; and if I fell, I should fall towards the ground; so that we neither of us should fall *off*, as you fear. *Now*, do you understand it?"

Johnny hesitated a little, and then said, very slowly: "I think it must be just as you say, mamma; I understand it a little. I shall understand it better when I get older, I guess."

The truth is, that the little boy was puzzled, as most little boys and girls are on this very subject. He saw that his mother's reasoning was correct, and felt the justness of the conclusion; but could

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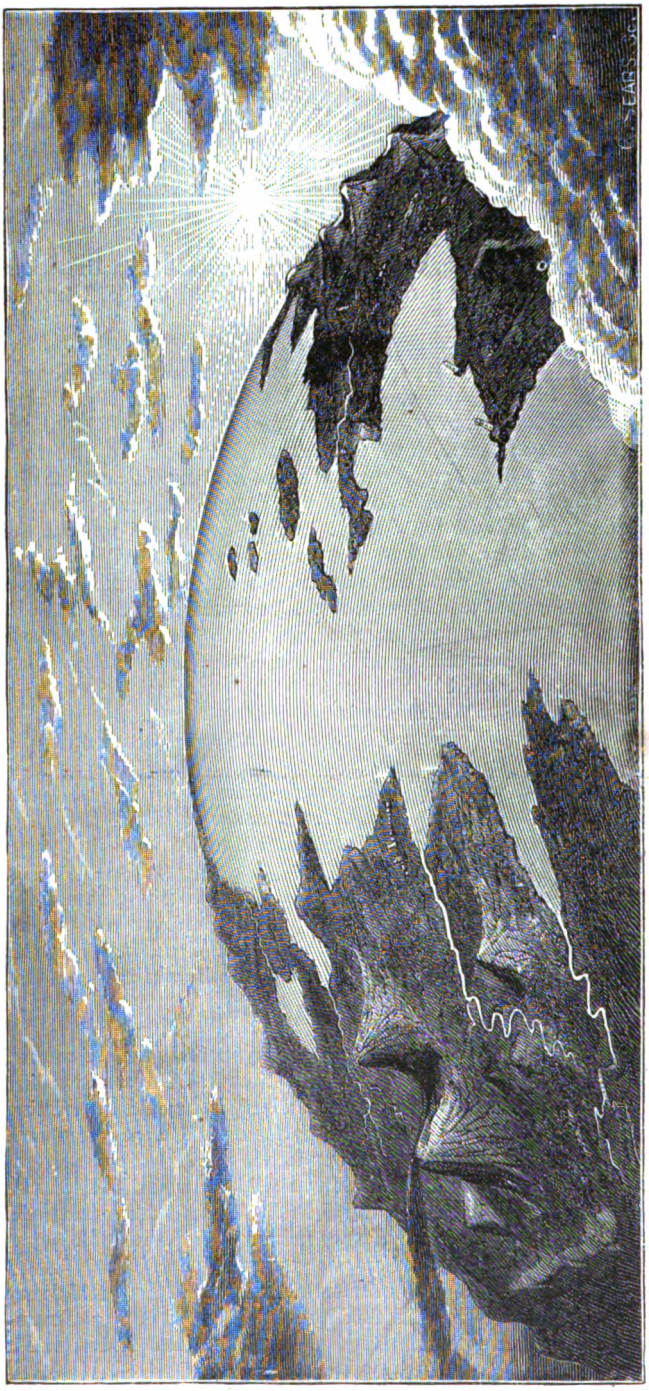

not at once free his mind from old ideas about *up* and *down*.

"But, mamma," said Johnny, with renewed animation, and with an air of triumph, "you said the earth was round, just like this orange; now, that *can't* be, because, look at those high hills over there, and then there are great big mountains on the earth, and how can it be round, then?"

"Well, and why can it not be round, even if there are hills and mountains on it?"

"Why, look here, mamma; this orange is round and smooth, and even."

"Is it really *quite* smooth, Johnny?"

"All but these little bits of bumps and pimples on its skin," said Johnny, turning the orange over in his hand.

"Oh, ho! little bits of bumps and pimples, are they, Master Johnny? what should you think, if I were to tell you that those little elevations were really very large and lofty mountains on the surface of the orange?"

"Oh! but mamma, you are funning now," said Johnny, with a little bit of a sneer.

"What mountain do you remember to have seen, my little man?" said his mother.

"Why, didn't we go up Mt. Holyoke, last summer, with papa and Aunt Jane! That is a pretty high mountain, I guess, mamma."

"It seemed so to you, my son, I have no doubt; but compared with other mountains in our own country, it is a very small affair,—quite a baby mountain, though a very beautiful one."

"Oh, yes, mamma, my geography lesson said that the highest mountains are in Asia, and that they are five miles high."

"Yes; nearer five and a-half miles than five miles," said his mother. "The highest peak of the Himalaya Mountains, in the central part of Asia, is more than 29,000 feet high, while little Holyoke is only 1,000 feet high; so that the great Asiatic mountain would be higher than twenty-nine Mount Holyokes piled on the top of each other."

"Whew!" said Johnny. "Well, then, mamma, of course the earth can't be round like this orange, if it has such great big mountains on it?"

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"You remind me, Johnny, of a little Swiss boy, who lived in the valley among the lofty mountains called the Alps, the highest in Europe. He was puzzled, just as you are. He had never seen anything beyond his little valley between the high ridges of the mountain ranges, and he could not conceive how the earth could be round like a ball. I think there was some excuse for a little boy in his situation, much more than if he had traveled many hundred miles over hills and plains, and had seen the broad ocean's expanse; don't you think so, Johnny?"

"I suppose so, mamma," said he, hanging his head, as though he felt that he was the little boy who had traveled and ought to know better. "But I pity the little mountain boy, who never saw the ocean," he added.

Johnny's eyes were fixed upon the distant horizon, where the dark clouds were already gathering and seeming to shut down upon the rolling sea. It would not be wonderful if the little boy were making a tour around the world in his imagination.

"And now," said his mother, "let us see what a little sober arithmetic can do for us. Let us see how the earth can be round as an orange, and yet have the great big mountains that you speak of upon it. Do you know how long an inch is?"

"Twelve inches make one foot," replied Johnny, promptly.

"Yes, but how long is an inch?"

He did not exactly know, but thought they could guess pretty near it.

"Well, we'll try," said his mother, "it is about an inch from the end of my thumb nail to the nearest joint of my thumb, where it bends,—that is near enough for our present purpose. Now let us see how many inches this orange is through, in the widest part. I should say it was about three inches in diameter, what should you say?"

"I guess that is pretty near it."

"That is not *guessing*, Johnny, that is *calculating* or *reckoning*. We will call it three inches, then. Now let us fix our eyes on one of those little bumps or pimples on the orange, and make an estimate of its height. How high should you think it was?"

"Why, mamma, how can I tell that? I should think it would take a hundred of them, piled on top of each other, to make an inch high."

"Well, my little boy, I think you have made a very good *guess* this time; for I am quite sure you would find, if you tried it, that the height of one of those little pimples would not vary much from a hundredth part of an inch above the level of the orange. Now, suppose, as we have said, that the diameter of the orange is three inches, and the height of the little bump is one hundredth of an inch, then the diameter of the orange is three hundred times the height of the pimple. Is not that so?"

"Of course, mamma, if it takes one hundred of those little bumps to make a bump one inch high, it will take three hundred of them to go through the orange."

"That is exactly the *idea*, Johnny, though I do not think you use the most accurate language in expressing it. And now let us take the case of the mountain and the earth. We will say that the earth is pretty nearly 8,000 miles in diameter, that is, *through* it, and that the mountain in Asia, that we spoke of, is five and a-half miles high. Now, how many times greater is the earth's diameter than the mountain's height?"

"How many, mamma?"

"Well, not to be exact, Johnny, it is more than 1,400 times as large."

"Why, mamma! — would it take more than 1,400 of these big mountains to reach through the earth?"

"It would take the height of more than 1,400 such mountains, all added together, to equal the diameter of the earth."

"And it took only 300 of the little bumps on the orange skin to make the diameter of the orange," said Johnny, after a moment's pause.

"You are correct, my son; and now which is the higher in proportion, the pimple on the orange or the mountain on the earth?"

"Why, the pimple on the orange."

"Yes, almost five times as high; so that if this orange should suddenly become as large as the earth, those little bumps would be as high as five of these Himalaya mountains piled on the top of each other. What a prodigiously high mountain must that little bump be to some speck of a being that may be looking up at its dim and distant summit from the valley at its foot. And now do you see how the earth may be round, like the orange, even if it has high mountains on it?"

"Oh! yes, mamma, I can understand that," he replied, with a sigh of relief, "and now can't we eat the orange?"

[The illustration to this article is taken from Guyot's admirable "Intermediate Geography," published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., N. Y.]

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THE HIDDEN RILL.

(Translated from the Spanish.)

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

ACROSS a pleasant field, a rill unseen
  Steals from a fountain, nor does aught betray
Its presence, save a tint of livelier green,
  And flowers that scent the air along its way.
Thus secretly should charity attend
  Those who in want's dim chambers pine and grieve;
And nought should e'er reveal the aid we lend,
  Save the glad looks our kindly visits leave.

THE STORY OF THE JOLLY HARPER MAN AND HIS GOOD FORTUNE.

BY H. BUTTERWORTH.

"There was a jolly harper man,
That harpit aye frae toun tae toun."
—*Old Ballad.*

MANY, many years ago—as long ago as the days of Fair Rosamond—when Henry Plantagenet and his unruly family governed England, there lived in Scotland, a jolly harper man, who was accounted the most charming player in all the world. The children followed him in crowds through the streets, nor could they be stopped while he continued playing; even the animals in the woods stood on their haunches to listen, when he wandered harping through the country; and the fair daughters of the nobles immediately fell in love as often as he approached their castles.

All the players and singers in the known world never accomplished anything equal to the music of the jolly harper man.

King Henry had a wonderful horse—a very wonderful horse—named Brownie. He did not quite equal in dexterity and intelligence the high-flying animal of whom you have read in the "Arabian Night's," but he knew a great deal, and was a sort of philosopher among horses—just as Newton was a philosopher among men. King Henry said he would not part with him for a province,—he would rather lose his crown. In this he was wise, for a new crown could have been as easily made as a stew-pan; but all the world could not produce such another intelligent horse.

King Henry had fine stables built for the animal—a sort of horse palace. They were very strong, and were fastened by locks, and bars and bolts, and

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were kept by gay grooms, and guarded day and night by soldiers, who never had been known to falter in their devotion to the interests of the king.

So strongly was the animal guarded, that it came to be a proverb among the English yeomanry, that a person could no more do this or that hard thing, than "they could steal Brownie from the stables of the king."

The king liked the proverb; it was a compliment to his wisdom and sagacity. It made him feel good, —so good, in fact, that it led him one day to quite overshoot the mark in an effort that he made to increase the people's high opinion.

"If any one," said he, after a good dinner,—"if any one were smart enough to get Brownie out of his stables without my knowledge, I would, for his cleverness, forgive him, and give him an estate to return the animal." Then he looked very wise, and felt very comfortable and very secure. "But," he added, "evil overtake the man who gets caught in an attempt to steal my horse. Lucky will it be for him if his eyes ever see the light of the English sun again."

Then the report went abroad that the man who would be so shrewd as to get possession of the king's horse, should have an estate, but that he who failed in the attempt should lose his head.

The English court, at this time, was at Carlisle, near the Scottish border. The jolly harper man lived in the old town of Striveling, since called Stirling, at some distance from the border.

The jolly harper man, like most people of genius, was very poor. He often played in the castles of

THE PROPHECY TO SIR ROGER AND SIR CHARLES.

"SO THE OLD HERMIT CAME DOWN THE HILL.

the nobles, especially on festive occasions; and as he contrasted the luxurious living of these fat lords with his own poverty, he became suddenly seized with a desire for wealth, and he remembered the proverb, which was old, even then, that "Where there is a will there is a way."

One autumn day, as he was traveling along the borders of Loch Lomond, a famous lake in the middle of Scotland, he remembered that there was a cave overlooking the lake from a thickly wooded hill, in which dwelt a hermit, who often was consulted by people in perplexity, and who bore the name of the Man of Wisdom.

He was not a wicked magician, nor did he pretend to have any dealings with the dead. He was gifted only with what was called clearness of vision; he could see into the secret of things, just as Zerah Colburn could see into difficult problems of mathematics, without study. Things that were darkness to others were as clear as sunlight to him. He lived on roots and herbs, and flourished so wonderfully on the diet, that what he didn't know was considered not worth knowing.

It was near nightfall when the jolly harper man came to the famous hill. The sun was going down in splendor, and the moon was coming up, faint and shadowy, and turning into gold as the shadows deepened. Showers of silver began to fall on Loch Lomond, and to quiver over the valleys. It was an hour to fill a minstrel's heart with romantic feeling, and it lent its witchery to the heart of the jolly harper man.

He wandered up the hill, overlooking the lake,

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where dwelt the Man of Wisdom, to whose mind all things were clear. He sat down near the mouth of the cave, partook of his evening meal, then, seizing his harp, began to play.

He played a tune of wonderful sweetness and sadness, so soft and airy that the notes seemed to glide down the moonbeams, like the tinkling of fairy bells in the air. The wicked owl pricked up his ears to listen, and was so overcome that he wished he was a more respectable bird. The little animals came out of the bushes, and formed a circle around the jolly harper man, as though enchanted.

The old hermit heard the strain, and came out to listen, and, because he had clearness of vision, he knew that music of such wonderful tenderness could be produced only by one who had great gifts of nature, and who also had some secret longing in his heart.

So he came down the hill to the jolly harper man, walking with his cane, his gray beard falling over his bosom, and his long white hair silvered in the moonlight.

The jolly harper man secretly expected him, or at least he hoped that he would come out. Like the Queen of Sheba, he wished to test the wisdom of this new Solomon, and to enquire of him if there were no way of turning his wonderful musical genius into bags of gold.

THE JOLLY HARPER MAN RIDES FORTH.

"Why do you wander here, my good harper?" asked the hermit, when the last strain melted away in low, airy echoes over the lake. "There are neither lads to dance nor lassies to sing. This hill is my dominion, and the dominion of a hermit is solitude."

"See you not Loch Lomond silvered in the moon?" said the jolly harper man. "Nature inspired me to touch my harp, and I love to play when the inspiration of nature comes upon me."

The answer pleased the hermit as much as the music.

"But why is your music so sad, my good harper man; what is there that you would have that fortune denies?"

"Alas!" said the jolly harper man, "I am very poor. My harpings all die in the air, and leave me but a scanty purse, poor clothing, and no roof over my head. You are a man of wisdom, to whom all things are clear. Point out to me the way to fortune, my wise hermit. I have a good liberal heart; you could not do a service to a more deserving man."

The old hermit sat down on a stone in silence, resting his chin on his staff. He seemed lost in profound thought. At last he looked up, and said slowly, pausing between each sentence—

"Beyond the border there is a famous country; in that country there is a palace; near the palace there is a stable, and in that stable there is a stately horse. That horse is the pride of the kingdom; the man who would get possession of that horse, without the king's knowledge, might exchange him for a province."

"Wonderful! wonderful! But—"

"Near Striveling town there is a hill; on the hillside is a lot; in the lot is a fine gray mare, and beside the gray mare is a foal."

"Yes, yes! wonderful! but—"

"I must now reveal to you one of the secrets of nature. Separate that mare from the foal, though it be for hundreds of miles, and, as soon as she is free, she will return to her foal again. Nature has taught her how, just as she teaches the birds of passage the way to sunny islands; or the dog to find the lost hunter; or—"

"Yes, yes; all very wonderful, but—"

"In your hand you carry a harp; in the harp lies the power to make merry; a merry king makes a festive board, and festivity produces deep sleep in the morning hours."

The jolly harper man saw it all in a twinkling; the way to fortune lay before him clear as sunlight. Perhaps you, my young reader, do not get the idea so suddenly. If not, I fear you are not gifted like the good hermit, with Clearness of Vision.

The jolly harper man returned to Striveling the next day, after spending the night with the hermit, on the borders of Loch Lomond.

The following night he was summoned to play

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before two famous Scottish knights, Sir Charles and Sir Roger. They were very valiant, very rich and, when put into good humor, were very liberal.

The jolly harper man played merrily. The great hall of the castle seemed full of larks, nightingales, elves and fairies.

"Why, man," said Sir Roger to Sir Charles, in a mellow mood, "you and I could no more harp like that than we could gallop out of Carlisle on the horse of the king."

"Let me make a prophecy," said the jolly harper man at this. "I will one day ride *into* Carlisle on the horse of the king, and will exchange the horse for an estate."

"And I will add to the estate five ploughs of land," said Sir Roger; "so you never shall lack for a home in old Scotland."

"And I will add to the five ploughs of land, five thousand pounds," said Sir Charles; "so that you shall never lack for good cheer."

The next morning the jolly harper man was seen riding out of Striveling town on a fine gray mare; but a little colt was heard whinnying alone in the high fenced lot on the side of the hill.

It had been a day of high festival at Carlisle; it was now the cool of the summer eve; the horn of the returning hunter was heard in the forest, and gaily plumed knights and courtiers were seen approaching the illuminated palace, urging their steeds along the banks of the river Eden, that wound through the moonlit landscape like a ribbon of silver.

The feast was at its height. The king's heart was merry. There only needed some novelty, now that the old diversions had come to an end, to complete the delights of the festive hours.

Suddenly sweet sounds, as of a tuning harp, were heard without the palace. Then music of marvelous sweetness seemed to fill the air. The windows and doors of the palace were thrown open. The king himself left the table, and stood listening on the balcony.

A merry tune followed the airy prelude; it made the nerves of the old nobles tingle as though they were young again; and, as for the king, his heart began to dance within him.

"Come in! come in, my harper man," shouted the king, shaking his sides with laughter, and patting a fat noble on the shoulder with delight. "Come in, and let us hear some more of your harping."

The jolly harper man bowed very low. "I shall be glad to serve your grace, but first, give me stabling for my good gray mare."

"Take the animal to my best stables," said the king. "'Tis there I keep my Brownie, the finest horse in all the land."

The jolly harper man, accompanied by a gay groom, then took his horse to the stables, and as soon as he came out of the stable-door, struck up his most lively and bewitching tune.

"COME IN! COME IN, MY HARPER MAN."

The grooms all followed him, and the guards followed the grooms. The servants all came flocking into the hall as the jolly harper man entered, and the king's heart grew so merry, that all who came were made welcome, and given good cheer.

The small hours of night came at last, and the grand people in the hall began to yawn one after another. The jolly harper man now played a very soothing melody. The king began to yawn, opening his mouth each time a little wider than before, and finally he dozed off in his chair, his head tilted back, and his mouth stretched almost from ear to ear. The fat nobles, too, began to snore. First the king snored, and then the nobles, which was a very proper way of doing the thing, the blissful sound passing from nose to nose, and making a circuit of the tables.

The guards, grooms and servants began to feel very comfortable, indeed, and though it was their business to keep awake, their eyelids grew very heavy, and they began to reason that it would be perfectly safe to doze while their masters were sleeping. Who ever knew any mischief to happen when everybody was asleep?

The jolly harper man now played his dreamiest music, and just as the cock crew for the first time in the morning, he had the satisfaction of seeing the last lackey fall asleep. He then blew out the lights, and crept nimbly forth to the stables. He

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found the stable door unlocked, and the gray mare kicking impatiently about, and whinnying for her foal.

Now, what do you suppose the jolly harper man did? Guess, if you have Clearness of Vision. He took from his pocket a stout string, and tied the halter of the king's horse, the finest in all the land, to the halter of his own animal, and patting the fine gray mare on her side said: "And now go home to your foal."

The next morning all was consternation in the palace. The king's horse was gone. The king sent for the jolly harper man, and said—

"My horse has escaped out of the stables, the finest animal in all the land!"

"And where is my fine gray mare?" asked the jolly harper man.

"Gone, too," said the king.

"I will tell you what I think," said the jolly harper man, with wonderful confidence. "I think that there has been a rogue in the town."

The king, with equal wisdom, favored the idea, and the jolly harper man made an early escape that morning from the palace.

Then the jolly harper man went as fast as he could to Striveling; of course, he found his fine gray mare in the lot with her foal, and the king's horse tied to her halter; and, of course, he rode the noble animal into Carlisle; and he, presenting himself before the two knights, Sir Roger and Sir Charles, claimed his five ploughs of land and five thousand pounds.

"Go to! go to!" cried Sir Roger, pointing at him in derision; and Sir Charles laughed a mighty laugh of scorn. "The man does not live who could ride away the king's Brownie! Go to!"

"The king's Brownie stands in your own court!" cried the jolly harper man, and Sir Roger and

"GO TO! GO TO!" SIR ROGER CRIED.

Sir Charles paid their forfeits without another word.

Then the jolly harper man returned the king's horse to the royal owner—and who ever heard of such a thing as a king breaking his promise? Not the jolly harper man, you may be sure.

IS N'T IT SO?

HARK! hark! O my children, hark!
When the sky has lost its blue
What do the stars sing, in the dark?
"We must sparkle, sparkle, through."

What do leaves say in the storm,
Tossed, in whispering heaps, together?
"We can keep the violets warm
'Till they wake in fairer weather."

What do happy birdies say,
Flitting through the gloomy wood?
"We must sing the gloom away—
Sun or shadow, God is good."

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WHAT THE CHRIST-CHILD BROUGHT.

A Christmas Story.

By M. Lockwood.

If any of you, my little readers, could have peeped, in fairy-tale fashion, into the third floor windows of No. 70 Oppenheimer Strasse, in Berlin, very early on the morning of December 24th, 1870, you would have been astonished at the stir and excitement of the orderly little household. Notwithstanding the bitter cold, the children were dressed and stirring before the sun was fairly risen. Soon, Frau Hoffmann, the gentle housemother, quieting the laughing children, gathered her flock around the breakfast table, and after Fritzel, the youngest, had said grace, the children began to eat, more from a sense of duty than from any desire for breakfast, on this particular morning.

"I have so much on my mind," said twelve-year-old Paul, and with an air of importance, "that I have hardly time to eat. With your permission, good little mother, I will slip a bit in my pocket to satisfy myself in case I feel hungry. Let me see: I have several purchases to make, an engagement to go skating, then the poem I am to recite to papa, and—"

"Gently, my Paul," said the mother. "There is abundance of time for all, and while you are eating—for a good breakfast is needed with such a long day's work before you—I will explain what I would have you do for me."

"Ah," said a fair-haired maiden of fourteen years, the eldest daughter of the house, "how little we thought our Christmas would be so happy, when dear papa went to the war last summer. How thankful we should feel that he is coming home, since so many poor children in Berlin are without any father to-day," and tears of pity came into her innocent blue eyes, as she thought of the thousands of orphans made by the cruel war then raging beyond the Rhine.

"Children," said the mother, "we have, indeed, cause to be thankful, and we ought to show our thankfulness by deeds, not by words only; so I think, if you all agree, we will take a portion of our Christmas money, instead of spending it on our bon-bons and cakes, and buy a little tree, with nuts, and apples, and tapers, for the poor Heyses, in the next street. Paul shall go now for it, and carry it to their mother's, if you consent. Then each of my little girls and Fritzel may choose a child to whom you would like to send something, and Olga and I will carry it, in your names."

"Yes, yes! mother," cried Paul, "and I am all ready to go."

"The Heyses will be so pleased," cried little Olga, and all the children expressed delight at their mother's suggestion, but it was some time before the plan was fully laid out, made, and each one had handed to the mother, out of his or her little store, the money for the purchase of the gifts. In the meantime, Paul darted off for his fur cap and gloves, and after whispering a little plan of his own into his mother's ear, and getting her nod of approval, started on his way to the Jahrmarkt. This Christmas Jahrmarkt was a familiar place to the young Hoffmanns, and would, I am sure, be greatly enjoyed by American children, with holiday money in their pockets. What a splendid place! A great city square, or "markt," as it is called, is filled with streets and streets of temporary booths; here every imaginable Christmas ware is sold, from the small forests of Christmas trees in the corners of the square—great, stately cedars and spruces, as well as the twig boughs fastened to cross bits of wood hardly big enough to bear the weight of half a dozen gilt nuts and apples—down to the glass balls and gay tapers, and funny little "Knecht Ruprechts," made of dried prunes, stuck on cross sticks, in rude representation of a man. One of these is always placed on the Christmas tree —on the gayest as well as on the humblest. There are little shows in some of the booths, where for a few groschen one can see wonderful and delightful things—puppets and dioramas, or even dwarfs and giants.

One can hardly imagine a German child's Christmas complete without this charming Jahrmarkt. It is like fairy-land for two weeks, in the brown old square, so dull for the rest of the year, so bewildering now with its lines of glittering booths, tempting in their display of treasures, all soon to vanish back to Knecht Ruprecht's kingdom, to be kept safe there for another year.

One might easily mistake those comical, weazened little men, who keep the booths, in their shaggy coats and old fur caps, for servants of the jolly Christmas elf—the Christ-child's messenger; and, as the legends say, dispenser of his bounty. Knecht Ruprecht is none other than our Kriss Kringle or Santa Claus, not much changed for the worst, as he crosses the Western seas, nor much less in favor

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with our young folks at home than with the little fair-haired Germans.

Paul knew just where to buy his modest little tree, with its ornaments, and added, with his own money, a generous package of the biggest and sweetest bon-bons he could find in the "markt."

Finally, laden with his bounty, the little messenger of the Christ-child—for such, on these occasions, he had been taught to consider himself—started for the Heyses' humble dwelling, to be gladly welcomed by little ones whom the bountiful Christ-child visited in no other open, visible way.

Meanwhile, at home, the children had retreated into private corners, each busy and mysterious over Christmas preparations. Eight-years-old Olga, behind the big porcelain stove in the dwelling room, was straining her pretty brown eyes over a beautiful smoking cap, which must be finished before dinner, and ready to go on Papa's gift table. These little German maidens are wonderfully skillful with the needle. Carlotta was knitting away in another corner—her tiny fingers plying with astonishing deftness, as the bright needles glittered through the scarlet worsted.

Her present was for Mamma, who must not see it on any account. Even Fritzel was desperately busy with something, which nobody in the world must guess anything about, while the mother and Gretchen, the fair-haired speaker at breakfast, had retired into the *salon*, where they were, oh! so busy with a wonderful Christmas tree, which everyone knew was locked up in the silent, dark room, though nobody mentioned the fact, except in whispers.

The father of this happy little band, a professor at the Polytechnic School, had gone with the army in July, on its march to the Rhine. He was a private in the gallant *Königin Elizabeth* Regiment, of the army corps in which he had served out his time in his youth, and in which he had now enlisted. With a heavy heart, but with a brave, cheerful face, the gentle little wife bade him God-speed, while she remained behind with their helpless flock, dependent on her care alone. It was very hard; but she was a true-hearted little patriot, so did not falter, but bore up nobly, even when, with her own fingers, she sewed the little label to the lining of his uniform coat, on which she had carefully written his name and address, so that he might be known in any case of fatal accident.

All through the summer, however, the news was so bright, so glorious, that the loving little household of Fritz Hoffmann forgot the danger, and only exulted that their dear one was destined to share the laurels of the conquering hosts, until the news came of the victory at Sedan, and with it the father's name on the list of wounded. Then followed long days of suspense, and the fear of something worse, the impossibility of going to him in a hostile country, and the dread of his exposure to greater dangers, and, at last, the intense sense of relief when a letter came from himself, written in the hospital at Versailles, to which he had been removed, telling them that he had obtained a furlough for Christmas, and leave to remain at home until fully restored and capable of taking his place in the ranks again. Hence the joy to-day, and the glad preparations.

At ten o'clock, the mother, having set everything in readiness for the happy evening, even to the trays of supper refreshments in the store-room, and the torch laid ready by the tree to light the tapers withal, came into the dwelling-room cloaked and wrapped in furs. "I must go out for an hour or so, dear children," she said; "be good, and obey sister Gretel, while I am gone."

"Thou goest to bring the dear father,—is it not so, Mütterchen?" And Fritzel hung to her skirts, and pulled the tassels of her muff.

Wise little Carlotta, who had jumped up hastily, and held her hands behind her, full of knitting work, tossed back her mass of flaxen hair, and broke in with "*Ach nein*, thou foolish Fritzel, the father comes only *after* dinner." Mother kissed the little boy's earnest, dimpled face, and went out, laughing softly to herself in the happiness of her heart, while Olga, who had hardly got through with her work in time, hurried after her, drawing on warm mittens as she went half a flight behind Frau Hoffmann all the way down stairs. They were much alike, this mother and little daughter, and the mother was little and young looking too, seeing that she had the responsibility of so many children on her shoulders; right motherly, though, dear little soul, with a firm way about her, in spite of her lovely brown eyes and gentle looks.

"Bless the dear heaven who is bringing my Fritz back to me!" she thought. "I do wonder if he will think the children much improved!" she mused for, at least, the hundredth time in her fond mother's heart. "Our Gretchen is such a woman, and a real comfort, and Paul has been truly a good boy while the dear father has been away. Then Fritzel, and Carlotta and my Olga,"—smiling, and holding out her hand to the little girl, who, laden with a basket, now joined her, and the sweet motherly eyes filled with happy tears as she named over her treasures.

They presently entered a mean-looking door, and went up flight after flight of stairs to the rooms of some of their pensioners. To one poor soldier's family after another the two went like Christmas angels, leaving gifts for the little ones who had no father on earth, this Christmas-day, and comforting more than one mother's heart with reminders of

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the dear Father in heaven, who cares for the widow and orphans, raising up for them friends in the bitter hour of need. The round of visits was completed, and near noon, Olga was despatched home with an important message to old Christel, the cook, and Frau Hoffmann, wrapping her fur cape more closely about her—for the wind was keen and bitter—set off at a quick pace for "Unter den Linden," where she had an errand at a tempting bookseller's shop. Here, carefully, she selected the beautiful book, Rückert's poems, illustrated,—it happened to be a favorite of her own and her husband's,—in which she inscribed, then and there, the beloved name, for fear she would be too much hurried at home to do it properly. Her pleasant task accomplished, she set her face homeward; but a few steps from the book store, was a telegraph office, round which a crowd had collected—so customary an occurrence, however, in these war times, that she did not pause to wonder at it, besides (she thought of this afterwards with a passion of remorse at her selfishness), was not all she cared for in the war on its way to her at this moment? What to her, in comparison, was prince or king, beleagured city or hostile camp, or even fatherland itself? At this moment a familiar face confronted hers, the owner thereof pushing through the crowd; but it was such a pale, haggard face, with such startled eyes, that the sight of it thrilled her with a vague dread. It was old Herr Scharlach, a friend and colleague of her husband, at the Polytechnic. He saw her; and growing a shade paler, half turned aside, as though he wished to avoid her; but she had noticed something—a white paper—in his hand, partly thrust behind him; and scarce knowing what she expected or thought, she seized his arm with an imploring "What is it, my friend; what have you heard?" All her light-hearted confidence had vanished. A great blank dread stared her in the face. She seemed to read her doom in Herr Scharlach's averted glance, as mechanically she held out her hand for the paper. Then he roused himself. "Only a skirmish, dear madam," he managed to say in a constrained voice.

"Let me see."

She spoke coldly and clearly,—all the feeling gone out of her tones. She took the paper—a bulletin. At one glance she saw it amid an hundred names, the one—the only one for her—"Killed, Private F. Hoffmann, Queen Elizabeth Regiment, —— Company." That was all. It happened in a skirmish, near Mont Aaron, against Le Bourget, two days before, when that company had lost heavily. She took it all in somehow; and when she looked up from the paper it was as though she had been reading it for hours, and she seemed to have known it all a hundred years before. It was an old, old sorrow, but a sorrow that would always endure, the bitterness of death, which should never be overpast. She raised her pitiful, sad eyes to the good old professor's face, and only said in a dreamy, far-away voice, "Oh, the poor children!" and would have fallen to the ground had not he supported her, while the pitying bystanders, who saw with the keen sight that came of daily sad experience, flocked to her help. A near droschke was summoned, and she was lifted into it and driven to her now stricken home, desolate of its dearest hope. Paul, rosy and merry, muffled against the cold, with his skates slung over his shoulder, fresh from a skating frolic on the pond in the public garden, near by, came bounding up to the door as the horse stopped, and sprang forward to assist his mother and their friend; but when he saw her pale, lifeless face he was terrified, and began to cry, "My dear little mother,—what ails her? Mein Herr, ach, tell me!" he entreated. The poor old professor, trembling and agonized himself, could not answer him. When poor Frau Hoffmann had been carried up the long flight of stairs to her bright little home, which she had left so blithely not three hours before, and laid on the sofa in the dwelling-room, she opened her eyes at last, and they rested on the children, who, pale and weeping, had gathered closely around her. The kind old Herr had told the little orphans, in broken tones, of their bereavement by this time, and they, overwhelmed as they were, still hardly realized their terrible loss; but, so much the more, the stricken condition of the dear mother before them, for whose sake they now strove to be quiet and calm. But she opened her arms and they crowded close to her, their sobs now breaking out as though the little hearts would burst with grief. "Gone, gone, Fritz," was all she said, very low; but Gretchen heard her and nestled closer.

The slow, wretched hours had dragged along towards night,—the eagerly expected, happy night, which had turned to such misery and despair; it was growing dusk. Four little lonely figures were huddled closely together behind the great stove—the friendly German stove, with its red velvet fringed mantle shelf against the gleaming white tiles,—the only prominent white object in the darkening room. The door leading into the mother's room was a little ajar; for Gretchen had just crept in softly to see if the dear, patient little mother was asleep. Fritzel was leaning against his brother, who had thrown his arm around the little fellow, and said presently, in a half whisper, "*Won't* Papa come for our Christmas tree *at all?*" with a grieving voice; "will the Christ-child know it, and not come either?" "The Christ-kindlem *will* come, I think!" said Olga; "because he will want to comfort us, and tell us what Papa will do on Christ-

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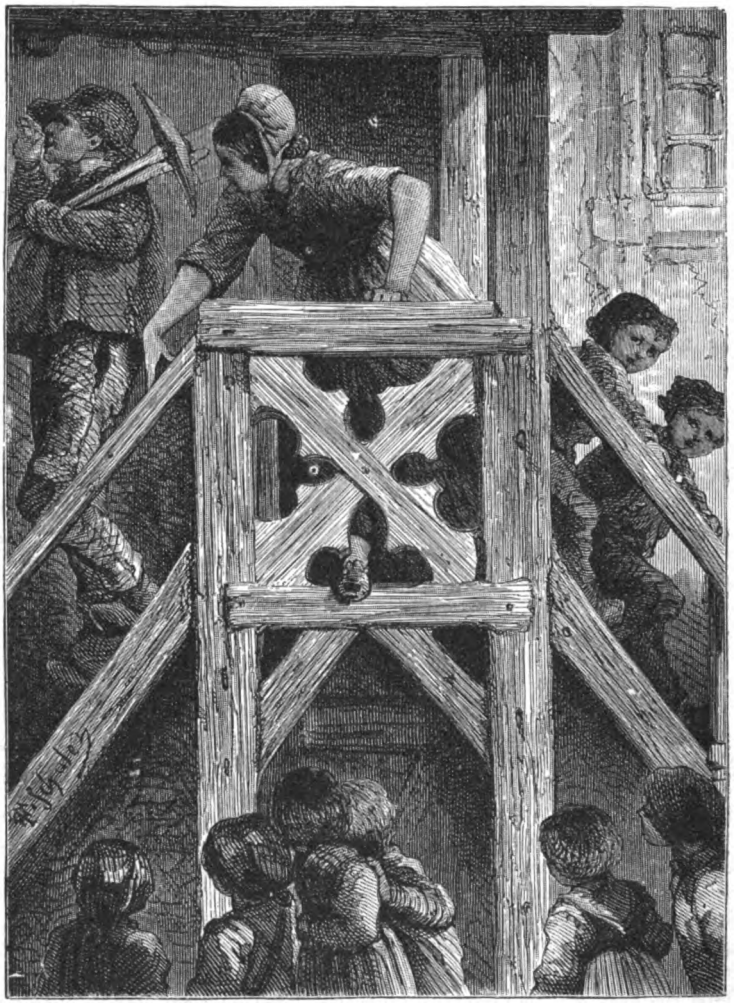
mas in heaven. Papa told me last year that there was Christmas in heaven."

Fritzel and Carlotta, to whom Olga's word was gospel, turned their eyes toward the door of the *salon*, at the opposite end of the room. "Will he come soon Olga?" whispered poor little Carlotta.



LINA SENDING THE CHILDREN AND WORK-PEOPLE AWAY.

"I am so tired and sorry here, in the dark," with a little sob in her voice, which she tried to suppress for fear the mother would hear it. "Will we see the light when he does come? for if Mamma isn't in the room he might go away, and we not know it."

"O, Carlotta," said Paul, sadly, "how can you care for Christmas trees when dear Papa is gone, and the Mother so ill!"

But little Carlotta and Fritzel, hand in hand, had slipped away from the others, and groped their way up to the closed door for the purpose of peeping through the keyhole; and seeing only blackness, however eagerly the little eyes might peer, they gave up, and stole back disappointed to the stove. "I *know* the dear Christ-child won't forget us," said Olga; "I don't want the gifts; but I do want to know about our Papa, and that would comfort Mother. I learned a little text last Sunday—'Blessed are ye that mourn, for ye shall be comforted;' and Mamma told me that Jesus said that himself; so I'm sure it's true." Just then, Gretchen came out—"Mamma sends me to tell you all that she wants to hear our Christmas hymn." There was a little settling down and whispering, and a sob from Paul; for this was to have been their greeting to the dear father, who would never come to hear it now. Then, led by Gretchen's sweet, clear voice, the beautiful Christmas music rose and filled the room, filling

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the heart of the poor mother with comfort too, and bringing the first tears of relief to her dry, despairing eyes, as she lay crushed by her sorrow, in the dark room near by.

Thou dear and holy Christ! what bliss
Thy coming to thy children is;
For thou can'st make us pure and white,
God's children, pleasing in His sight.

Oh, bless us! we are young and small;
Oh, free our hearts from sinful thrall!
Oh, make our spirits free from sin,—
Thy fount of heavenly love within.

As the last echoes of the sweet carol died on the ear, a bright ray of light streamed through the keyhole of the *salon* door, and flooded the threshold. Fritzel saw it first, and sprang towards the door, clapping his hands. "The Christ-child! he is come! Oh, open! open!" he shouted. Carried away by excitement and the delightful remembrance of last year, when they all waited thus in the dark for the lighting up in the *salon* and the opening of the door, he wholly forgot, for an instant, the sorrowful reality.

But, at that moment, the door flew open. The beautiful, brilliant tree stood in the centre of the great room, towering from polished floor nearly to the frescoed ceiling, and little white tables, laden with treasures, were grouped around it in a semicircle.

A lovely fair-haired image of the Christ-child flashed high above the lights and evergreens with a shining star on his head; and on the threshold stood a very different figure—a tall figure in gray, with a soldier's cap, which opened its arms as little Fritzel sprang forward with the cry, "Papa! Papa!"

She never knew how she got there; but almost before Fritzel's joyous cry, the mother was out in the dwelling-room in her white wrapper, and safe in his own strong, living arms, close to his warm, true heart.

"My Marga," he had whispered; "my best little wife."

She knew nothing else; desired to comprehend nothing. She had him, and was satisfied.

But the children were not. When the elder ones fully realized that it was indeed himself—his living self, and no other—returned to their midst again, they clamored to know what it all meant, and the little ones, half afraid to approach now, whispered together as if they thought he must be an angel, after all.

Attracted and alarmed by the commotion, old Christel and the maid, Lina, came running in, and their wondering exclamations, coupled with the children's excitement, made the father realize that something unusual had occurred before his return.

The wife led him to his seat near the fire, and they all crowded about him, talking so fast and eagerly that he finally was obliged to hush them all, and tell Gretchen to be spokeswoman. Then he told his tale:

"I left Versailles five days ago," he told them, "and was not even present at the attack on Le Bourget, which began December 21st, as the telegrams state; but there was another Private Hoffmann in my company—Franz Hoffmann, from Potsdam—which accounts for the mistake, and he must have fallen, poor fellow. I have not seen the list. He had been with us only a few days; and though I knew him but little, he was counted a good comrade and a genial man. I trust he does not leave many to mourn him." And looking around on the little household band he bowed his head in silence for a moment.

"I wanted to surprise you all," he continued, "as I reached the house. I knew your mother's arrangements were to be just like those of last year, from her letters. The doors were open, so I just stole in, and finding everything ready to my hand, was there to receive the Christ-child, little thinking what a strange surprise I would give you; little dreaming that I was to appear as one risen from the dead. I waited while you sung your Christmas hymn, dear children, hardly able to restrain my impatience, wondering all the time why the dear little mother did n't steal in to see if the Christ-child had come."

Paul sprang up then with a sudden thought of the neglected Christmas tree: "Oh, the tree! we're all forgetting it, and our splendid tapers are fast burning away." So, followed speedily by all, he ran into the next room, into the midst of the Christmas warmth and beauty.

The children were soon wild with delight over the wonderful gifts on their separate little tables, and Fritzel and Carlotta were shouting and clapping their hands under the tall sparkling tree, down from the height of which the fair, waxen face of the Christ-child image seemed to smile on the happy little ones.

Loving little Olga, who fully realized by this time that her papa was not an angel, but living and real, the best gift the dear Christ-child could have brought her, nestled up to his side and pulled him gently by the hand over to his special little table.

Gretchen, the good, careful little maiden, had slipped out during the confusion and brought in the gifts, which, just completed, had not been placed there after the dreadful news came.

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All the children crowded up to watch and comment on Papa's pleasure, as he examined his gifts, praising the skill of this and the thoughtfulness of that donor, as he did so.

Just then, there was a violent ring at the entrance bell, and in another second the old professor burst into the room, looking like Knecht Ruprecht himself, in his enormous shaggy overcoat and fur cap, carrying a big basket, and fairly beaming and overflowing with true German glee.

Good news travels fast.

Almost before the family were sure of the fact themselves, the happy tidings seemed to have spread in some mysterious way, and other friends soon filled the room; coming in, they said, for just a look at the dead returned to life again.

The children and work-people of the neighborhood ran up and down the steps, calling out to Lina and asking questions, till she was forced to drive them away.

"The street 's fairly alive with our good news," she whispered to Gretchen, as she ran in, panting, to see the beautiful tree and receive her gifts with a pretty show of surprise.

Frau Hoffmann, who had disappeared for a few moments, returned presently in her pretty blue dress, which had been especially prepared for this happy occasion, followed by Christel and Lina with the refreshment trays. Then there was jubilee, indeed.

The Christmas greeting passed around, and the Children's Christmas hymn was called for. What a joyous strain the music took this time! How out of each heart in that now blessed little family rose the song of thanksgiving!

Gretchen and Paul, Olga, Carlotta and Fritzel laid happy little heads on their pillows that memorable night; and, I think, the dear Christ-child sent them beautiful dreams to herald in the holy Christmas-day?

THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

See Frontispiece.

BY M. M. D.

JUST three hundred and ninety years ago, two noble boys were traveling in state from Ludlow Castle to London. An escort of two thousand horsemen rode with them; and although the boys had just lost their father, King Edward IV, and were dressed in sober black, I have no doubt that hundreds of happy children who saw them pass, looked with delight at the grand cavalcade, and thought it a fine thing to be a prince. Their mother called the boys Edward and Richard; but Edward being the eldest,—though only thirteen years of age,—was His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, rightful heir to the English throne; and Richard, his brother, a boy of eleven, was known as the Duke of York.

Yes, many a boy and girl looked almost with envy that day upon the two royal children, and wondered how it felt to be the son of a king and lord of a nation.

But the men and women who looked on thought of something very different. They shook their heads and whispered their misgivings to each other.

It was dreadful, they said; such brave, beautiful, noble lads, too; and their father hardly cold in his grave—poor, dear things! But then they would be in the power of their uncle Richard, Duke of Gloucester, the wickedest, cruelest and most powerful nobleman in all England. But for these boys, in all their pride of youth, my lord of Gloucester might be king of England.

Ah, who could say what might happen!

English history tells us what happened: how the wicked Duke of Gloucester pretended at first to be all loyalty and kindness; how he wrote a letter of condolence to the queen mother, and set off from Scotland, where he was commanding an army, to be present, he said, at his dear nephew's coronation; and how, with fair words and treachery, he first placed the Prince in the Tower of London, where "he would be safer than anywhere else, until the grand ceremony should take place;" how he afterwards took the little Duke of York from his sobbing mother and put him, too, in the dreary Tower; and how ——.

But you see them in the picture. They are together; that is some comfort. Their chamber is grandly furnished, but it is in a prison. Not the Prince of Wales, nor the Duke of York, now, but two heart-sick, terrified boys, who every moment dread—they hardly know what. If they only could feel their mother's arm about them once again! They have prayed and prayed, and they have cried till they can cry no more, and, with breaking hearts, they have straightened themselves proudly with the thought that they are the sons of a king, when suddenly they hear a footstep outside.

* * * * *

To this day, visitors at the Tower are shown the very spot at the foot of the gloomy stone stairs where the bodies of the murdered Princes were buried.

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Delaroche, a Frenchman, painted the large picture from which our engraving is made. He had the story of the princes in his heart; and though he may or may not have loved England, he certainly loved these two English boys; else how could he have so painted them, that stout men feel like sobbing when they look at the wonderful picture? It hangs, to-day, in the gallery of the Luxembourg, in Paris; and every day children stand before it, feeling not at all as the children did who saw the princes ride by in state, nearly four hundred years ago.

I have not told you all about Edward and Richard, after all. Those of you who know what happened will hardly wish to hear the sad story again, and those who do not, may read it whenever they will; for it stands recorded on earth and in heaven.

And the history of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, also stands recorded.

Here is the end of it:

There had been a terrible battle, at the close of which a crown was picked up, all bruised and trampled and stained with blood, and put upon Henry of Richmond's head, amid loud and rejoicing cries of "Long live King Henry!"

"That night, a horse was led up to the church of the Grey Friars, at Leicester, across whose back was tied, like some worthless sack, a naked body, brought there for burial. It was the body of the last of the Plantagenet line, King Richard the Third, usurper and murderer, slain at the battle of Bosworth Field, in the thirty-second year of his age, after a miserable reign of two years."

THE BOY WHO WORKED.

By Roswell-Smith.

"DON'T YOU WANT A RIDE?"

It was a beautiful day in the early Spring of 18—. I lived at the West then, in one of those half-rural cities for which the West is so famed. I had started out for a drive.

The air was balmy as June. The mud in the streets had dried up, the birds were going mad with joy,—the hum of bees, and the fragrance of blossoms mingled with the song of the birds.

Soon I was gaily speeding along the graveled road; down through Dublin, as we called the poorer quarter of the town (though the real Dublin is a handsome and well-built city), out into the

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country. The horses seemed to share my pleasure and enthusiasm in the drive, as I have no doubt they did. Their sleek, glossy coats glistened in the sunshine, and they arched their necks, and moved proudly, knowing well the hand that held the reins, and loving the tones of the voice behind them.

The odors of the great Dublin Pork Packing Establishment were wafted to us, as we dashed past its great dark walls and noisome vaults; past the squalid cabins of squatters; past the great distilleries, with their tall chimnies, belching clouds of smoke that seemed to come from subterranean fires; past great rumbling country wagons, with half-drunken drivers, going home from the distilleries with the money from the sale of their loads of corn, except what they had spent for groceries and calico, or drunk up in whiskey; past slowly plodding farm teams, with sober farmers in grey—and women (seated in straight-backed kitchen chairs in the old farm wagons), in costumes of all shades and colors, with calico sun-bonnets hiding faces old and peaceful, or young and giddy, alike; past rattling and noisy vehicles of all sorts, out into the soft and sponge-like roads, bordered by the green fields, and the whispering trees of the country, where rattle and sound ceased.

Just ahead of me I saw walking on the road a very small boy. He was dressed in plain clothes, known as Kentucky Jean. On his head he wore, even thus early in the Spring, a plain straw hat; over his shoulder he carried a bundle, tied up in a red silk handkerchief, and slung upon a stick. In his hand he held his great heavy shoes, whilst he tugged on manfully and wearily, sore of foot, and sore of heart, I had no doubt.

I drove quickly past, and then stopped and looked back, and waited until the little fellow came up.

"Halloa," I said, "don't you want a ride?"

"To be sure I do," said he.

"Then, why didn't you ask me," said I.

"Because," said he, "I had asked so many times, and been refused so often, that I had got discouraged, and I didn't think *you* would let me," with some emphasis on the "you."

"Well," I said, "get in." He stood looking hopelessly up into the cushioned and carpeted buggy, and down at his bundle and his stick, and his heavy soiled shoes.

"I am afraid I aint very clean," he said, at last.

"Oh! never mind," I said. "Get in; this vehicle was made for use."

"I'd better leave my stick," he said.

"Oh, no!" I answered. "You may want it again."

And so he climbed in, and the bundle was stowed away under the seat, and the stick put down between us.

"I never rode in such a nice carriage before, and I don't think I ever saw such horses," he went on, and his eyes fairly sparkled.

"Do you want to drive?"

"May I?"

"Yes, if you know how." And so I gave him the reins, and we were friends at once.

"Who did you ask to let you ride?" I asked.

"Oh! all those men in the great farm wagons."

"And what did they say?"

"If they had a load they said they couldn't, and if they had no load, they only smacked their great whips, and rattled by the faster, or yelled at me to get out of the road."

"And you didn't ask me. Did you think because I had nice horses, and a fine carriage, and wore good clothes, and looked like a gentleman, that therefore I wasn't one?" I said laughingly.

"Well—yes—I'm afraid I did; but," he continued, looking me square in the face, "do gentlemen always let boys ride, when they want to?"

It was my turn to be a little bit puzzled; and I said, "I don't think they do; but a gentleman is one who always does all he can to help others and to make them happy."

"Well," said he, "I think you are a gentleman, at any rate."

And so I said, "Will you tell me who you are, for I think you are a gentleman also?" and, yet, he hadn't said "thank you," in words once, all this time.

Then he told me his story. His mother lived in a log cabin, in a little clearing in the woods, in Boone county. His father was dead. They were very poor. He had worked for a good Quaker farmer the summer before, who was very kind to his boys, and he was going to work for him again. He had walked more than twenty miles that day, and had five miles further to go. His feet had become very sore, and so he had taken off his shoes and stockings, putting his stockings in the bundle, and carrying the shoes in his hand.

"With all these things to carry, what do you carry a stick for?" I asked.

"Why, so that I can carry the bundle over my shoulder," he answered.

"Is the bundle heavy?"

"It didn't seem heavy when I started," he replied; "but it does now."

"Where did you get the stick?"

"A man cut it for me in the woods, and told me it was just what I needed to help to carry the bundle."

"Well, which is the heavier,—the bundle or the stick?"

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"I never thought of that. I believe the stick is —I know it is," he said at last.

"Well, now, that was a mistake. You took a heavy yoke when you might have had a light one—didn't you? I haven't a doubt but that man laughed to see that you were so simple."

"He did laugh," said the little fellow; and his eyes fairly flashed, and his face flushed with anger as he spoke: "that was real mean—don't you think so?"

"Yes, I do; and I don't think that man was a gentleman; and he pretended all the time to be doing you a kindness."

"Don't you ever impose on a fellow that's smaller than you are, in that way," I said.

"I don't mean to," said he.

"But you haven't told me your name yet."

"My name is Richard—they call me Dick for short; but I never could find out why. I don't like nicknames. Do you?"

"No, I don't. Almost everybody has a nickname, however; but why Richard is called Dick, is one of those things one can never find out."

"Mr. Hollyhead, the farmer I am going to work for, always calls me Richard. He's a real good man, only I don't get used to the thees and thous yet."

"Got any girls?" I asked.

He looked at me a moment, to see if I was making fun, but I kept a sober face, and thus reassured, he said, "I guess he has. He has got one."

"*Guess!*" I said, "don't you know?"

"Well, I think I ought to. She's just as pretty as she can be; and I like her first rate, 'cause she calls me Richard, too, and that makes me feel like a man."

"Do you live far from the railroad?" I asked.

"Close by," he answered.

"Why didn't you come on the cars, then?"

He hesitated a little, then said, "'Cause '*t wouldn't pay.*"

"What do you mean by that?" I asked. "May be you didn't have the money."

"*Yes, I did.* Mother gave me the money, and she said may be I could come at half-price, as I did last year; but, you see, I don't begin work until to-morrow, and I wanted to see the country and—and—and—well, I just thought I'd walk. Mother put me up a nice *snack*, and so I laid the money in the leaves of the big Bible, right at the thirty-seventh Psalm, that mother made me promise to read next Sunday—for I knew she would read it at the same time—with a little note pinned to it saying I would walk. But I didn't know it was so awful muddy all through the woods, or I don't believe I should have done it; but I'm glad I did; for, if I hadn't, I shouldn't have met you; and I might never have known a real gentleman in all my life."

"But," I said, "isn't the man you work for a gentleman?"

"Well, yes. I suppose he is; but he isn't like you."

"No," I said; "there are a great many real gentlemen and ladies in the world. I think this Quaker farmer is a gentleman, and that your mother is a lady. It is said, 'fine feathers make fine birds,' but fuss and feathers, fine manners and fine clothes, and fine horses and carriages, and houses and farms don't make gentlemen and ladies. Only God can make a gentleman."

"Did you ever read the story of Jacob?" I asked.

No, he hadn't; but he knew about Joseph.

And so I made him promise to read about Jacob, who went out from his father's house with only a stick and a bundle, or wallet—much as he had done—and slept with a stone for a pillow; and I asked him to be sure and find out what Jacob saw there that night as he lay out under the stars, and what wages Laban paid to Jacob when he hired out to him, which I knew would be a little difficult, as Laban changed his wages ten times. Then I asked what wages he had.

He said $9 a month, which I thought was very good pay for a small boy.

And so we rode on together, talking about the wages the devil pays to those who work for him, and the yoke Christ gives us to bear, until we came to the farm-yard gate, where I turned in. He dismounted with his stick, and bundle and shoes. I lingered a moment longer, and he bade me good-by, and tramped briskly down the road.

One evening, in the December following—it was almost Christmas time—I sat by a glowing wood fire in my parlor; it was raining and freezing without. I drew nearer to the embers as the door was opened, and a great blast of cold air came rushing in, without so much as saying, "By your leave;" and with it came my friend Richard.

He had grown a great deal. He was neatly dressed, and was so glad to see me, and I was so glad to see him, that all embarrassment was taken away at once.

I introduced him to my wife and my boys, and together we recalled the story of the drive; but it was evident Richard had come with a purpose. There was something in his manner which meant business.

And so I said, "Well, Richard, what is it? Have you and the pretty little girl at the farm had a quarrel?"

"Not exactly; but I—I have given her up."

"Ah! how was that?"

"You see, one day she told me she wished I wouldn't speak to her when there were other girls there, unless I had on my best clothes, for I was

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such a small boy, and worked for her father, and the girls laughed at her about me; and I said I wouldn't, and I didn't, and I haven't spoken to her since, and I have given up farming too."

"SHE WISHED I WOULD N'T SPEAK TO HER UNLESS I HAD ON MY BEST CLOTHES!"

"Given up farming," I said. "Why, what are you going to do?"

"Well, I'm going to try to be a gentleman," he answered.

"Can't a farmer be a gentleman?" I said, thinking what foolishness I must have put into the boy's head, by my talk during that ride.

"*Yes*, I spose he can; but you said there were different sorts of gentlemen, and you see I want to try and be another kind. When you told me what a gentleman was, I thought I'd like to be one; but I didn't find it as easy as I expected. Then I remembered you said only God could make a gentleman. I didn't know exactly what you meant, but after I had got almost discouraged trying, it came to me to ask God's help, and so I am trying harder than ever."

"Well, what sort of a gentleman are you going to be?" I asked.

"That's it," he said. "You see, I'm so little, I thought may be I could do more to help others, and take care of mother, if I tried something else besides farm work."

"Had any supper?" I said.

"Guess I have," he answered, proudly. "I'm stopping at a hotel."

"Think it will pay?" said I, smiling.

"Well, you see Mr. Hollyhead brought me in, and he is coming in again to-morrow. The hotel is filled with teamsters and teams, so I asked the landlord if I might stay if I would help take care of the horses, and he said 'he'd put me through,' and he did; and that's the reason it's so late, for I have only just got through, and had my supper."

"You want I should help you, do you?"

"*No*; I don't want any help. I only want advice."

And so we talked it all over. He hadn't been to school much, and he needed more education, and yet he wanted to help support his mother, and finally we decided that he should go in the morning to the office of *The Daily Blunderbuss*, and see if he could get employment there, and learn type-setting. I told him he might refer to me.

The result was, Richard got a place in the printing office, and I used to see him occasionally at work, with his sleeves rolled up, his face and hands smeared with ink; but at night, and on Sundays, he was neatly dressed, and he and my boys became great friends.

At the end of the year I took him into my office, for I suspected the printing office was hardly the best place for him, and he proved faithful in all his ways.

My boys were studying history at that time, and they gave him a nickname, which I don't think he at all objected to—it was "Richard, Cœur de Lion."

After he had been with me nearly a year, I one day asked him suddenly, "what sort of a gentleman he meant to be?"

"That's it," said he. "I haven't got education enough, and I want to go to school, and work half the time."

So I got him a situation as book-keeper in a bank, and he worked, and went to night-school, and finally fitted himself for college. It was a long and hard struggle, but a few years since he graduated with honors at the Michigan State University, and went to Chicago, where he soon obtained a position on one of the daily papers of that city, and got a home for himself and for his mother.

When the great fire came, his business was swept away, but the cottage where his mother lived, "on the west side," was mercifully spared. In the meantime I had moved to the East, and had lost sight of Richard, except as I occasionally heard from him by letter, or heard of him from others.

Fortunately, his capital was in his brains, and a great conflagration could not destroy that; and he was soon at work again.

A few months since, I received a letter, quaint and curious, in a lady's handwriting, which commenced, "*Respected Friend.*" It was full of thees and thous, and it said, "Richard" (no other name), "who was formerly in thy employment, has applied to me for a situation as son-in-law. He refers to

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thee. Thou knowest there be adventurers abroad. I am a lone widow, to whom God has given one only daughter. What cans't thou say of Richard?"

I wrote, "I have no doubt he will fill admirably any position he is willing to accept. He is a gentleman, in the best sense of the word, and any lady in the land may be proud to become his wife."

Soon after, Richard was married; and now it is the Christmas time again. I have just received a letter from him, in which he says, "We have returned from our wedding tour. My wife is a *real lady*, if there ever was one, I am sure. I have got used to the thees and thous, and learned to love to be called simply, Richard, better than ever.

"We found a double surprise awaiting us. First, an invitation to me to take the position of editor-in-chief of the *Daily Chicagonian*, one of our largest papers here, which I have accepted.

"It had been agreed that we were to come back to mother-in-law's, to spend a few days, before going to my own home. When we reached the house, we found my mother there, and everything arranged to make it a permanent home for us all.

"Mother-in-law said she could not live in the house alone.

"After dinner was over, Esther and I explored the house, and Esther showed me its treasures of closets, and spotless linen and all that; then we spent a pleasant social evening together, and gathered in the back parlor for prayers.

"On the table lay mother's big old well-worn Bible. I opened to the xxxvii Psalm, and there was the money, pinned to the note in my boyish handwriting, just as I had left it twenty years before. It seems mother could never, in her darkest hour, make up her mind to use that money. I tried to read, but my voice faltered, and then it broke down entirely. Mother and Esther knew what it meant; then mother told Mrs. Gwynne the story of the walk and the drive, and we all wished that you were here to share our happiness."

Thus it was that the boy who worked came to be a real *gentle-man* at last.

LA BOULE DE NEIGE DE JEAN MARTIN.*

PAR PAUL FORT.

IL y a des gens qui croient que le premier venu peut faire une bonne boule de neige, comme il y en a d'autres qui se figurent que c'est chose aisée de bien jouer du violon.

L'une de ces opinions est aussi fausse que l'autre.

Pour faire une vraie bonne boule de neige il faut avoir une pratique spéciale. En premier lieu on doit savoir choisir de la neige qui ne soit ni trop humide ni trop sèche. Ensuite il est nécessaire de savoir s'y prendre pour faire la boule solide et bien proportionnée et la rendre ferme et dure en la pressant sans trop de force entre les genoux. En un mot, la manière de faire une boule de neige est une science.

Jean Martin était un maître dans cette science. C'était un garçon qui aimait toujours à se perfectionner dans tout ce qui n'était pas de son état. La manière de faire une boule de neige n'était pas de son état, car Jean était un apprenti-cordonnier.

Au commencement de l'hiver de 1872 le sol fut couvert d'une magnifique couche de neige. La neige n'était ni trop humide ni trop sèche. Jean descendit dans la rue pour passer un bon quart d'heure à faire des boules de neige. Il prit une certaine quantité de neige, la pressa d'abord entre ses deux mains, puis entre ses genoux sans trop de force et réussit à en faire une magnifique boule. Il s'agissait maintenant de la jeter à quelque passant et la destinée de la boule serait remplie. L'occasion ne se fit pas longtemps attendre; Jean vit bientôt arriver de son côté le vieux M. Antoine Blanc et sa bonne femme, Mme Blanc. Dès qu'ils eurent passé devant lui, Jean, après avoir bien visé, lança sa boule de neige. Puis il baissa les yeux sur le sol et parut innocent comme un agneau. Le vieux M. Blanc fit un soubresaut.

"Aïe!" cria-t-il. "Qu'est-ce que c'est? J'ai été frappé par une avalanche de neige. Elle est peut-être tombée d'un toit. Ouf! j'en ai dans mon oreille. Ça coule le long de mon cou. Je sens la neige sous mon gilet de flanelle. Oh! comme c'est froid! C'est horrible! Pourquoi suis-je venu dans les rues lorsque la neige tombe ainsi des toits?"

Mais sa bonne femme, Mme Blanc, ne s'était pas laissé tromper. Elle savait que la neige n'était pas tombée du toit. Elle s'était retournée et avait vu Jean jeter la boule de neige. "Hé! méchant garçon!" exclama-t-elle. "Je vous ai vu. Vous avez jeté de la neige à mon bon mari. Je vais le dire au maire, et vous serez mis en prison, jeune vaurien!"

* We shall be glad to have the boys and girls send translations of this story. Next month we shall have a German story.

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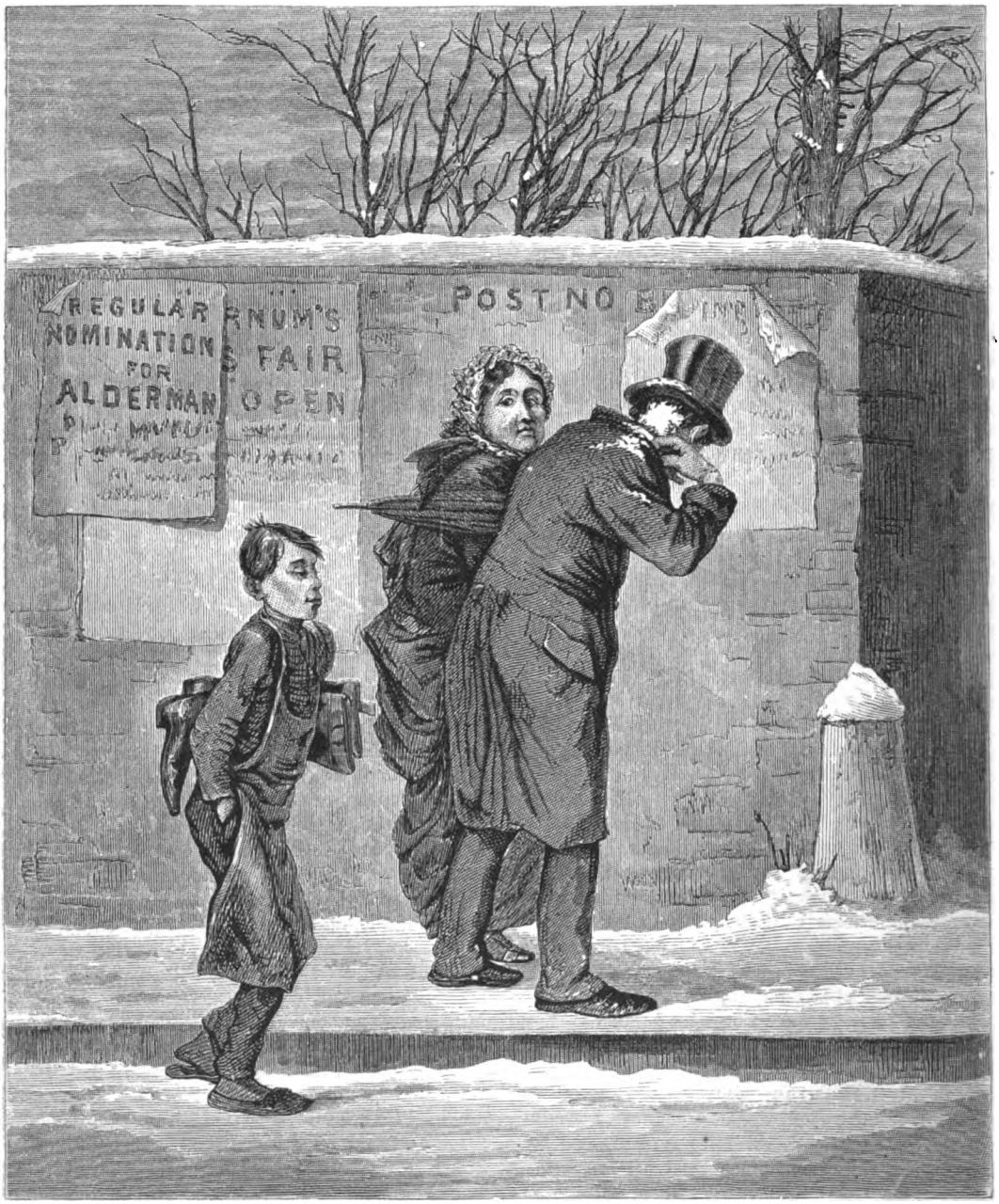

"JEAN PARUT INNOCENT COMME UN AGNEAU."

"Oh! bonne Mme Blanc!" répondit Jean, "est-ce qu'on lance des boules de neige? Oh! les mauvais garçons! J'ai peur que quelqu'un d'entre eux ne m'envoie une de ces terribles boules de neige. Je cours chez moi. Je n'ai pas de gilet de flanelle et si une boule de neige venait à découler le long de mon dos, je périrais de froid. Je vous remercie, ma bonne dame, de m'avoir averti. Adieu."

Et l'innocent Jean Martin s'éloigna pour faire une autre boule de neige qu'il se disposait à jeter derrière l'oreille au premier vieux Monsieur qui viendrait à passer.

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FAST FRIENDS.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Author of the "Jack Hazard" Stories.

CHAPTER I.

A YOUNG CONTRIBUTOR.

VERY early one spring morning, not quite thirty years ago, a tall boy, with arms almost too long for his coat-sleeves, sat eating a hasty breakfast in a farm-house of Western New York. His hair was freshly combed, his shirt-collar clean, his fair face smoothly shaved (or perhaps the beard was yet to grow), and he appeared dressed for a journey.

By the table, leaning her elbow upon it, sat a young girl, who did not eat, but watched him wistfully.

"George," said she, with a tremulous smile, "you 'll forget me as soon as you are gone."

George looked up, over his plate of fried potatoes, and saw her eyes—a bright blue, and smiling still—grow very misty indeed, and suddenly let fall a shining drop or two, like rain in sunshine. She caught up her apron, dashed away the tears with a laugh (she must either laugh or cry, and laughing was so much more sensible), and said, "I know you will, George!"

"Don't think that, Vinnie?" said George, earnestly. "You are the only person or thing on this old place that I don't wish to forget."

"I am sorry you feel so, George!"

"I can't help it. I've nothing against *them*,—only they don't understand me. Nobody understands me, or knows anything of what I think or feel."

"Don't I—a little?" smiled Vinnie.

"You, more than anybody else. And, Vinnie!" exclaimed George, "I do hate to leave you here!"

He gazed at her, thinking how good, how beautiful she was. On the table there was a candle still burning with a pale flame. Just then a broad-chested, half-dressed farmer came in from another room, yawning, and buttoning his suspenders, saw the candle, and put it out.

"Need n't burn candles by daylight," he said, pinching the wick and then wiping his fingers on his uncombed hair.

George watched the broad back with the suspenders, knit of yellow yarn, crossed over a blue flannel shirt, going out at the back door, and looked grimly sarcastic.

"That's his way; he don't mean anything; he's good-hearted behind it all," Vinnie explained. "Eat a doughnut."

George declined the doughnut, and sat back in his chair. "I can't help laughing! Nine years I've lived with him,—my uncle, my mother's only brother;—he sees me ready for a journey, my trunk packed; and nobody knows, not even myself, just where I am going, or how I am going to live; and his first words are, 'Need n't burn candles by daylight.' Candles!" repeated George, contemptuously.

The uncle walked a little way from the back door, stopped, hesitated, and then walked back again. A trunk was there, loaded up on an old wheelbarrow.

"Ye might have had the horse and wagon, George, to take your trunk down," he said.

"Uncle Presbit," George answered, with a full heart, "I'm obliged to you; but you did n't say so last night, when I spoke about it."

That was too true. Uncle Presbit gazed rather uneasily at the trunk for a moment, then slowly revolved on his axis, and the yellow X on the blue back moved off again.

"I wish you would take my money!" Vinnie

then said in a low tone of entreaty. "You will need it, I am sure."

"I hope not," replied George. "I've enough to take me to Albany or New York, and keep me there a few days. I shall find something to do. I sha' n't starve. Never fear."

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"But promise you 'll write to me for my money, if you need it. You know you will be welcome to it,—more than welcome, George!"

At that moment the uncle reappeared at the door. He was a plain, coarse man, with a rather hard but honest face, and he looked not unkindly on George.

"When ye spoke last night," he said, "I hoped ye 'd reconsider. 'T ain't too late to change yer mind now, ye know. Had n't ye better stay? Bird in the hand 's wuth two in the bush. It 's a dreffle onsartin thing, this goin' off to a city where nobody knows ye nor cares for ye, to seek yer fortin."

"It 's uncertain, I know," replied George, with a resolute air; "but I 've made up my mind."

"Wal! boys know more 'n their elders nowdays." And once more the uncle walked heavily and thoughtfully away, scratching his rough head.

"George," whispered Vinnie, "if you print anything in the city papers, be sure to send me a copy."

"Of course,"—blushing and stammering a little, —"if I do."

She had touched a sensitive chord in the boy's heart, which thrilled with I know not what secret aspirations. For George was a poet,—or dreamed he was. In the heart of that farm-bred, verdant youth lurked a romantic hope, shy as any delicate wild flower shrinking from the glare of day under the shade of some secluded rock. He would hardly have owned, even to himself, that it was there. To be a poet—to write what the world would delight to read—to become famous, like Byron, Burns, or Scott, whom he so passionately admired—O no! he would have declared, he was not so foolish as to indulge that daring thought.

And yet he had tried his powers. He had composed a great many rhymes while following the plough or hoeing his uncle's corn, and had written a few prose sketches. Some of these things had got into print, and given him a good deal of reputation as a "young contributor" to the county newspaper. The editor had more than once called attention to the "new poem by our promising young author, G. G." (for George Greenwood favored the public with his initials only), comparing him with Pope in his early years, or with Chatterton, "the marvelous boy." George was rather ashamed of these compliments, which he greatly feared laid him open to ridicule. He suspected, moreover, perhaps justly, that they were intended as a sort of compensation for his articles; for he got no other pay. Besides, he had a painful consciousness that the "Vanguard of Freedom" was not literature, and that its columns were not the place where laurels were to be won.

His friends and mates, for the most part, took no interest in his verses. Some accused him of "copying out of Lord Byron." Two or three only—including Vinnie—believed in him. His Uncle Presbit owned that "the boy had a knack at rhymin'," and was rather proud of it;—no one of his blood had ever before written anything which an editor had thought "wuth printin' in a paper." But though he did not object to a little of such nonsense now and then, hard work on the farm was the business of life with him, and he meant it should be so with his nephew, as long as they lived together. And hard enough he made it—hard, dry and prosaic—to George, with his sensitive nature and poetic dreams. And so it happened that George's trunk was out there on the wheelbarrow, packed with all his earthly possessions (including a thick roll of manuscripts), and that he was eating in haste the breakfast which Vinnie had got for him, early that spring morning.

"I was agoin' to say," remarked Uncle Presbit, again coming back to the door, "I don't mind payin' ye wages, if ye stay an' work for me this season."

"Thank you for the offer,—though it comes rather late!" said George, gloomily. "Good by, Aunt Presbit; you 're just in time to see me off."

The aunt came in, with pins in her mouth, arranging her dress.

"Goin'? Have ye had a good breakfast?" she said, speaking out of the corner of her mouth that was free from pins.

"Yes, thanks to Vinnie," said George, risen, and ready to start.

"That means, no thanks to me. Wal, George!" —the pins were out of the mouth, which smiled in a large, coarse, good-natured way,—"I mean better by ye 'n ye think; the trouble is, ye 've got too fine notions for plain folks like us. All is, if ye git into trouble, jest come back here; then mabby ye 'll find who yer re'l friends be."

George was touched by this, and there was a tear in his eye as he shook her hand at parting.

"But law!" she added, with broad irony, "if ever ye do come back, I s'pose ye 'll be a rich man, and too proud to speak to poor folks! Why don't ye kiss him, Vinnie? Need n't mind me!"

"She is going over to the bridge with me." And George took up the handles of the wheelbarrow on which his trunk was placed.

Uncle Presbit, who had walked to and fro half a dozen times since he last appeared at the door, now came back and spoke what was on his mind.

"George,"—a cough,—"I s'pose,"—another cough,—Uncle Presbit pulled off his old farm hat with one hand, and scratched his head with the other,—"no doubt ye think I might 'a' gin ye some money—"

"Uncle Presbit," said George, putting down the

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wheelbarrow, "if the work I've done for you the past nine years has paid for my board and clothes and schooling,"—his voice trembled a little,—"I'm glad—and I'm satisfied. If you had offered me money, I—I"—chokingly—"should have taken it as a kindness; but I have n't expected it, and I don't know that I have deserved it."

Uncle Presbit had put his hand into his pocket, but he now took it out again, and appeared greatly relieved.

"Wal! I d' n' know, George! I've meant to do right by ye. An' I wish ye well, I shall allers wish ye well, George. Good by."

"Good by," said George. He repressed a bitter sob; and, with his hat pulled over his eyes, taking up the barrow again, he wheeled it away, while Vinnie walked sadly by his side.

CHAPTER II.

TAKING THE PACKET BOAT.

NOTWITHSTANDING the distasteful life he had led at his uncle's, George did not leave the old place without some parting sighs. Strangely mingled with his hatred of such disagreeable work as forking manure and picking up stones, and of his uncle's sordid ways, remained a genuine love of nature, and attachment to many a favorite spot. How could he forget the orchard, so pleasant in summer weather: the great woods where he had roamed and dreamed; the swallow-haunted and hay-scented barn; the door-yard, where on Sunday afternoons he had lain upon the grass and gazed up into the sky, with thoughts of time, and space, and God; and all the private paths and nooks which Vinnie and he had known together.

"I take back what I said about wishing to forget everybody and everything but you, Vinnie!" he said, setting down his load at a little distance from the house, and looking back. "Shall I ever see again that old roof—those trees—this road I have traveled so many times with you on our way to school?"

"I hope so, George!" said Vinnie, fervently.

"Where shall I be a year from now?—three—five—ten years?" he continued, as if speaking aloud the thoughts which had been haunting him. "I wonder if this is n't all a dream, Vinnie!"

"I should think the wheelbarrow would seem real enough to you," she said with a tearful smile, as he took up his load again.

"Yes! and is n't this a rather ridiculous way of leaving home?" George blushed as he thought how it would sound, in the fine Byronic "Farewell" he was composing, or in the biography which might some day be written: "On that occasion he conveyed his own luggage to the boat, using for the purpose an ancient wheelbarrow belonging to his uncle." It was long before George got that little streak of romantic vanity rubbed out of him by rude contact with the world.

The road soon brought them to the bridge; and under the bridge flowed (for there was always a sluggish current) the waters of the canal, on which he was to embark. He saw the rising sun under the bridge, as he set down the wheelbarrow by the tow-path, and removed the trunk. Vinnie was to take the "little vehicle" (so it was called in the "Farewell") back with her, after they had parted.

"I've jumped off from that bridge, on to the boats passing under, more times than I ever shall again, Vinnie!" He remembered the way in which the little sum of money in his pocket had been earned, and wondered how that would read in his biography: "He had diligently picked up a few pennies at odd spells, by gathering in his uncle's orchard such fruits as it chanced to afford, and selling them on the canal-boats, upon which he stepped from a convenient bridge." Such things would dart through the lad's too active brain even at that moment of parting.

They sat down, she on the trunk and he on the wheelbarrow, and talked a little; though their hearts were so full, neither had much to say. George cast anxious glances up the canal; suddenly he exclaimed, in a quick voice, "There's the packet!" and clasped her hand. It was the boat that was to bear him away. The foremost of the three heavily trotting horses, and the head of the driver riding the last, appeared around the bend; then came the long, curving tow-line, and the trim, narrow prow cutting the water. George, who had many times leaped upon the same boat at that place, with his little basket of apples (it was only upon the line-boats that he stepped from the bridge), sprang up and gave a signal. The driver—who knew him, and remembered many a fine pippin, handed up to him as he rode past, with the request, "Drive slow!"—slackened speed, letting the tow-line dip and trail in the water. The steersman, who also knew George, saw the signal and the trunk, and headed the packet for the tow-path. As it was "laying-up" for him, George hastily bid Vinnie good-bye; then, as the stern swung in and rubbed gratingly against the bank, he caught up his trunk, threw it aboard, and then leaped after it. The stern swung off again, the driver cracked his whip, the dripping line straightened, and a swiftly widening space of dingy water separated George standing in the stern from Vinnie on the shore.

There was something romantic, after all, in his departure, sailing into the sunrise, which dazzled her as she gazed after him under her uplifted arm.

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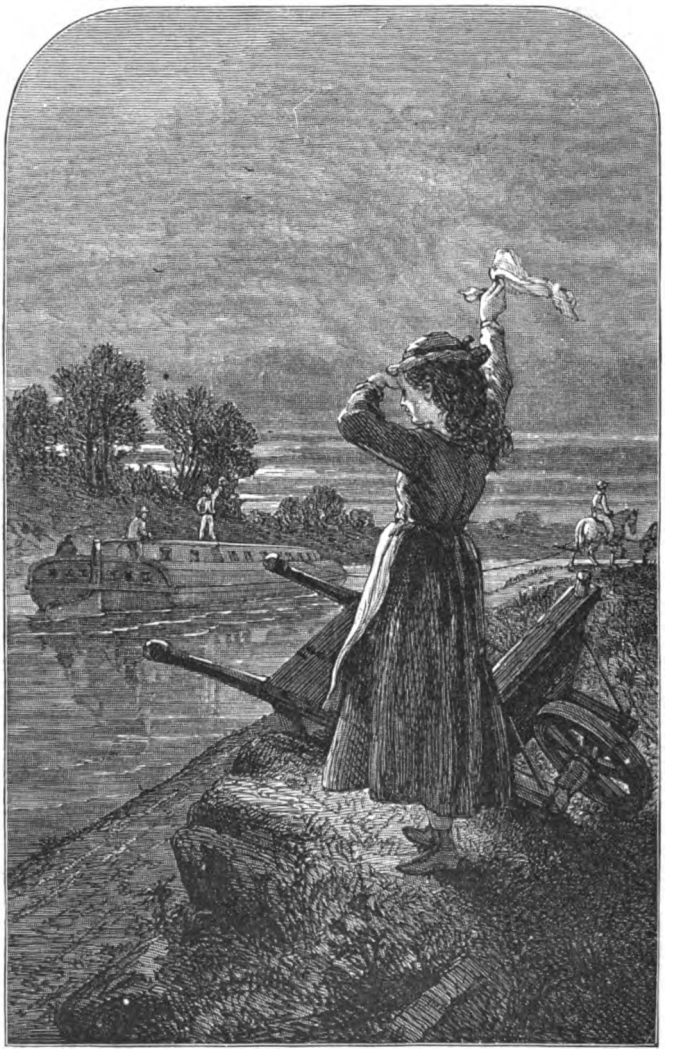
He stood proudly erect, waving his hat towards her; she fluttered her handkerchief; then another bend shut him out from her view.

Poor Vinnie, standing alone on the tow-path, with the empty wheelbarrow, continued to gaze after him long after he was out of sight. A dreadful feeling of loss and desolation came over her, and the tears streamed unheeded down her cheeks. For nine years—ever since, his parents having died, he came to live with his uncle—they had been daily companions. She too was an orphan, adopted in childhood by the Presbits, who had no children of their own; and the two had grown up together like brother and sister. How empty life would seem without him! how could she endure it? But Vinnie was too brave a girl to spend much time in mourning over the separation.

"I must go home and get breakfast for the rest," she suddenly remembered. So, drying her eyes, she took up the wheelbarrow, and trundled it back along the road.



"HE WAVED HIS HAT; SHE FLUTTERED HER HANDKERCHIEF.

George felt the separation less; for he had the novelty of the journey and his own fresh hopes to divert and console him. It was early in the month of May; the morning was cool and fine. The sun rose through crimson bars of cloud into a sky of transparent silver. Birds sang sweetly in the budding boughs that overhung the water; the lisp

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of ripples by the rushing prow blended with their songs. The steady, level movement of the boat, bearing him away to new scenes and new fortunes, inspired him with emotions akin to happiness. And he had his poem for a companion. His brain began to beat with rhymes.

> "When the beams of morning fell
> On my little vehicle,
> Which by dewy hedge-rows bore
> My light luggage to the shore,
> She, still faithful, by my side,
> Rosy-cheeked, and tender-eyed,—"

But George immediately rejected the epithet "rosy-cheeked," as out of keeping with the pathos of the parting scene and the passionate tone of the "Farewell." Indeed, none of the lines composed that morning were finally retained in that remarkable poem, which was pitched to the deep key of the surging winds in the dark woods, where he had nursed his fate-defying thoughts (after his trunk was packed) the night before.

CHAPTER III.

THE "OTHER BOY."

FINDING that the stream of poetry ran shallow, George looked about among the passengers who were beginning to come on deck, and noticed a monstrously fat man whose bulk nearly filled the companion-way where he stood.

"Half a dozen of us little fellows will have to go forward, to trim the boat, if he stays aft," said a boyish voice at George's side.

The speaker was a lad almost a head shorter than himself, and may be a year or two younger, but with a bright, honest face, which expressed a good deal of quiet self-reliance and firmness of character. George, who had seen little of the world, and who lacked self-reliance, felt drawn at once to the owner of that face.

Perceiving that he wore pretty good clothes, and a coat which was not a bad fit, our young poet —who was troubled with a painful consciousness of having outgrown his own garments—instinctively pulled down his coat-sleeves, which, as has been said, were short.

"He'd better not come up on deck," he replied in the same tone of pleasantry. "He'd go through these thin boards like an elephant!"

The lad—whom we shall call the Other Boy—began to laugh. "Once when I was on the canal, he said, "I saw just such a fat man on the deck of a line-boat, as it was coming to a bridge. 'Low bridge!' says the steersman. It *was* a low bridge —very low; and the boat, having no freight, was very high out of the water. The fat man got down and lay on his back, with his feet towards the bow. But, gracious! he reached almost as far up into the sky when he was lying down as when he stood up. He saw the bridge coming, in a direction that was certain to cut him off about six inches below his waistcoat buttons. I was on the tow-path; and I screamed, 'Mister! mister! you'll get killed!' He knew it, but what could he do? The boat could n't stop, and the bridge would n't go! In a minute he would be crushed like a four-hundred-pound egg."

"What *did* he do?" said George.

"There was only one thing he *could* do; for it was too late to get up and run aft, and he could n't crawl away. He put up his feet! I suppose he thought he was going to stop the boat, or may be push the bridge over. But the bridge pushed him! It was funny to see his eyes stick out, and hear him roar, 'Hold on! wait! stop 'em!'—I suppose he meant the horses,—as he slid along on the deck, and finally rolled off into the water. He went in like a whale,—such a splash! He was so fat he could n't sink; but how he did splutter and blow canal water when he came out!"

The Other Boy had hardly finished his story, when—"Bridge!"—called the man at the helm; and both boys, laughing heartily, got down on the deck, with the other passengers, to pass under.

George's new acquaintance appeared to be familiar with life on the canal, and had several such stories to tell. George in his turn became confidential.

"I used to peddle apples on the 'big ditch,' as we call it." he said, as they sat on some light baggage on the deck, and looked off at the passing scenery. "They were my uncle's apples, and I gave him half I got for them. That made him willing to let me have the fruit, and a half-day to myself now and then. I would drop on to the line-boats from the bridge, and—if the steersman would n't lay up for me—get off at the next bridge, or on another boat. I was a little chap when I began,—very timid,—and it was some time before I completely mastered the art of getting on and off. You see, it don't do to jump down on the side from which the boat is coming, for the bridge might knock you over before you could take care of yourself. So you look for a good place, where there's no freight or passengers, and then run to the other side, and wait till the spot you've picked out comes through, and then drop down, and you're all right."

"Yes, I see," said the Other Boy.

"Once I dropped down in such a hurry that I left my basket of apples on the bridge! I got well laughed at; and, what was worse," said George,

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"when I went back, half an hour later,—for the steersman would n't lay up, since I could n't give him an apple, and I had to jump to the first boat we met,—the pigs had eaten up all my apples, except a few which I found afloat with the basket in the canal. Another time I put my basket up on a bridge, but could n't get up myself. I thought I could, though, and I hung on, jumping and kicking in the air, while the boat passed from under me, and there I clung, right over the water. The boatmen only laughed at me. There was nobody to pull me up,—yelling did no good,—and I could n't very well hold on till another boat came along, with a good deck for me to fall on."

GEORGE'S LITTLE ADVENTURE.

"What did you do?" asked the Other Boy, highly amused.

"I dropped into the water. Luckily I could swim, and I got out without assistance. The boatmen laughed louder than ever, when they saw me, and that hurt my feelings."

"Just like 'em! they 're pretty rough fellows, the most of 'em!" said the Other Boy, with the air of one who knew.

"On one boat," George continued, "I met with a series of accidents. In the first place, getting on, I was a moment late, and, instead of alighting where I expected, I jumped into the stomach of a big Dutchman lying on the deck, smoking his pipe. He started up with a grunting 'Hough! hough!'—very much as if it had been a fat hog I had jumped on,—and away went I and my apples. First I picked myself up, and then proceeded to pick up as many of my apples as had n't rolled overboard. Afterwards I gave all I saved, together with all my money, for a bill that turned out to be counterfeit. Then the steersman carried me off. Then, in getting up on a bridge,—you have to step along on the deck, you know, till you can give a good jump, and you can't see where you step,—I kicked a dinner-bell off into the water. The cook sprang to catch me by the legs, and came very near going overboard after his bell. I was too quick for him; but I was no sooner on the bridge than a shower of turnips followed me. I think the enraged cook, the steersman, and the deck hands, must have thrown away half a barrel of turnips, all on my account. They went under the bridge, and over the bridge, and hit the bridge, but not one hit the mark they were aimed at, if I except a few lively spatters of juice and mashed pulp from one or two that struck the timbers disagreeably near to my head. As soon as I was at a good dodging distance, I yelled to the steersman that he'd better lay up for me next

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time. But I was careful never to get on that boat again."

The Other Boy showed a lively appreciation of these anecdotes. "Are you a pretty good hand at getting into scrapes?" he inquired, with a laugh, looking up into George's face.

"Fair," replied George. "Are you?"

"Terrible!" said the Other Boy. "You never saw such a fellow. If you are like me, we'd better not be together much, or nobody knows what may happen. Two Jonahs in one boat!"

"But do you get out of your scrapes?" asked George.

"O yes! that's the fun of it."

"Then I'll risk you. But how happens it that you know so much about the canal?"

"I was brought up on it," said the Other Boy.

"You mean near it—on its banks?"

"No; on the canal itself,"—with a quiet smile. "You see, I was a driver once."

George was astonished. "You! I would n't have thought it!"

"It seems odd to me now," said the Other Boy, looking thoughtful for a moment. "I can hardly believe that, only two years ago, I was traveling this very tow-path, one of the roughest little drivers you ever saw!"

"You must have had a streak of luck!" George suggested regarding his new acquaintance with fresh interest.

"I've had some good friends!" said the Other Boy.

"How far are you going?"

"To New York."

George started, and drew still nearer the Other Boy. "To stay?"

"I don't know. I am going on a strange sort of business; I mean to stay till I've finished that."

"*I* am going to New York," then said George.

"Good!" exclaimed the Other Boy. "Let's go there together."

CHAPTER IV.

THE JOURNEY AND AN ADVENTURE.

THAT afternoon they arrived at Syracuse, where they changed boats, taking another packet for Utica. They slept on board that night, in little berths made up against the sides of the narrow cabin, much like the berths in a modern sleeping-car. Changing boats again the next day at Utica, they continued their journey, passing through the Mohawk Valley, and found themselves in Schenectady on the following morning.

This was the end of the packet's route; and here, after breakfast, they took the cars for Troy and Albany, over one of the oldest railroads in the country. It was a new experience to the two boys, neither of whom had ever ridden in a railroad car before. This, we must remember, was nearly thirty years ago; since which time passenger-boats, once so common on the canal, have disappeared, and become almost forgotten.

At noon they arrived at Albany; and there George wished to spend a couple of days, while the Other Boy, who had seen enough of the city when he was a driver, and whose business seemed urgent, was for taking a steamer down the Hudson that night. Finally George agreed that, if his new friend would stay with him in Albany until the next morning, he would then take the steamer with him, and they would go down the river by daylight.

They saw the city that afternoon,—the Other Boy acting as guide,—slept at a cheap public house, and got up early the next morning in order to take the boat.

There were two lines of New York steamers at that time, "running opposition;" and when the boys reached the wharf they were beset by runners for the rival lines, who caught hold of them, jabbering, and dragging them this way and that, in a manner which quite confused George, until he saw how cool and self-possessed the Other Boy was.

"See here!" cried the latter, sharply, "just keep your hands off! Let go that trunk, I say!" It was George's trunk; his friend had only a valise. "Now, what will you take us for?"

"Regular fare, dollar and a half," said one; "take ye for a dollar."

"Go on our boat for seventy-five cents!" shouted the other.

"Half a dollar!" roared the first.

"A quarter!" shrieked the second.

"All right," said the Other Boy. "We can't do better than that;—although," he added afterwards, "if we had kept the two fellows bidding against each other a little longer, no doubt one of 'em would have given us something for going in his boat!"

They had got their baggage safely aboard, and were standing near the gangway, amid a group of passengers, when somebody said, "What's the matter with that man?" George turned, and saw a well-dressed person staggering towards them, holding one hand to his head, and reaching out convulsively with the other, on which (he remembered afterwards) glittered a diamond ring.

"Take me!" gasped the man. "I shall fall!"

While George, struck with astonishment, hesi-

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tated a moment, not for want of humanity, but because he lacked decision, the Other Boy sprang promptly to support the stranger.

"Help!" said he. "I can't hold him!" And in an instant George was at the stranger's other side. The man reeled about frightfully, and finally leaned his whole weight upon the boys, his body swaying, and his arms clutching their sides. At the same time two other gentlemen crowded close to them, crying, "What ails him?"

"I don't know," said the Other Boy. "Ease him down on the trunks here."

"No, no!" gasped out the suffering gentleman. "Take me ashore! I'm not going in the boat. I shall be all right."

As he appeared to recover himself a little, declaring presently that his faintness had passed, and that he could walk, the two boys helped him to the wharf, where he thanked them warmly for their kindness. They left him leaning against a cab, and had just time to leap aboard again when the bridge was hauled in, the great paddles began to revolve, and the boat started.

"He's all right," cried the Other Boy, with satisfaction. "Just think, he might have got carried off! Now, where's the man who promised to get us our tickets?"

"See here!" said George, feeling in his pocket, "pay for mine when you get yours, will you?" For George shrank from the responsibility of pushing into the crowd and making change.

"All right," said the Other Boy. "What's the matter with *you?*"

George stood, a picture of consternation, feeling first in one pocket, then in another, then in both.

"My pocket-book!" he said hoarsely.

The Other Boy comprehended the situation at once, and, thrusting his hands into his own pockets, became another picture of consternation, to match his friend.

"My purse! That rascal!" he cried, springing to the gangway.

He looked for the sick man leaning by the cab. He had disappeared. The steamer was already forty yards from the wharf. And there were our two youthful adventurers, embarked for the great unknown city in a crowd of passengers among whom they had not a friend, and without money enough about them to pay their fares even at "opposition" rates.

(To be continued.)

A CARD FROM THE EDITOR OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS."

THROUGH the courtesy of the Conductor of ST. NICHOLAS, I am enabled to say a few words to the readers of "Our Young Folks," in place of the many I should have wished to say in the last number of that lamented magazine, had it been known to be the last when it left the editorial hands.

That number was sent to its readers in the full faith that all it promised them for the coming year was to be more than fulfilled. But it had scarcely gone forth, when came the sudden change by which "Our Young Folks" ceased to exist—the result of a purely commercial transaction, wholly justifiable, I think, on the part of the publishers, J. R. Osgood and Company, of whose honorable and liberal conduct in all that related to the little magazine, up to the very last, I can speak with the better grace now that my editorial connection with their house has ceased.

Dear friends of "Our Young Folks," that I do not mourn the loss of our little favorite I will not pretend. Connected with it from its very birth nine years ago, and very intimately during the last three or four years, my interest in it had grown to be something more than that of a mere writer or editor—it filled a large place in my heart. I had been so long accustomed to regard its youthful readers and correspondents as my personal friends, that I cannot now sever the special ties that joined me to them without a sense of personal bereavement.

But, dear friends, changes—though they often appear disguised as foes—are, if not blessings themselves, the parents of blessings and of all improvement. Although "Our Young Folks" was the pioneer of the better class of juvenile periodicals, there were many things about it which we would gladly have made different, could we have gone back, with our acquired experience, and projected its form and character anew. But it filled its place, and it is gone; and we believe that from its grave "violets will spring," to blossom amid the leaves of a more beautiful and more beloved successor. Such a successor ST. NICHOLAS promises to be. I sincerely trust that it may crown that promise with fulfillment, and so prove to the friends of "Our Young Folks" that their loss is but gain.

The serial story, prepared for the late magazine, is herewith transferred to ST. NICHOLAS; and through the continuation of the history of Jack Hazard's adventures I shall hope still to maintain a pleasant relation with former readers, keeping them FAST FRIENDS for another year.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Not only the thousands of boys and girls who have grown to love the editor of "Our Young Folks," but hosts of others familiar with Mr. Trowbridge's writings, will rejoice to know that again, and for many a month, they may cluster about their old friend, to hear the story he is to tell in ST. NICHOLAS.

And so, though the much-loved magazine has passed away, our young folks will claim him still, and the claim, we trust, will grow stronger and heartier as the years roll on.

CONDUCTOR OF ST. NICHOLAS.

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NIMPO'S TROUBLES.

By Olive Thorne.

Chapter I.

GOING OUT TO BOARD.

This is the story of a real girl, no wiser and no better than you are. I hope you'll like her; and I'm sure you'll be interested to hear about her troubles. They were many and grievous, but the greatest of all was, that she could not do as she pleased.

NIMPO THINKS OVER HER TROUBLES.

Now, I wouldn't be surprised if that were your special trouble too; and I'm going to tell you what Nimpo did about it.

Nimpo wasn't her real name, of course; it was one she had given herself before she could speak plainly, and she never had been able to get rid of it.

She had a habit of talking to herself, and the day my story begins, she had locked herself in her room, and was going on in a most passionate way:

"I don't believe anybody has such a hard time as I have! I never can do as I please! Here I am, 'most thirteen, and I never did as I had a mind to a single day! I just think it's too bad!

"Mother *never* lets me go anywhere I want to,—at least, not unless every little thing is just *so*," she added, to qualify the rather surprising remark.

"I think she's horrid particular, anyway. Then she never lets me wear my new dress! I don't see any use of having a dress if you can't wear it, except just to church. Oh, dear! I do wish I could do as I please! Wouldn't I have a nice time?"

Having talked out her grief, though only to the unsympathizing walls, Nimpo felt better, and began to plan what she would do if that nice time should ever come. Her face brightened, and before long she was so deep in castle-building that she forgot her troubles, and when the tea bell rang she went pleasantly down stairs, not a bit like the abused damsel she thought herself.

Perhaps it was because "coming events cast their shadows before," for her nice time was much nearer than she thought. They were all at the table, when she took her place, and holding an animated discussion.

"Nimpo," said her father, "I'm going to take your mother with me to New York next week. How shall you like to keep house?"

"Are you—is he, mother?" exclaimed Nimpo, "and can I keep house?"

"I'm thinking about it," replied Mrs. Rievor, "but I don't see exactly how to arrange it. Sarah wants to go home for a month, or I could leave you with her. Perhaps I can get Mrs. Jackson to come and take care of you all."

"Oh, no! I can't bear Mrs. Jackson," Nimpo broke in; "can't I board somewhere?"

"That might do, Mary," said Mr. Rievor. "Perhaps that would be best. You would feel easier about them."

"I don't know who would take the care of three children on their hands," said Mrs. Rievor.

"Children!" said Nimpo, "I should think I was old enough to take care of myself."

Mrs. Rievor looked curiously at Nimpo, a moment, and a light seemed to break in on her mind. She thought, perhaps, it would be well for her little daughter to take care of herself a while. So she said she would think of it.

Well, she did think of it; and she went out the next morning to see about it, and when Nimpo came home from school she was greeted with a shout from Rush, who was swinging on the front gate.

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"Oh, Nimpo! It's all settled, and we're going to Mrs. Primkins' to board. Ain't you glad?"

"I guess you'll have to learn better manners than to swing on a gate, if you're going to board out," said Nimpo, with great dignity. "I should be mortified to have Mrs. Primkins see such rude manners;" and she went into the house to see if the delightful news was really true.

"Oh, my! don't we feel grand!" shouted Rush, who was just at the teazing age in boys—if you know what age that is. According to my experience, it begins at nine or ten years of age, and ends —when does it end, boys?

But, for once, Nimpo did not care what he said. She was too much elated with her brilliant prospects to listen to him.

"Mother, have you got us a boarding place?" she asked, eagerly.

Mrs. Rievor smiled.

"Yes, dear; at least, Mrs. Primkins says she will take you, if, on the whole, it is decided to be best."

"Oh, I hope it will, mother! I don't want to stay here with that poky old Mrs. Jackson, to order me around."

"But you will find things very different there from what you are used to, my dear, and I'm afraid you'll be disappointed."

"Of course, things 'll be different," said Nimpo, loftily, "but I think I'd like a change. I don't think it's good for folks to live always in a rut." She had read that expression in a grown-up book, and thought it sounded striking.

But, seeing a peculiar smile on her mother's face, she went on earnestly—

"I always did want to board out, mother, and I think it 'll be just splendid."

"Well," said Mrs. Rievor, "perhaps it will be good for you, and if you prefer, you may try it."

So that was settled, and Nimpo thought her day of glory was coming in.

She went at once to her room, drew her trunk out of the closet, and began to look over her "things," to see which she would take. It was delightful to select them, and pack them away in boxes, and it made her feel as if she were going on a journey.

Rush was excited, too, though of course—being a boy—he would not own it. Pretty soon he came in.

"What 'r you doing, Nimp?" he asked.

"Packing up," said Nimpo, from the closet, where she had gone to get her best shoes, so as to be sure and not forget them.

"Then we're to go, sure pop?"

"Yes, we're to go to Mrs. Primkins' to board, but I do wish you'd leave off such vulgar words," answered Nimpo.

"I mean to pack up, too," said he, prudently not hearing her last remark. "Nimp, would you take your skates?"

"Skates!—in the middle of summer!" said she scornfully. "I think you'd better take a little common sense—if you've got any in your head. I wish you'd go out; you're in my way. I want to spread out my things on that bed."

Nimpo's room was a cozy bit of a place, with only room for a narrow bed, a little bureau, a stand, and one chair. So when Rush came in to see her, he always sat or lounged on the bed.

Before she went to sleep on that wonderful night, Nimpo had packed everything, except her dresses, and as it was a week before she went, she had to live in the trunk all that time.

But that—though rather inconvenient—was part of the fun.

She was a heroine at school for that week. The envy of the girls, and the happiest one of all. Lessons were not very well learned, notes passed around, and in fact the whole school was demoralized by her influence, because she was going to "board out," that being considered the height of felicity among the school girls of the village.

The airs she put on were wonderful to see. She did up her hair in a very tight knot behind, feeling too old for braids, and slily let down a tuck in her dress.

You see she wasn't a bit like the good girls you read about; she was more like the girls you see—when you look in the glass.

Well, the week came to an end, as all weeks will if we're only patient, and the morning came on which Mr. and Mrs. Reivor were to start.

"Now, Nimpo," said her mother that morning, "I leave little Robbie to your tender care. Remember he's a baby, and will miss his mother. I'm sure you'll be kind to him, dear. And I want you to be more considerate with Rush. I know he is trying—"

"I should think he was!" broke in Nimpo.

"Well, I know he is; but it's only his rough way. Try to be patient with him. I want to speak to you of Mrs. Primkins, too. You'll find some things you're not used to, my dear, but I know she'll be kind to you, and I hope you will be respectful to her, and do as she wishes you to."

"Of course I shall be respectful, mother," said Nimpo, putting on her high and mighty air, "but I don't see why I should mind her. I'm sure I'm old enough to know what's right for me to do. I shall only be a boarder, any way."

"Well, daughter," were Mrs. Rievor's last words, "I hope you will be as happy as you expect."

"There's the stage!" shouted Rush from the front gate; and, sure enough, the old red stage,

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with its four white horses, came swinging around the corner, and stopped at the gate.

In a moment the trunks were strapped in the big "boot" behind. Father and mother said good-by, and were packed in, the driver climbed to his seat, cracked his whip, and off they went, leaving Nimpo, Rush and Robbie at the gate, and black Sarah at the door.

Robbie began to cry, and even Rush felt a slight choke in his throat, but Nimpo was too much taken up with her brilliant prospect to feel unhappy.

"Now, Robbie," she began, in her most elder-sisterly way, "don't cry, dear; we're going up to our boarding place, and you'll see what fine times we'll have!"

"Hadn't ye better stay here till arter dinner?" said Sarah. "I won't get done clarin up 'fore the arternoon, an' I kin jist as well cook y'r dinner."

"No, I thank you, Sarah," said Nimpo, loftily, "I want to take possession of my new rooms this morning."

Sarah smiled, but Rush shouted:

"Nimp's on her stilts again! I say, Nimp, don't forget to take the big dictionary up to old Primkins. They'll all have to study it if you keep on."

Nimpo threw a most withering look on him, but he didn't wither a bit. He only laughed louder, and Sarah said, quietly:

"Law, now! I reckon ye'll git off that ar high hoss, 'fore you've been to Miss Primkins' a week. She ain't much like y'r ma, no ways."

Nimpo disdained reply.

"You can leave the key of the house with cousin Will, at the store, Sarah," she said with dignity.

"Yes, Miss Rievor," said Sarah, sarcastically. "So y'r ma tole me? Lor'! won't she git took down a peg!" she added, with a laugh to herself, the next minute, as Nimpo disappeared through the door.

The trunks had been carried up the day before; so nothing remained but to walk up there.

Nimpo started off, leading Robbie, and Rush, stopping to gather up a bow and arrow he was making, followed slowly along behind.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. PRIMKINS.

MRS. PRIMKINS lived in a two-story house, a block or two above Mr. Rievor's. It was the newest and most stylish-looking house on the street, and that was one reason Nimpo was pleased to go there.

Mrs. Primpkins, however, was not stylish in the least. Her hair was cut short in her neck, her dress was short and scant, and in her whole figure there was a tightened up ready-for-action look, that meant work. In fact, she was a kind-hearted, uneducated woman, whose life was spent in her kitchen, and who knew very little out of it.

She consented to take the children to board, because she wanted money to furnish her half-empty rooms.

When Nimpo reached the house, she went up to the front door, and finding no bell, gave a delicate, lady-like knock.

No reply.

She knocked again, louder this time. In a moment she heard a window opened, and Augusta Primkins put her head out.

"Go 'round the back way," she screamed.

"Well, I never!" said Nimpo, tossing her head; but she went, and there she found Mrs. Primkins washing dishes.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Primkins," she said. "I knocked at the front door, but could not make you hear."

"Laws!" cried Mrs. Primkins, stopping to look at her. "Why did n't you come right around? I don't expect to make company of you;" and she returned to her dish-pan.

"Will you be kind enough to show me my rooms?" asked Nimpo, with her grandest, young lady-like air.

Mrs. Primkins stopped now in earnest, stood a moment looking at the pompous young figure in the doorway, laughed a little to herself, wiped her hands on her apron, and then went to a door which seemed to lead up stairs.

"Au-gus-tee!" she screamed.

"Ma'am," came faintly down from the attic.

"Them Rievor children's come; you show them their rooms."

"Children, again!" thought poor Nimpo. "I'll soon show them I'm no child."

"I s'pose you'd 's'lieves go up the back way?" said Mrs. Primkins, holding open the door.

"It makes no difference," said Nimpo, haughtily, and up she went.

When she got to the head of the stairs, she looked around for Augusta, but a voice came from above—

"Come up stairs, children."

Nimpo hesitated, and Mrs. Primkins called from below—

"Take the little door at your left hand."

Then Nimpo saw a narrow, unpainted door, which she opened. There was the next flight of stairs, regular garret stairs, narrow and steep. Up these she climbed, her heart boiling over with wrath.

"It can't be possible!" she said to herself, "that that horrid woman means to put us in the attic!"

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But she did; for there stood Augusta at the head of the landing, and she pointed to two small, unpainted doors, on one side of the attic.

"Those are your rooms. You can divide them as you like."

"But I thought—but can't we have rooms down stairs?" stammered Nimpo, with tears of vexation in her eyes.

Augusta looked at her with surprise.

"There ain't a stick of furniture in the chambers. This is my room," and she opened the door of the front attic, showing a broad room, the whole width of the house, with a droll window half across the front. This window was in the peak of the roof, and, of course, it could not go up; so it was arranged with hinges, and hung down into the room. It was now open, and it looked as though half the wall was out.

But Nimpo turned away from this room, and with a swelling heart, opened one of the other doors.

The room was a small one, with sloping roof on one side. A bed was pushed under this low part, and before it stood a cheap stand and one wooden chair. A window at the end looked out upon a roof, and the kitchen chimney smoked away only five or six feet from the sash.

There was an awful crash of air castles in Nimpo's heart. She turned to look at the other room, but found it even worse; for it had no wash-stand at all. She returned to the first room, drew Robbie in, shut the door, sat down on the foot of the bed, and—burst into tears.

"Don't cry, Nimp," said Rush, by way of consolation, while Robbie climbed up by her and said:

"This room 's too high up; that wall 's going to fall down."

"It 's real mean, anyhow," Rush went on, "to put us up in the garret like this. It ain't half so good as our house, for all it looks so grand!"

"Mean!" said Nimpo, who had recovered her voice. "It 's horrid! the stingy old thing! I 'll bet she did n't tell mother where she was going to put us! I 'll never stay here—never! You see if I do."

Poor Nimpo seated herself disconsolately on the side of the bed, half hoping to hear the jingle of the dinner-bell; but it did not come. Instead of that, the lower door opened, and a shrill scream came up:

"Come to dinner, children!"

"Children, again!" said Nimpo. "I 'll show her—"

They found the dinner table in the kitchen, to Nimpo's horror.

"You can set right down there," said Mrs. Primkins, pointing to a chair on one side of the table, "and Robbie can have the high chair next to you. You, Rush, can set down by Augusty."

They took their seats. Mr. Primkins was already in his place. Nimpo tied on Robbie's bib, and looked around. I don't suppose she would really have cared much how her dinner was served, if she had n't dreamed so much, and worse yet—said so much about the style of boarding. But the dishes of coarse crockery, with blue edges, such as they used at home to bake pies on, the big, awkward knives and two-tined forks, the unbleached tablecloth, the square table, with leaves propped up, so that you had to be careful not to hit the leg, or you might have your dinner in your lap—all these together were dreadful troubles just then.

Then there was the great piece of corned beef,—which she never could eat, and whole potatoes,—

"DEAR! DEAR! WHAT AN APPETITE BOYS DO HAVE!"

which she hated to peel, and boiled cabbage,—which she could just manage to swallow.

Mr. Primkins did not ask her what she would have. He piled a plate up with beef, potatoes, and cabbage, and handed it over to her in such a matter of course way, that she could not say a word. He did the same with Rush. Rush was hungry,—did you ever know a boy who was n't?—and he proceeded to dispose of his plateful; but Robbie began to fret.

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"Nimpo, I don't want that meat. I want some fat meat. I don't like that potato—it's a black potato."

"Never mind!" whispered Nimpo, blushing; "I 'll fix it."

"Don't fix it!—take away that meat!" Robbie went on, ready to cry.

Nimpo hastily slipped the meat upon her own plate, peeled Robbie's potato, and mashed it for him, gave him a piece of fat from her plate, and after a while, with burning cheeks, was ready to cram her own dinner down.

Meantime, Rush had emptied his plate, and passed it up for more, at which Mrs. Primkins, who was nibbling around the edge of hers, said.

"Dear! dear! what an appetite boys do have!" —adding, as she saw Nimpo's indignant face:

"What would n't I give if I could eat like a boy!"

"Let him eat," was Mr. Primkins' remark, between two mouthfuls, "he 's a-growin'."

That was the only remark he made. As soon as he had finished, he pushed back his chair, took his hat and went out. Mrs. Primkins also left the table the moment she had finished, and, finally, Nimpo found herself left alone with Robbie, who was very slow to eat, lingering as little folks will.

"Come, Bub, ain't you through?" said Mrs. Primkins. "I can't dawdle round all day. I want to get the dishes done up."

Nimpo hurried him off, and rushed up stairs once more, in a blaze of indignation, while Mrs. Primkins said to herself, as she cleared the table—

"Too many airs for my time o' day! the pert little huzzy! can't eat corned beef! humph! I 'll have to take her down a bit, 'fore I can live with her," and by the way the table-cloth was jerked off, you'd think she meant to do it, too.

(To be continued.)

BEING A BOY.

By Charles Dudley Warner.

If I was obliged to be a boy, and a boy in the country—the best kind of boy to be, in the summer —I would be about ten years of age. As soon as I got any older, I would quit it. The trouble with a boy is that just as he begins to enjoy himself he is too old, and has to be set to doing something else. If a country boy were wise he would stay at just that age when he could enjoy himself most, and have the least expected of him in the way of work.

Of course the perfectly good boy will always prefer to work and to do "chores" for his father and errands for his mother and sisters, rather than enjoy himself in his own way. I never saw but one such boy. He lived in the town of Goshen—not the place where the butter is made, but a much better Goshen than that. And I never saw *him*, but I heard of him; and being about the same age, as I supposed, I was taken once from Zoah, where I lived, to Goshen to see him. But he was dead. He had been dead almost a year, so that it was impossible to see him. He died of the most singular disease: it was from *not* eating green apples in the season of them. This boy, whose name was Solomon, before he died, would rather split up kindling-wood for his mother than go a-fishing—the consequence was that he was kept at splitting kindling-wood and such work most of the time, and grew a better and more useful boy day by day. Solomon would not disobey his parents and eat green apples —not even when they were ripe enough to knock off with a stick—but he had such a longing for them, that he pined, and passed away. If he had eaten the green apples he would have died of them, probably; so that his example is a difficult one to follow. In fact, a boy is a hard subject to get a moral from, any way. All his little playmates who ate green apples came to Solomon's funeral, and were very sorry for what they had done.

John was a very different boy from Solomon, not half so good, nor half so dead. He was a farmer's boy, as Solomon was, but he did not take so much interest in the farm. If John could have had his way he would have discovered a cave full of diamonds, and lots of nail-kegs full of gold pieces and Spanish dollars, with a pretty little girl living in the cave, and two beautifully caparisoned horses, upon which, taking the jewels and money, they would have ridden off together, he did not know where. John had got thus far in his studies, which were apparently arithmetic and geography, but were in reality the "Arabian Nights," and other books of high and mighty adventure. He was a simple country boy, and did not know much about the world as it

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is, but he had one of his own imagination, in which he lived a good deal. I dare say he found out soon enough what the world is, and he had a lesson or two when he was quite young, in two incidents, which I may as well relate.

If you had seen John at this time you might have thought he was only a shabbily dressed country lad, and you never would have guessed what beautiful thoughts he sometimes had as he went stubbing his toes along the dusty road, nor what a chivalrous little fellow he was. You would have seen a short boy, barefooted, with trowsers at once too big and too short, held up perhaps by one suspender only, a checked cotton shirt, and a hat of braided palmleaf, frayed at the edges and bulged up in the crown. It is impossible to keep a hat neat if you use it to catch bumble-bees and whisk 'em; to bail the water from a leaky boat; to catch minnows in; to put over honey-bees' nests, and to transport pebbles, strawberries, and hens' eggs. John usually carried a sling in his hand, or a bow, or a limber stick, sharp at one end, from which he could sling apples a great distance. If he walked in the road, he walked in the middle of it, scuffing up the dust; or if he went elsewhere, he was likely to be running on the top of the fence or the stone wall, and chasing chipmunks.

John knew the best place to dig sweet-flag in all the farm; it was in a meadow by the river, where the bobolinks sang so gaily. He never liked to hear the bobolink sing, however, for he said it always reminded him of the whetting of a scythe, and *that* reminded him of spreading hay; and if there was anything he hated it was spreading hay after the mowers. "I guess you wouldn't like it yourself," said John, "with the stubbs getting into your feet, and the hot sun, and the men getting ahead of you, all you could do."

Towards evening, once, John was coming along the road home with some stalks of the sweet-flag in his hand; there is a succulent pith in the end of the stalk which is very good to eat, tender, and not so strong as the root; and John liked to pull it, and carry home what he did not eat on the way. As he was walking along he met a carriage, which stopped opposite to him; he also stopped and bowed, as country boys used to do in John's day. A lady leaned from the carriage, and said:

"What have you got, little boy?"

She seemed to be the most beautiful woman John had ever seen; with light hair, dark, tender eyes, and the sweetest smile. There was that in her gracious mien and in her dress which reminded John of the beautiful castle ladies, with whom he was well acquainted in books. He felt that he knew her at once, and he also seemed to be a sort of young prince himself. I fancy he didn't look much like one. But of his own appearance he thought not at all, as he replied to the lady's question, without the least embarrassment:

"It's sweet-flag stalk; would you like some?"

"Indeed, I should like to taste of it," said the lady with a most winning smile. "I used to be ever so fond of it when I was a little girl."

John was delighted that the lady should like sweet-flag, and that she was pleased to accept it from him. He thought himself that it was about the best thing to eat he knew. He handed up a large bunch of it. The lady took two or three stalks, and was about to return the rest, when John said:

"Please keep it all, ma'am. I can get lots more. I know where it's ever so thick."

"Thank you, thank you," said the lady; and as the carriage started she reached out her hand to John. He did not understand the motion, until he saw a cent drop in the road at his feet. Instantly all his illusion and his pleasure vanished. Something like tears were in his eyes as he shouted:

"I don't want your cent. I don't sell flag!"

John was intensely mortified. "I suppose," he said, "she thought I was a sort of beggar-boy. To think of selling flag!"

At any rate, he walked away and left the cent in the road, a humiliated boy. The next day he told Jim Gates about it. Jim said he was green not to take the money; he'd go and look for it now, if he would tell him about where it dropped. And Jim did spend an hour poking about in the dirt, but he did not find the cent. Jim, however, had an idea; he said he was going to dig sweet-flag, and see if another carriage wouldn't come along.

John's next rebuff and knowledge of the world was of another sort. He was again walking the road at twilight, when he was overtaken by a wagon with one seat, upon which were two pretty girls, and a young gentleman sat between them, driving. It was a merry party, and John could hear them laughing and singing as they approached him. The wagon stopped when it overtook him, and one of the sweet-faced girls leaned from the seat and said, quite seriously and pleasantly:

"Little boy, how's your mar?"

John was surprised and puzzled for a moment. He had never seen the young lady, but he thought that she perhaps knew his mother; at any rate his instinct of politeness made him say:

"She's pretty well, I thank you."

"Does she know you are out?"

And thereupon all three in the wagon burst into a roar of laughter, and dashed on.

It flashed upon John in a moment that he had

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been imposed on, and it hurt him dreadfully. His self-respect was injured somehow, and he felt as if his lovely, gentle mother had been insulted. He would like to have thrown a stone at the wagon, and in a rage, he cried:

"You're a nice"—but he couldn't think of any hard, bitter words quick enough.

Probably the young lady, who might have been almost any young lady, never knew what a cruel thing she had done.

JAPANESE GAMES.

By a Japanese Boy.

[Here are three games that may be worth trying during the Christmas holidays. They are very popular in Japan; and I trust American boys and girls will find some fun in them.—Ichy Zo Hattori.]

"Hebi no O wo toro," or Catching Snake's tail.

Several players choose one, in any manner agreed upon, to be an "Oni," or catcher. Then all but the "Oni" stand in a row, one behind the other, each one's hand being placed on the shoulder of the player in the front of him or her. The tallest player generally stands at the head, and the shortest at the end; or, in the language of the game, the "O," or tail of the row.

The "Oni" stands, facing the head of the row, at the distance of about twenty feet from him.

Now the play commences.

The "Oni" tries to catch the "O," or the tail of the row, while the head of the row and row itself defend the "O."

If the "Oni" pushes any one in the row, or the row is broken, it is foul.

When the "O" is caught, he or she takes the position of the "Oni," and the retiring "Oni" takes his or her place in the row, and they repeat the game.

"Ko wo toro."

The "Ko wo toro" is the same as the "Catching Snake's tail" in the arrangement of row and choosing of a catcher.

In "Ko wo toro," the head of the row is called "Oya" (father or mother), and the others, "Ko" (children).

When they take their respective positions, the catcher calls out, "Ko wo toro, Ko toro" (will catch a child! will catch a child!). The "Oya" asks then, "Dono Ko ga hoshii kaz?" (which child do you want?). To this the catcher answers, calling the first, second, third, or whichsoever he wants to catch, counting from the head toward the other end of the row. Then the "Oya" says, "Tore ruka totte miro" (try to catch if you can).

This is the signal of the battle.

The catcher pursues the one whom he named, and the column moves in all directions, and in any shape, to defend the "Ko."

During the struggle, the "Oya" can stretch his hands to prevent the catcher's progress; but he cannot push the catcher, nor can the catcher push any one in the column.

If the column is broken, it is foul.

When the catcher catches the one whom he aimed at, he changes his position, just as in the "Hebi no O wo toro."

"Temari," or Hand-Ball.

The "Temari" is a ball about two inches in diameter, and made generally of cotton, wound around with thread, so that it keeps its roundness and is elastic. Its outside is often ornamented with different figures, made of threads of various colors.

A number of girls stand in a circle, and one of them—for example, Miss A.—takes the hand-ball, and throws it perpendicularly on the ground, and when it rebounds, she strikes it back toward the ground with her open hand. If it rebounds again toward her she continues in the same manner as before. But if it flies away, the one toward whom the ball flies, or who is the nearest to the direction of the flying ball, strikes it toward the ground, as Miss A. has done; and the game continues until any of the players misses her stroke, or fails to make the ball rebound. Then she is cast out of the company, and the others play again in the same way as before, until another girl fails and is cast away.

The same process continues until there is left only one girl,—the one who gets the honor of "Kachi," or victory in the game.

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BABY'S THOUGHTS.

"WHAT is the little one thinking about?" It is very easy to guess. The picture book has dropped from her hands; mamma—who so often has read its fairy tales to her—has left the room, and while

baby waits for somebody to come and dress her, wonderful fancies are flitting through her little head.

She sees Cinderella rushing home from the ball, leaving her beautiful glass slipper behind her; she sees Blue Beard lift his cruel scimitar over his poor, inquisitive little wife; she sees Jack-the-Giant-Killer marching away to deeds of deadly daring.

"But," you say, "these are not pleasant things to think about; it would be well for mamma to come back."

Ah! that is the best part of it. Baby never was happier. Does n't she know very well that the Prince will yet find Cinderella? Does n't she know that sister Anne will see "somebody coming" to rescue poor Mrs. Blue Beard just at the right moment, and does n't she know that Jack-the-Giant-Killer will rescue whole castlesful of distressed damsels?

And are not the fairies whispering pretty things in her ear; and is n't Puss-in-boots standing, cap in hand, to wish her a merry Christmas?

What wonder mamma finds Baby as bright as a rose when she comes in!

We must tell you that this lovely picture of Baby was drawn for ST. NICHOLAS, by a young girl now studying art in Italy. Her sketch has come a long way, to be sure—from Capri to New York—but what are a few thousand miles compared to the wonderful, wonderful distances reached by Baby's thoughts!

THE BEE AND THE BUTTERFLY.

"DEAR me! dear me!"
Said a busy bee,
"I 'm always making honey,—
No time to play,
But work all day.
Is n't it very funny—
Very, very funny?"

"Oh, my! oh, my!"
Said a butterfly,
"I 'm always eating honey;
And yet I play
The livelong day.
Is n't it very funny—
Very, very funny?"

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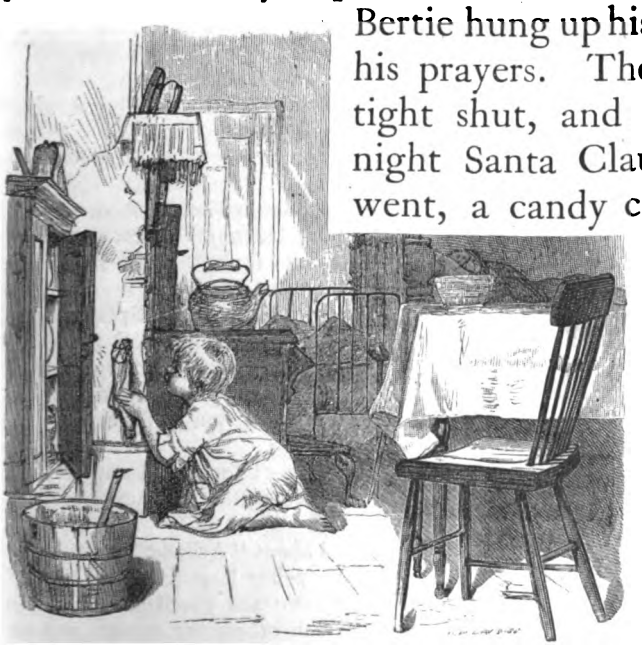
BERTIE.

"I so awful bad! Santy Claus won't come down the chimney one bit," said little Bertie, and he began to cry. Bertie was not four years old, and he did not know just how to act. He had pulled the cat's tail, and upset the milk-pan, and, oh, dear! worse than all, he had gone behind his grandma when she was bending over the fire, and said Boo! so loud that it made her jump, and drop her spectacles, pop! into the tea-kettle. So he sat down on the floor, with his old fur cap on, to think about it; for this was Christmas eve.

But bless his heart! Grandma loved him if he did say Boo! at her. So did Mamma and Papa, and so did Pussy, and so did Santa Claus! When it was bed-time for Bertie, he wanted Grandma to go to bed, too, though it was not dark, so that Santa Claus would be sure to come. Grandma put on a funny cap, and hid under the bed-clothes, and Bertie hung up his stocking before he said his prayers. Then he squeezed his eyes tight shut, and went to sleep. In the night Santa Claus came, and before he went, a candy cat, a top, a ball, an orange, a barking dog and a jumping Jack, all went softly into Bertie's stocking, and waited for him to open his eyes.



Oh, how glad he was when he woke in the morning!

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HALF A LOAF IS BETTER THAN NO BREAD.

(Translation of French Story in December Number.)

FEW young persons know the origin of this celebrated proverb.

In the year eleven hundred and eleven, the Grand Duchess Caroline Van Swing and her four lovely children assembled in the state kitchen of her castle, to enjoy their simple breakfast. In those early days condensed milk was not known, so the poor noble children were obliged to use common milk; but they had condensed bread, and that was a great satisfaction. The Grand Duchess herself made ready to prepare the meal, for, said she, with tears of affection, "Though a duchess, am I not a mother?" And the yells of her hungry little ones answered the question most eloquently.

The noble lady, taking up a loaf, then seized the very knife with which her noble grandsire had conquered a hundred foes. Brandishing it in the air for an instant, she soon, with one powerful, steady stroke, cut the condensed loaf in two, after the manner of all noble duchesses. As she did so, the severed half fell to the ground with a loud sound, and the family dog, which had been watching the Duchess, leaped forth from his corner of the great fire-place. Seizing the bread with his jaws, he bounded from the room, bearing his prize, amid the cries and screams of her dear children.

The noble mother, in her anguish at losing half of her loaf, instantly rushed to the door, and threw the remaining half at the wicked animal.

This, hitting him on the head, made him drop his prize and howl pitifully. Meantime, a donkey passing by swallowed both parts of the loaf in two mouthfuls. The dog returned to the house, humbled and penitent.

"He will never steal again," said the Grand Duchess, gazing fondly at her weeping children. "Why do you weep, my dears? But for the half loaf left in my hands, I could never have punished Athelponto. Console yourselves. Do you not see that half a loaf is better than no bread?"

"O yes, mother!" cried those noble children, quite willing to go without their breakfast, since Athelponto was cured of a bad fault.

Alas! what boy or girl of the present day would so sacrifice comfort to principle?

The saying of the Grand Duchess has been handed down from generation to generation, but its meaning has changed. When the mothers of to-day wish to teach their children to be contented with a little, they say: "Half a loaf is better than no bread."

The world is not so heroic as it was in the days of the Grand Duchess Caroline Van Swing.

NEW TOYS AND GAMES FOR THE CHILDREN.

ST. NICHOLAS expects to be always on the lookout for new games and playthings, so that our little folk and their parents may be told the latest inventions from Toy-land. But this number goes to press too early for us to speak of all the beautiful and wonderful things that are in store for the coming holidays.

So far, we have been able to examine only a few games, some of which are new, and all good, and well worth recommending to our young friends.

For the older children, one of the new games is "Naval Chess; or, The Admiral's Blockade," a capital entertainment, not complicated, but with all the absorbing interest of chess.

The "Quartette Game of American History," is another. It is historical, amusing and instructive.

The "Lightning Express; or, How to Travel," will set one thinking of what he never thought of before; and "Crispino" is one of the best games out.

"Popular Characters from Dickens," is also a new, and a most interesting game.

Another new game is called "Spectrum; or Prismatic Backgammon." It may be played by any number from two to six, and is very exciting. It can be learned by seeing the game played once, and the newest player will often go far ahead of all his competitors.

We must not omit "Totem," a capital little game for the wee ones, with fine pictures of birds and beasts.

And we *must* tell about "Avilude," or the game of birds. It has sixty-four large cards, of unusual beauty. On thirty-two are excellent engravings of birds, and on the others are correct and en-

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tertaining descriptions of the same, which players are sure to read. Old and young will be interested in this scientific, yet delightful entertainment.

"The Checkered Game of Life" is not new, but is very captivating—quite as much so as are the new games, "Eskemeo" and "The Lucky Traveler," which last, however, are certainly very entertaining and amusing. The new "Railroad Game," and the games of "Authors," "Poets," "Mythology," and "Popular Quotations," will tend to make young Solomons of the children before they know it; while "Poetical Pot-Pie" (a tip-top game), "Silhouette Comicalities" revised, the "Old Curiosity Shop," "The Tickler," "The House that Jack Built" (a Kindergarten game), "Comic Portraitures," and the ever new "Zoëtrope," will cause them to laugh and grow fat.

Of puzzles, that are new, we have: "The Blind Abbot and Monks," a mathematical puzzle; "Japanese Pictures," and "Scroll" puzzles; the "Jack-o'-Lantern," and "Star Alphabet" puzzles.

"The Chinese Perforated Target" is an excellent puzzle, which will amuse and delight both old and young.

The "Eureka" puzzle is a mystery, with a string, which is never ending, and always beginning; and the "Centennial" is a wire tease, hard to find out.

The new "Cage" puzzle will put the girls and boys on their mettle. The difficulty is to get the ball out of the cage, without injury to the columns.

"The Magical Trick Box" is a delightful source of amusement. A boy can carry it in his pocket to a party, and delight his friends all the evening, with its help.

"The Spectograph" is a novel invention, by means of which a child may make an accurate drawing without any previous instruction. It would be a precious gift for a little invalid.

Another admirable amusement for the little ones, sick or well, is the "Kindergarten Weaving and Braiding Work." Paper mats, dolls' carpets, tidies, &c., can be woven by their cunning little fingers, with one or two lessons.

"The Kindergarten Alphabet and Building Blocks" is a great invention. The child learns to read, while he thinks he is playing.

The "Combination Toy-Blocks" are also excellent. Furniture, buildings, boats, forts,—hundreds of objects,—can be constructed by these blocks, making of them an endless source of amusement.

There is a new table or carpet game, called, "Lozette," which promises considerable amusement. It is of the same class as the "Trap Game," and "Lozo Pendulum Board."

Of toy picture books, the "Little Folk Series," and "Uncle Ned's Picture Books," are just out. Also, four kinds of gilt-covered picture books; among them, "Dickens' Christmas Story," illustrated by Thomas Nast. The immortal Mother Goose makes her appearance in a new dress; and Dolly Varden paper dolls of large size, have "come out" for the first time this season.

The funniest new steam-engine toy is a colored gentleman, who stands on a platform on top of a little steam engine. Fire up the engine, and he has to dance, whether he wishes to or not.

Of banks, a most useful gift in these hard times, the new one has a race-course on top, to show you where you must *not* put your money. It is a very comical bank, indeed.

Another bank, not so new, but just as good, has a great bull-frog sitting on the top. You pinch his foot, and he opens his mouth, into which you pop the money, when he immediately winks at you—as much as to say, "That was fine! Give me another."

It would be a hopeless task to attempt to enumerate all the delights in preparation for our young friends of ST. NICHOLAS.

There are many other games to be found in the shops, not new, but dear to the boy and girl heart, such as "Ring-toss," "Magic Hoops," and "Parlor Croquet." "Smashed up Locomotive," "Dissected Yacht," and "Flag of all Nations," will please the boys. "Uncle Raphael's Puzzle-Chromos," and "Popping the Question," and many others, will delight the girls.

Then there are the mechanical toys and small steam engines, and very curious running rings which tumble, tumble, and yet are never gone; and the centenary gun or cannon, which you can load Monday morning and pop away until Saturday night, in the most perfectly safe and delightful manner.

If we were to go on with all that is made for the delight of children ST. NICHOLAS would have to be a book too big for a giant to handle; so we must stop.

Our boys and girls who wish any of these toys, may find them at nearly all the leading toy shops in the United States. Other shops also sell toys and games during the holiday season, but that seems hardly fair.

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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS to you, my dears, and a very Happy New Year!

And now, before we begin the paragrams let us give three rousing cheers for ST. NICHOLAS. All join in. Hip, hip, hurrah!

Once more,—— Again,—— Ha! ha! that was a good one. Now you shall hear what the birds have been telling me:

A FLOATING COLLEGE.

SOMEBODY has started a new idea. He proposes that, as a change from stationary colleges, there shall be a steamship fitted up just like a college on dry land in every respect, except that it is to be set afloat and sent wandering about the world. In this way students may study geography by going right to the spot, and in fact see for themselves all that they are studying about this funny globe and its men and manners. Pretty good idea; but I'm afraid the freshman class will be hanging over the edge of the—college, in a wilted condition, most of the time; that they'll get sick of the thing, in short. I told a sea-gull friend of mine about it the other day and he said it was his opinion that the land-gulls were getting rather ahead this time.

HE BEGAN IT FIRST.

WE Jack-in-the-Pulpits get heartily tired of the never-ending quarrel as to whether "Katy-did" or "Katy did n't." But I'm told that humankind have queer ways, too, in their disputes and tiffs. They're very apt to think that if *they* don't begin a fight they've a right to keep it up in about any way they choose. A dear old crow lately told me this true story about a boy named Harry, who used to get angry very quickly and revenge himself right off. His parents usually made light of his quarrels if Harry only said of the other fellow "he began it first." So it came to be a common excuse with him. Once he went with his mother to visit a rich family who had mirrors reaching from the ceiling to the floor. Harry had never seen such things before. It was a very hot summer day, and as the little fellow soon became tired of playing by himself in the sun, he slipped into the quiet parlor, and lying down on a sofa opposite one of these big mirrors, fell asleep. After a while he awoke; rubbing his eyes as he stood up, he saw a boy rubbing his eyes, too. He looked at him wonderingly, then fiercely, and the boy looked just as fiercely at him. In a moment Harry doubled up his fist, and the boy did the same. This was too much to bear and he darted towards the boy (as he thought) and dashing his fist against the mirror, broke it in a thousand pieces.

Hearing the crash, his mother ran in from the next room, and poor Harry, picking himself up, all scratched and bleeding, cried out, "He began it first."

THE FOOLISH TADPOLES.

TALKING of quarrels reminds me of two tadpoles I heard wrangling one day in our pond.

Tadpoles are the queerest looking things that ever swam—no legs at all, very long tails, bright black eyes, round bodies, and thin skins.

Said the larger tadpole to the smaller, "I do wish I had legs just to kick *you* with. You're the sauciest tadpole I ever saw."

"What did I do to you?" asked the other.

"You know what you did," replied the larger; "You made faces at me."

"I did n't," said the small one.

"You did; and awful faces, too," said the other; "I'm so mad I feel as though I could burst, and now, I think of it again, I *will* burst!" And he *did* burst; and his skin fell off. Next his tail began to disappear, and he displayed four lovely legs!

"Well, I never!" said the small tadpole, "Where *did* you get those legs? And, now that you have got them, are you going to kick me?"

"When I wanted to kick you," answered the other, puffing himself out until he was as round as a ball, "I was a tadpole. *Now*, I am a F R O G, and you are beneath my notice! Swim away, sonny."

THE PACIFIC CABLE.

YOU know that we have an Atlantic cable to bring us news every morning of what the kings and emperors and the peoples of Europe are doing day by day. Across the blue Atlantic ocean, three thousand miles wide, the telegraph wires are stretched, and people on either side can talk with one another, as if they were near neighbors.

And before many months there is to be a Pacific cable; yes, across the great ocean, ten thousand miles wide, that lies between America and Asia

When this long cable is stretched across under the waves, your papa will read to your mamma at breakfast, all about the important events that have

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happened in Japan and China the day before; and you children can order your Chinese fire-crackers by telegraph.

QUIPS AND CATCHES.

HERE are some hints for a good time when you're sitting with the folks around the fire. A magpie told them to a friend of mine:

The Reverend Mr. Duzzen, when asked how many little girls he had, replied, "I've seven boys, and a sister for each." How many children had he?

Why, eight, of course. But I'll wager most Jacks would say fourteen. Try them.

A blind beggar had a brother. The brother died. But the deceased never had a brother. Now what relation was the blind beggar to the deceased?

(Whisper.)—HIS SISTER.

Jabez slept on the very top floor of the cottage. Now, what was the reason he always got *up* to breakfast and always went *down* to dinner?

Ans.—Because he had a good appetite.

I was half an hour trying to guess that. If there's anything I do dread it is a ridiculous, chatting magpie.

A parrot-friend of mine, who pronounces her words abominably, once asked me what amphibious animal I'd make, if I were to smash a clock. When I gave it up, she said, "Why, you'd *crack a dial*, of course. Pretty Poll!"

BAD READING.

THE other day a little chap sat near my neighbor Sumac, reading a book. And, when suddenly he saw his father coming along, he clapped the book out of sight, and stood up in great confusion, waiting for his father to pass by. Now, I didn't like that; and I herewith advise that boy, and all other boys, never to read anything they're ashamed of. Open out every page you read, full and free in God's light and presence, as you must, and if it isn't fit to be opened so, don't read it at all.

Bad reading is a deadly poison; and I, for one, would like to see the poisoners—that is, the men who furnish it—punished like any other murderers;—yes, and more,—for it's worse to kill the soul than to kill the body.

In my opinion, parents are not half watchful enough in this matter, and if I were you young folks, I would n't stand it.

EASY SPELLING LESSON FOR BIG FOLK.

I HEARD some fun the other day. Half a dozen youngsters were down our meadow with a couple of teachers digging for sassafras roots. After a while they sat down close by me to rest, and one of the boys, as mischievous a little chap as you'll see in a month of Sundays, took a bit of paper out of his pocket and says to the teachers: "Would you mind saying an easy spellin' lesson to us children, sirs?" "Certainly not," said the teachers, looking very much astonished.

By the way, I ought to tell you that the teachers, just before, had been asking some school questions of the children, and looking very solemn and disappointed because the poor little things could n't answer them.

"It's a *very* easy lesson, sirs," said Hal, the mischievous youngster; "none of 'em over four letters, and my papa says they're all good words out of Webster's big dictionary, not obsolute either."

"*Obsolete*, Hal," corrected the teacher, in a bland but awful voice.

"Obsolete, sir," said Hal, meekly; so he opened out the bit of paper and began to "hear the teachers," with the other five children all looking over his shoulder.

"Spell and define, GITH."

"G-i-t-h, gith," said the teachers, but they could n't give any definition.

"GOWT."

"G-o-u-t," said the teachers.

"Wrong," says Hal; "it's G-o-*w*-t." But the teachers did n't know of any such word.

Well, Hal kept on the list, and only two words in the whole lot could those teachers answer! They laughed in spite of themselves, and it seemed as if the children would have fits. As for me, I shook so that I frightened off three butterflies who were going to alight on my shoulder.

Here's Hal's list. Suppose you try it on some of the big folks in your neighborhood. Turn about is fair play:

SARD ANIL ALB AWN NOG NEB GEST
DOIT OST HIN HOLM WHIN OUCH GOWT
AGIO GITH AI SHAG AIT ANTA HOLT

FLOWER CROSSES BY THE WAY-SIDE.

HERE is something about Brittany, in France. Many of the little boys and girls, who live there, watch, all day long, the cows in the fields, or flocks of sheep on the hills. But the hours would be tedious if they sat with their hands folded all the time. So, while sitting on the green earth, watching the cows sleepily chewing their cud, or the sheep browsing on the grass, the little peasants busy themselves in making flower crosses. They always form the cross with the branches of the furze, and then fasten to its thorns daisies and the pretty flowers of the broom; and when the cross is done, they set it up by the way-side in the hedge fences. Sometimes a long row of these flower crosses may be seen on the hedges. Do you know what Jack thinks? Jack thinks that it's a very good plan to set up flower crosses along the hedges of life; and that, when real flowers are scarce, these crosses can be made of kind looks and pleasant words. Is n't it so, my dears?

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BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

JUST now, in anticipation of the holidays, the publishers are showering down their gift-books by the dozen, in bindings gay as autumn leaves. One would almost think ST. NICHOLAS had tumbled his whole library out for the benefit of his boys and girls; for the very prettiest of all are for them; but, of course, the dear old saint cannot be expected to put on his glasses, and read them, every one, with his own eyes. He seems to take it for granted that whatever is written for his little folks will be sweet and wholesome, and he leaves it for the parents and friends to select the book that suits them best. In this, some are guided by the publishers, some by the author's name, and some by the color of the binding. But, alas! a gay binding is often a delusion, and even an author's name may occasionally mislead one as to the nature of a book. Take, for example, Miss Phelps' new story, in its gold and purple covers, just issued by Osgood & Co., of Boston.

Miss Phelps is a delightful writer, and her fearless pen has done good service in many a worthy cause; but, for all that, we cannot help feeling that *Trotty's Wedding Tour* is a sad mistake. Some of us have heard of Trotty before, how he married Miss Nita Thayer; and he is the same foolish boy still. If he goes on as he has begun, he hardly can fail to become either a Blue Beard or a Brigham Young. But, poor little fellow! he is to be pitied rather than blamed; for, certainly of himself, so mere a baby could never have learned the meaning of duels and divorces. If he were the Last Boy, then the Last Man and his wife could afford to be very much amused by him; but, for the sake of all little boys and girls, present and to come, we are sorry his history has been invented.

We turn with a sense of relief from Trotty and his unhappy little wives to *Whittier's Child-Life, in Prose*, published by the same house.

"The soul of genius and the heart of childhood are one," says the poet-editor; and the book is a collection of some of the daintiest and brightest bits of genius to be found in children's literature. As in "Child-Life in Poetry,"—the companion book to the present volume,—Mr. Whittier has been assisted by Miss Lucy Larcom, of whose taste and judgment he makes grateful mention in the preface; and the thanks of our little folk are due to both these gentle friends.

The book is handsomely bound and illustrated; and boys and girls who now turn its pages with delight, will like it better and better as the years go on.

Matt's Follies, and other stories, by Mary N. Prescott, is another handsome volume from Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co.

Though Matt is a "live" boy, up to mischief in every shape and form, we like him immensely; but we pity Aunt Jane, and hope that, for her sake, at least, the young man will try to mend his ways.

All the stories in this book are bright, happy and wholesome.

From Robert Carter & Bros. comes *Fanny's Birthday Gift*, by that charming writer, Joanna H. Mathews.

One of the heroes of this pleasant story is Robbie, Fanny's little brother, who, on her birthday, presents to her a picture of his own execution. Like many another production of genius, it is something of a puzzle at first, but proves, according to Robbie's explanation to be "Balaam's ass carryin' on and kickin' up like anything, 'cause the Philistines tied a tin kettle to his tail; and George Washington, who was always kind to animals, was tryin' to take it off." How Fanny kept a straight face when that picture was explained, it is hard to see; but she did,—the book says so,—and thanked the little artist just as heartily as she thanked the others for their more elegant gifts.

There is a book—*Stedman's Poems*—just published by Osgood & Co.—which we have read with great satisfaction, and which, though it is not a child's book, we should like to see given to every young person we know. The poems all are in pure, simple English, and nearly all have a grand story to tell. Better still, they are the songs of a true poet,—an American poet,—who, ripe scholar and man of the world that he is, still cherishes his youth, and has an echo in his ringing verse for all that is highest in the heart of a noble boy or girl.

Children of the Olden Time, re-published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., is an out-of-the-common and instructive book, by the author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," and one of the most fascinating little volumes we have seen for many a day. Though dedicated to the children of England, it will be equally attractive to the children on this side of the ocean.

Five tasteful books come to our table, just as this number of ST. NICHOLAS is going to press:

The first, *What Katy Did at School* (Roberts Bros.), is a sequel to *What Katy Did*, by good

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Susan Coolidge, who holds one of the brightest and bravest pens that ever wrote for young readers.

The second is, *Giles' Minority*, by Mrs. Robert O'Reilly, whose *Doll World* is a delight to all real girls and women.

The third, by Mrs. Eiloart (from G. P. Putnam's Sons), is called, *The Boy with an Idea*,—a good many ideas, we should say, judging from the table of contents, which is a boy's novel in itself. And then there are two others, (from Macmillan & Co). *Queer Folk*, by Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen, who wrote "Tales at Tea-time," and other funny books; and *Young Prince Marigold*, by John Francis Maguire.

THE RIDDLE BOX.

REBUS.

CHARADE.

My first comes from the Emerald Isle,
Or else is given in play;
My second is a useful grain,
Or else a crooked way.

My last is silver, paper, shell.
Sometimes 't is ruddy gold;
Or else it is a Scottish word—
At least, so we are told.

My whole, though hoarded by the sire,
Is wasted by the son.
With all the hints that I now give,
My meaning must be won.

SYNCOPATION.

My name, as you will plainly see,
Denotes a flower, but not a tree;
Syncopate, then give me hay,
And you can ride me far away.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 20 letters:

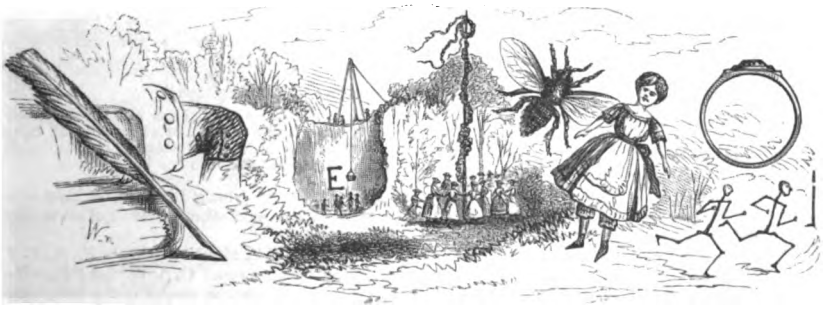
1. My 12, 13, 15, 7, 8, 20. Hark! how merrily they ring on this crisp Christmas morn.
2. My 16, 17, 1, 5. A twinkling little light, that led the Eastern seekers to our Lord.
3. My 18, 15, 10, 17, 13. Dear St. Nick to the hearts of his patrons brings this!
4. My 2, 3. Little reader, it 's only I!
5. My 9, 19, 11. Light in this form was the key to a grand discovery.
6. My 12, 13, 8, 14, 4, 6. A tree or its fruit.

My whole, dear friend, sincerely I wish you.

CROSS WORD.

My first is in bugle, but not in horn.
My second in meal, but not in corn.
My third is in oyster, but not in clam.
My fourth is in sheep, but not in lamb.
My fifth is in cut, but not in shave.
My sixth is in good, but not in brave.
My seventh is in dance, but not in jig.
My eighth is in sloop, but not in brig.
My ninth is in prune, but not in fig.
The letters placed rightly, all clear and distinct.
Will show you a quadruped long since extinct.

REBUS.



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REBUS.

HIDDEN PARTS OF A BUILDING.

1. No one should be a miser.
2. It is a shame to shun the poor.
3. Did you ever see a vessel wrecked?
4. You will find your uncle at home.
5. One who is uncivil is illbred.
6. I bought some meal at Chandler's.
7. Oh! what fine potatoes! I will take a bushel for Father.
8. Stop! O stop! that idle talk!

PUZZLE.

I AM useful on the farm, and on shipboard. Transpose me, and I am not out of place on your tables. Change me to my original form, and remove my middle, and I become a part of your face. What am I?

ELLIPSES.

(FILL the blanks with the same words transposed.)

1. He sits and ——— over his ———.
2. The poor child could only ——— through her ———.
3. They kept on the ——— so as to ——— their position.
4. With his ——— he killed three ———.
5. ——— sometimes wound worse than the ———.
6. The ——— flew to the ——— for shelter.
7. The ——— was walking on the ———.
8. She was very clean, and had much ——— ———.

STAR PUZZLE.

ARRANGE eight words, having the following significations, so as to read the same up and down, vertically; east and west, horizontally; and, diagonally, right and left, up and down:

1. To indent. 2. To put on. 3. To broach. 4. To marry. 5. Extremity. 6. To bend the head. 7. Convenient. 8. Moisture.

DECAPITATION.

IN summer's heat and winter's cold,
I 'm worn by many, young and old;
Cut off my head, and then behold!
I'm better far than finest gold,
And never bought, and never sold.

CHARADE.

MY first can be a useful slave,
Obedient to your will;
Yet let him once the master be,
He 'll ruin, rage, and kill.

To do my second through the air
All men have tried in vain,
And yet it may be often seen
Upon your window-pane.

My whole on summer nights is seen
A fairy lamp to light the green.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES AND PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

CLASSICAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.—Narcissus.

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        N
      P A N
    L A R E S
  A G A C L E S
N A R C I S S U S
  T H E S E U S
    B E S S I
      F U R
        S
```

CHARADE.—Season.

HIDDEN SQUARE WORDS.—

```
z e s t
e c h o
s h o w
t o w n
```

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Diamond-Emerald.

```
D —anub— E
I —te—   M
A —rticl— E
M —urdere— R
O —lla Podrid— A
N —umera— L
D —avi—  D
```

SQUARE REMAINDERS.—

```
T—rue
T—urn
L—end
```

REBUS.—Napoleon. (Nap-pole-on.)

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Plum-tree: Parrot, ladder, umbrage, mule.

POSITIVES AND COMPARATIVES.—1. Charge, charger. 2. Scamp, scamper. 3. Lad, ladder. 4. Tell, teller. 5. Barb, barber. 6. Din, dinner.

PUZZLE.—Curious Epitaph:

The milk of human kindness was my own dear cherub wife;
I 'll never find another one as good in all my life.
She bloomed, she blossomed, she decayed,
And under this tree her body is laid.

SEVERAL of our young friends have sent answers to the Geographical Rebus and other puzzles, and we were glad to hear from them all.

Johnny A., F. E. M., N. O. P., L. P., A. F. E., and A. W. are correct in their answers. O. A. W. and "New Yorkers" sent the longest lists of names in answer to the Geographical Rebus.

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FROM A DRAWING BY W. BROOKS. ENGRAVED BY DAVID NICHOLS.

IN SISTER'S CARE.

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. I. FEBRUARY, 1874. NO. 4.

THE COST OF A PLEASURE.

[From the Spanish of José Rosas.]

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

UPON the valley's lap,
  The dewy morning throws
A thousand pearly drops,
  To wake a single rose.

Thus often, in the course
  Of life's few fleeting years,
A single pleasure costs
  The soul a thousand tears.

BIANCA AND BEPPO.

BY J. S. STACY.

BIANCA and Beppo were two little Italian children. Their father was a duke, and they lived years and years ago, when a brilliant and cruel woman named Catherine de Medici was living her wicked life. I shall not tell you what she did, for this story is about Bianca and Beppo. It will be enough for you to know that, through her wickedness, a terrible trouble came to the home where these children lived.

It was a beautiful castle, adorned with fine pictures, lovely statuary, and flowers that bloomed at nearly every window; and the brilliant colors on its walls and floors were so cunningly mingled, that they were known to be there only by a sense of brightness that filled the great rooms. There were singing birds too, that sang just as our birds sing to-day. But pictures, or flowers, or birds, were not half so bright, blooming, and merry as Beppo and Bianca. Their father used to say that the very armor hanging in his halls, tingled with their childish laughter.

One night, when their mother was away on a visit, the children lying in their little carved and gilded beds, side by side, were wakened by a smothered noise, as if men were scuffling below; and after that they could not go to sleep again, because the castle was so very, very still. For a long time they lay trembling and silent; at last Beppo said:

"Bianca, wait thou here while I go down and speak to our father. Perhaps he is still asleep. There has been evil work done, and I should have roused him long ago."

"Nay, Beppo," said Bianca, shuddering, "our men have been fighting, and it may be their swords are drawn yet. Do not go among them. Thou

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knowest how the people of the wicked duke Faustino fell upon Martigni one night when they were drunken, and nearly killed him. Martigni is taller by a head than thou art."

"Aye, but the duke's attendants do not care for their household, and ours love us well; besides," said Beppo, proudly, "I could handle a sword myself, if need be."

"Take me with thee," said Bianca.

So the two children rose softly, and hastily putting on their clothes, stole down the dark, stone stairway together. Once a ray of moonlight, coming through a high narrow window overhead, made them start, but when they reached their father's chamber and found the door wide open, the bed empty, disordered, and signs of violence in the moon-lighted room, they clung to each other in dread and terror.

"What ho!" cried Beppo, finding voice at last, "without, there!"

There was no answer.

Bianca, hardly knowing what she did, ran screaming from the chamber, out into the long dark hall, and on through the great oaken door that, standing open, led to a marble terrace.

Beppo followed her. On his way he saw one of the duke's attendants lying very still.

"Fesco! Fesco! are you hurt?" called Beppo, again and again.

But Fesco did not answer; and, with a shudder, the boy bounded past him and joined Bianca on the terrace.

Down the long walk, past the beautiful garden, and out through the open gateway they flew together, two little half-clad children, chilly with fear on that warm, bright night, and trembling at every sound. O, if their father would but return!

"HARK!" SAID BEPPO; "WHAT IS THAT?"

The forest was near by—gloomy and grim now in its shadows—but safer, at any rate, than the open highway. They would hide there, they thought, till morning.

But the night was nearly over, and very soon the faint streaks that lit the edge of the sky spread and grew brighter and brighter. The children sat

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on a mound of earth for a while and with tearful eyes watched the growing light. Then Bianca found some fruit that she had stowed the day before in a satchel hanging from her girdle. She put it into Beppo's cap, and begged him to eat.

"I cannot," said Beppo. "Hark! what is that?"

They listened. It was a faint sound as of a child moaning.

"Oh! oh!" sobbed Bianca, "what can it be?"

But when Beppo rose bravely and ran in the direction of the sound, she followed him, and peered as sharply as he into every bush. Suddenly Beppo sprang forward with a joyful cry.

He had seen his father.

In an instant the two children were bending over him, eagerly trying to catch his indistinct words.

"I have been wounded, my little ones," he said, slowly; "can you bring me water?"

They did not wait to wring their hands and cry. Beppo, forgetting his fears,—forgetting everything but that his father needed help,—flew to his home.

At the portal, whom should he see but Fesco, standing in the doorway, staring wildly about him.

The water was soon obtained, though it might have been brought sooner, if Beppo, in his excitement, had not forgotten the little stream near the great sycamore. And Beppo and Fesco ran to the forest together.

When they reached the spot where the duke lay, Bianca, under her father's directions, was doing all she could to staunch his wound; her little face was very pale, but she looked up with a bright smile as Beppo approached.

"Father says he will get well, Beppo, but we are not to move him from this soft bed, he says. See, I have heaped leaves under his head, and I brought water in my hands from the brook. And I have been praying, Beppo—*we* have been praying."

It is a long, long story, if you hear every word of it; but you will be glad to get quickly to the happy part. Beppo was right; there had been evil work. Fesco had been drugged, and had slept so heavily, that but for the fresh night-air blowing so steadily upon him, he might never have wakened.

The duke had been carried from the castle and stabbed. His guilty, frightened assassins, thinking him dead, had thrown him into the forest. All of the duke's servants, excepting Fesco, had fled in terror at the first alarm.

Fesco now tried to induce his wounded master to be taken back to his own chamber, but the duke would not consent. He lay concealed in the forest for many days, and every day his children tended him by turns. They brought him cooling drinks and fruits, and fanned him when the breezes were low; and as he grew better they sang sweet little songs to him, and carried messages back and forth between the duke and Fesco. Meantime the frightened servants had returned; but Fesco knew he could not trust them with his secret. Only Mino, the old nurse, was told that the duke was alive, and that the children must be allowed to go to him; but Fesco threatened her with such terrible things if she breathed a word about it, that she was only too glad to pretend to mourn her master's loss with the other servants. The duke sent word to his wife, through the faithful Fesco, to stay in safe quarters for a while, until he should be able to join her; and the two children, busy as bees, and thoughtful, night and day, for their dear patient hidden in the forest, were happy as children could be. It was Bianca's delight to gather flowers in the coolest places and heap them up under her father's head; and Beppo was proud to stand guard at his father's feet, sword in hand, ready to fight off any enemy that might approach.

But no enemy came, only the good friends health and strength. And one night the duke and Fesco and the children, disguised as gypsies, rode away in an old wagon for miles and miles, until at last they came to a shepherd's cottage, where the duchess was waiting for them; and a happier meeting than theirs never took place on earth.

Do you want to hear more?

After that, Beppo's father and mother went to live, for a while, in Germany, taking their children with them, while Fesco stayed at home to look after his master's possessions. But one fine day, something happened, or somebody relented or changed in some way which I do not exactly know, for I have never heard the particulars, so that the duke and his family were able to go back and live in their castle peacefully and happily; and once more the old walls rang with the merry laughter of Bianca and Beppo.

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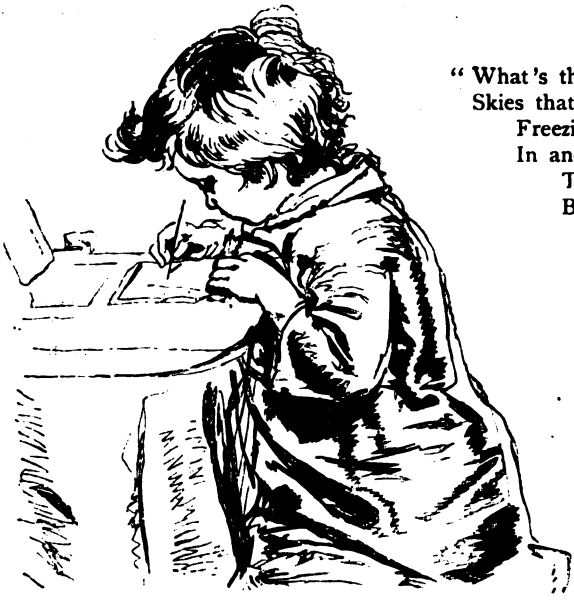
WHAT 'S THE FUN?

BY OLIVE A. WADSWORTH.

"WHAT a curious world is ours!
Full of months and days and hours;
What 's the good of January?
What 's the use of February?
Tell me, mamma, all their reasons,—
What 's the fun of months and seasons?"

"What 's the fun of January?
Bitter frosts and winds contrary!
Snowballs flying, children shying,
Skaters swiftest races trying,
Snow men standing grim and ghostly,
Snow forts, breached and battered mostly,
Sleigh-bells jingling, fingers tingling,
Icicles as long as lances,
Diamond dust that gleams and glances,
Ice-bound lakes and gales contrary,—
That 's the fun of January!



"What 's the fun of February?
Skies that change, and winds that vary!
Freezing flaws, flooding thaws,—
In and out of Winter's jaws.
Then we send our valentines
Billet-doux and tender lines,
Blazing hearts, wingéd darts;
Cupid 's king of coaxing arts!
Then each John may choose his Mary,
Spite of skies and winds that vary,—
That 's the fun of February!

"What 's the fun of March the boisterous?
Then the winds are wild and roisterous!
Snow-flakes blowing, Winter 's going:
That is why he 's mad and boisterous!
All his bluster and his noise
Can't deprive us of our joys.
Call the boys, bring the toys,

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Games so jolly, dolls so arch,
Nuts to crack and corn to parch;
Lulu's birthday comes in March,
Comes with freak and frolic roisterous,—
That's the fun of March the boisterous!

"What's the fun of April showery?
Then the heavens are gray and lowery,
Rain-drops fall, soaking all;
Where the brooks were, torrents brawl;
And the soft incessant showers
Wake at last the sleeping flowers.
Lads at school, spite of rule,
Play their pranks for April fool;
Jolly they, though skies be lowery,—
That's the fun of April showery!

"What's the fun of May the tender?
May's so fair, no art could mend her,
For she brings all the spring's
Long-desired exultant splendor.
Soft and green the sunny sedges,
Sweet the snowy-blossomed hedges,
Golden-starred the roadside edges;
Fragrance rare everywhere
Breathes through all the heavenly air;
Fair with all the spring's young splendor,—
That's the fun of May the tender!

"What's the fun of June the glorious?
Queen of months she reigns victorious!
Blooms she showers, seas of flowers,
Decking woods and meads and bowers.
Skies are blue and zephyrs quiet,
Birds and birdlings all run riot,
Chirp and song all day long
Trilling from the woodland throng.
Fair at evening, morn and noon,
Regal, radiant, jubilant June,
Queen of months she reigns victorious,—
That's the fun of June the glorious!

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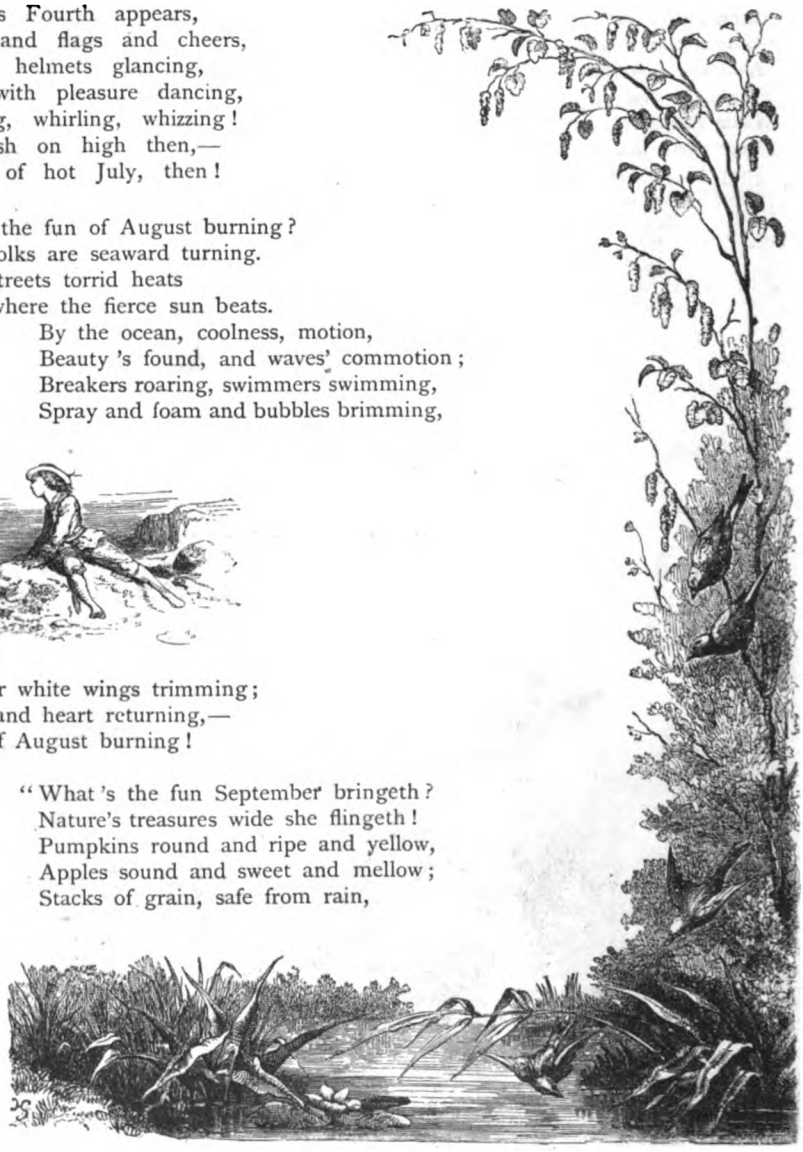
"*What*'s the fun of hot July, then?
Cooling fruitlets you may try them;
Plump gooseberries, ruby cherries,
Currants red, and whortleberries;
Just the time for cherry pie then.
In the sun's resplendent rays
Scarlet lilies flame and blaze.

Now the glorious Fourth appears,
Gay with guns and flags and cheers,
Horses prancing, helmets glancing,
Children's eyes with pleasure dancing,
Fire-works hissing, whirling, whizzing!
Fiery rockets rush on high then,—
That's the fun of hot July, then!

"What 's the fun of August burning?
Weary folks are seaward turning.
In the streets torrid heats
Quiver where the fierce sun beats.
By the ocean, coolness, motion,
Beauty 's found, and waves' commotion;
Breakers roaring, swimmers swimming,
Spray and foam and bubbles brimming,

Dainty crafts their white wings trimming;
Vanished health and heart returning,—
That's the fun of August burning!

"What 's the fun September bringeth?
Nature's treasures wide she flingeth!
Pumpkins round and ripe and yellow,
Apples sound and sweet and mellow;
Stacks of grain, safe from rain,



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Granaries almost filled to bursting;
By the hill the cider-mill
Turns its wheels and sets us thirsting;
Corn and beans from far afield,
White and gold a bounteous yield;
Lavish hoards abroad she flingeth,—
That 's the fun September bringeth!

"What 's the fun of red October?
Then the earth doth gayly robe her;
On the woods, scarlet hoods;
On hills and dales, purple veils,
Golden crowns, and gorgeous trails;—
Autumn's glory summer pales!
Bring the nuts and apples in,
Stuff the bags and cram the bin;
That 's the way the sports begin,
While the earth doth richly robe her,—
That 's the fun of red October!

"What 's the fun of drear November?
Gather round the glowing ember,
While it flashes, darts, and dashes;
Toast the chestnuts in the ashes.
Homeward call the wanderers cheery,
Hearts are light, though skies are dreary;
Once a year, with good cheer,
Glad Thanksgiving brings them near;—
Best of days, when we praise
Him who orders all our ways!
Happiest days, when round the fire
Loved ones gather nigh and nigher.
Pile the hickory high and higher!
Fan the flame and blow the ember,—
That's the fun of drear November!

"What 's the fun of sharp December.
Can't my little lass remember?
Days are shorter, nights are colder,
For the year is growing older.
Never mind, fun 's behind,
Santa Claus is always kind!
Christmas, long a-coming, comes,—
Clear the way for sugar-plums,
Tops and books and dolls and drums!
Royal cheer, carols clear,—
So we crown the happy year!
Lulu, lassie, please remember,
That 's the fun of sharp December!"

"SNOW MEN STANDING GRIM AND GHOSTLY."

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FAST FRIENDS.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Author of the "Jack Hazard" Stories.

CHAPTER V.

"A BAD FIX."

"LET us off! put us ashore!" cried George, rushing hither and thither. "Where 's the captain of this boat?" he shouted, furiously.

"Hush your noise!" said the Other Boy, catching him by the coat-tail, and trying to hold him. "Be quiet, I tell you."

"Be quiet? when that pickpocket has got my money?" George retorted, with uncontrollable excitement. "I can't go to New York without money!"

"You can't go ashore either," said the Other Boy.

"I will, if I have to swim!"

"And leave your trunk aboard?"

George had n't thought of his trunk. "But I 'm ruined!"

"So am I," said the Other Boy, with a self-mastery quite in contrast with George's agitation. "But what 's the use of making a ridiculous fuss? Don't you see everybody 's laughing at us?"

There was too much truth in that. Not that the spectators were heartless; but, really, the aspect of our tall young poet rushing wildly about, bewailing his loss, shrieking for the captain, and demanding in an agony of despair to be put ashore,—his hat fallen back on his head, his hair tumbled, and his hands stretching far out of his short coat-sleeves,—was too ludicrous not to move the mirth of the most sympathizing breast.

George, perceiving the justness of the remark, and being sensitive to ridicule, calmed himself a little.

"But what *shall* we do?" he implored.

"That 's more than I know!" replied the Other Boy, despairingly; "but tearing around in this fashion won't help matters. You can't expect the steamboat will put back just to land us! And I would n't go back if I could."

"Why not?"

"What would be the use? There would n't be one chance in a thousand of getting our money again, even if we should catch the pickpocket."

"The youngster is right," said a plain old gentleman, who had been carefully observing the boys. "The two men who crowded so close to you when you were holding the one in a fit, were probably his accomplices. You noticed they stayed ashore too, did n't you? There 's no knowing which of 'em took your money, or which has it now. It 's probably divided by this time. The fit was, of course, a sham, a trick to lay hold of you, and get at your pockets."

"I had twenty-nine dollars!" said George, in doleful accents, remembering how long he had been laying up that little sum, which seemed so large a sum to him.

"And I had forty!" said the Other Boy, ruefully; "it was all I could scrape together for my journey. Now, what I am going to do, I don't know any more than you do. But I 'd rather be in New York than in Albany. There 's a better chance of finding something to do there. Besides, that 's where *my* business is, at any rate."

George began to recover his spirits. Perhaps he remembered the manuscripts in his trunk.

"But," he objected, "*I* have n't a cent! I can't even pay my passage!"

"Nor I. And I don't believe the clerk will be so unreasonable as to expect us to, when he knows the circumstances. The best way will be to go straight to the office and tell him."

George agreed that that would be the most frank and honorable course. But first they looked for a man to whom the runner had introduced them, and who had engaged that they should have their tickets at the reduced rates. In searching for him they learned that tickets were selling to everybody at twenty-five cents, "for that day only;" so they concluded to go without him.

There was a large crowd pressing towards the office, and it was some time before they, in their turn, arrived at the window.

"Twenty-five cents," said the clerk, who stood ready to shove them their tickets, and sweep back their money.

"We have had our pockets picked," said the Other Boy.

"Just as the boat left the wharf," added George, over his shoulder.

"Twenty-five cents!" repeated the clerk, firmly. "If you have n't any money, pass along, and make room for them that have."

"But," the Other Boy remonstrated, "we have been robbed, and we thought certainly ——"

"How many?" said the clerk to the next comer. "Four tickets, one dollar." And he pushed out the tickets, and drew in the dollar, then attended

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to the next man. He appeared to have no more feeling for our unlucky boys than if he had been a machine.

"Never mind!" said the Other Boy, with a stern smile, his face slightly flushed. "It 's a bad fix; but we are bound for New York!"

George's face was very much flushed. His feet were cold as ice. All his vital forces seemed to have rushed to his head to see what the matter was, and to press their assistance at an alarming crisis. It was like an impetuous crowd of citizens rushing to defend a breach in the walls, where a handful of disciplined troops would render much better service. Such excessive excitability is, no doubt, a defect of character, until it has been mastered by a wise head and firm will, when what was before a source of weakness becomes an element of strength.

George envied his companion the self-control he was able to preserve on such an occasion; and he remembered, with shame, some too valorous lines in his "Farewell."

"Fare-thee-well, thou mighty forest!
While with battling winds thou warrest,
Forth my storm-defying vessel
(Ribs of kindred oak) I steer,
With the gales of fate to wrestle,
As thou strivest with them here!

"Let the tempest drive and pour!
Let the thunders rave and roar!
Let the black vault yawn above,
Lightning riven!
Naught my steadfast star shall move
From its heaven!"

Thus he had written, and thus he had felt (or fancied he felt), the night before his departure from home. And now, here he was, thrown into a flurry of excitement by the loss of a paltry pocket-book!

"We may as well take it easy," said the Other Boy; and they went forward to some piles of rope at the bow, where they ensconced themselves, and sat watching the bright waters rushing past, and the scenery on the shores, and talked over the situation. "Now, let 's look this thing square in the face, and see just what our prospects are, and if there is any way out of the scrape."

George replied that he could not see any possible way out.

"You 've the advantage over me," said the Other Boy. "You 're going to the city to stay,—to earn money. I was n't intending to stop there long. I expected to spend money,—not to earn any. And now I have n't a dime to spend! You see, I 'm in an awful scrape."

"You are; that 's a fact!" said George, sympathetically, yet secretly comforted by the thought that his own bad luck was not the worst. And he added, "We ought to stick together, anyhow, and help each other if we can."

"I 'm not the fellow to say no to that!" laughed the Other Boy. "I promise to stand by you, as long as you 'll stand by me."

"Then we are fast friends," exclaimed George, warmly. "Whatever comes,—good luck or bad luck,—we 'll suffer and share alike, if you say so."

"THE OLD GENTLEMAN HANDED THEM HALF A DOLLAR."

And having made this compact, both boys felt their hearts lightened. Not only does misery love company, but our courage to confront a frowning and uncertain future is more than doubled by the trust inspired by a friend at our side.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW THE BOYS PAID THEIR FARE.

WHILE they were talking, a stout man, with an official air, came along and asked if they were the fellows who could n't pay their fare.

"We had our pockets picked just as we came aboard," began George, "and we have n't any money; and we ——"

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"I know the rest," interrupted the man: "you need n't tell it."

"You saw the operation?" said George, eagerly.

"No. But I 've heard the story rather too many times; no danger of my forgetting it!"

"From the passengers?" said George, who, simple-hearted and inexperienced, was too much inclined to take every sober man's word in earnest. But the Other Boy detected sarcasm in the man's cold tone of voice.

"From just such fellows as you," replied the man. "It 's a fine excuse for shirking your fares, —you 've lost your money, or had your pockets picked,—the same thing; one story 's as good as another; and neither will go down with me."

George looked aghast; while the Other Boy spoke up quickly—

"Plenty of people saw the pickpockets take our money; and if you don't believe us ——"

"I 'll believe *you* as soon as I 'll believe a man who says he saw a pickpocket take your money, and did n't report him on the spot. He 's no better than a pickpocket himself."

The boys felt the force of this argument; and, indeed, how could any spectator know that they had not been playing a game, in order to make it appear that they were robbed? Although one must have allowed that, at least, George's consternation at his loss was either very real, or very well acted, indeed.

"We tell you the truth!" said George, with a sincerity that ought to have been convincing.

"And if you won't believe us, or those persons who saw the whole affair," added his companion, falling back upon a certain stubbornness, and defiance of the worst, which were marked traits in his character, "I don't know what you 'll do about it."

"That 's simple enough," replied the man. "You pay your fares or you 'll be put ashore at the next landing." He turned away, but paused, and added in the same business-like tone, "You 've no baggage, of course."

"Yes, we have baggage," said George.

The man appeared a little surprised. No doubt it was unusual for such tricksters as he took them for, to be encumbered with luggage, but he did not relent.

"You'd better get it ready," he said. "You 'll be put off at Hudson, and you won't want to go without your traps."

"This is lovely!" said the Other Boy, knitting his brows and compressing his lips, while his companion was simply confounded.

"We don't want to be left at Hudson, or any other place!" George said, pale with alarm.

"Only twenty-five cents! Just think of it!" exclaimed the Other Boy, with a laugh which did not have an overflowing amount of mirth in it. "That 's too absurd! They never 'll do it!"

"I 'm afraid they will! Why not?" asked George.

"They 'll threaten us, to make us fork over our fares if we have any money, of course; but when they find we have n't, they can't be so mean! Besides, the passengers who saw the affair will interfere. I 'm not going ashore at Hudson! Come! we 'll find some of them. There 's that old gentleman!"

He was the same who had spoken to the boys before. He now listened kindly to their story and said:

"No, I don't think they will really put you off the boat; but you can't blame them for being a little suspicious of you, there are so many rogues trying all the while to cheat them out of their fares."

"And so we, who are innocent, must suffer because there are imposters!" exclaimed George, indignantly.

"Yes, that 's the way it works. If everybody was honest," said the old gentleman, "then we should have no cause to lock our doors or shut our ears to the appeals of the unfortunate. So you see how uncomfortable liars and knaves make the world for us. But I think I know honest boys when I see them, and I am satisfied you tell the truth. It 's a small matter, and I may save you some trouble by lending you the amount of our fares."

"Oh!" said both boys at once.

The old gentleman handed them half a dollar, saying, "Now you need n't give yourselves any trouble about it; but when it is perfectly convenient you may repay me. Here is my card."

The boys thanked him as well as they could,—the tongue never can speak what the heart feels at such times,—and George said:

"I wish you would go with us, sir, and tell that man that you lend us the money, for I don't want him to think we had it in our pockets all the time."

"That 's natural," said the old gentleman; and, as they soon met the officer coming towards them again, he accosted him, and standing by the boys, explained why they were then able to pay their fares, and bore his testimony to their honesty.

"I 'm glad you are satisfied," replied the man, "and I hope you 'll see your money again!"

"I 'm sure I shall, if they are prospered," said the old gentleman, with a smile. "By the way, boys, I believe I neglected to take your names."

"Mine is *George Greenwood*."

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"And mine," said the Other Boy, as the old gentleman began to write in his note book, "mine is *John H. Chatford*."

CHAPTER VII.

THE OTHER BOY'S STORY.

"YOU have n't told me yet," said George, as he walked back with his friend to their seat in the bow, "what you are going to New York for. You said it was a strange business."

"That 's the reason; it 's so very strange I 'm almost afraid to speak of it! But it 's about time for us to begin to be frank with each other,—don't you think so? if we are to be fast friends."

"Certainly!" said George, who had not yet, however, said a word to his new acquaintance about the poems he had written, or his secret literary hopes. There are boys—and men too—who, in almost the first hour of their intercourse with you, will tell you of everything they have done, and of all they propose to do, with no more reserve than a cackling fowl. George, on the other hand, was quite too shy of making confidants, being genuinely modest and self-contained, and too little of an egotist to imagine everybody else interested in his schemes. But he was beginning to think he would tell his friend something, and he longed to hear his story.

"You noticed," said the Other Boy, "that I gave my name as *Chatford* to the old gentleman, but that is not my real name. The *H.* stands for *Hazard*,—*Jack Hazard* is the name I generally go by, but Mr. Chatford is the man I live with, and he is just like a father to me, and as I never knew any other father, I 've lately taken his name."

"You said you were a driver on the canal once."

"Yes; the canal is almost the first thing I can remember. I 've some recollection of a woman who called herself my mother; her name was Hazard; she married old Captain Jack Berrick, who ran a scow, and who made a driver of me as soon as I was big enough to toddle on the towpath and carry a whip. You can imagine what sort of a bringing-up I had! No schooling to speak of,—the worst sort of companions,—dirt and rags and profanity!"

"You perfectly astonish me!" said George.

"Mother Hazard died in the meanwhile, and Captain Jack had taken another woman in her place. Molly Berrick was a good-hearted creature enough, and many a time she took my part against old Jack, who used to beat me when he was drunk. But she was a little too fond of the brown jug herself,—one of those low, ignorant women you scarcely meet with anywhere except on the canal."

"How did you ever get away from such people?"

"I ran away. Old Jack knocked me down and threw me overboard one evening, and I crept out on the shore into some bushes, and then cut for my life. After some curious adventures I found a home with the Chatfords,—just the best people that ever lived,—at Peach Hill Farm. A niece of theirs, Miss Felton, now Mrs. Percy Lanman, kept the district school, and gave me private lessons, and corrected my bad language, and encouraged me in every way to improve my mind and my manners. I can never tell you how much I owe to her and my other good friends," added Jack, in a faltering voice. "Then I went to school the next winter to the man she afterwards married,—a fine teacher and a splendid fellow! Besides, I 've been a good deal with her brother, Forrest Felton, who is a surveyor and a music teacher, and I 've learned ever so many things of him, and from the books he has lent me. Then again, last winter we had a good teacher, and I 've read and studied at home at odd spells."

"How did you get your money?" George inquired.

"In various ways. In the first place I took a sugar-bush with Moses Chatford, and we made a little out of that. Then we took some land to work, and last year raised a crop of wheat. Then I had a horse. It 's curious how I came by him. I 'll tell you all about it some time, and any number of scrapes I 've been in, and about my dog Lion, and the 'Lectrical 'Lixir man, and the Pipkins,—the funniest couple,—and Phin Chatford, and Byron Dinks and his school, and his old uncle Peternot, and the treasure the old man and I had a fight over, and Constable Sellick, and how I got away from him by swimming through a culvert under the canal, and plenty of other things that would make a pretty thick book if they were all put into a story.* But I 'm telling you now about this journey."

"And how you raised the money for it," said George, who, though a couple of years older, had yet been able to save less than Jack, and who wondered how any farm-boy could become possessed of so much.

"You see," replied Jack, "Deacon Chatford has been very liberal with us boys. He believes that is the right way to encourage us. He finds we do twice as much work, and like it ever so much better, and care less about spending our money foolishly, when we have an interest in what we 're doing."

* For a full account of these adventures, see the preceding stories of this series. "Jack Hazard and his Fortunes," "A Chance for Himself," and "Doing His Best."—J. T. T.

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"And you like farming?" said George, wonderingly.

"Better than I like anything, except surveying."

"I hate farming!" exclaimed the young poet, with a look of intense disgust.

"May be that 's partly owing to the way you 've been put to it. Besides," said Jack, "I don't believe all boys have a natural liking for the same thing. I was made for a stirring out-door life; I like to see work going on, and to have something to say about it. I 'd like well enough to be a farmer all my days; but I 'd like better still to be a civil engineer, or something of that kind. You, I fancy now, have a turn for something else. What do you take to?"

"I 'll tell you some time, perhaps," said George, with a blush. "But let 's have your story now."

"Well, when I saw that I was going to travel,—you see, I could n't very well help myself, such a strange thing had happened,—I just counted up my savings, and found that out of my sugar-money, and my wheat-money, and what Forrest Felton had paid me for helping him survey land, I had salted down, as they say, only about twenty-six dollars; for I buy my own books and clothes now, you know. That could n't be depended on, of course, for such a journey as I might have to make; it would n't much more than take me to New York and back. So I went to Mr. Chatford, and borrowed all the money he could spare,—twenty-five dollars,—on pretty good security. He keeps my horse. He 's one of the kindest men to his dumb beasts, and I am sure Snowfoot will have good care. Then there is my winter wheat,—for Moses and I have a crop growing, did I tell you? And now," added Jack, "to think of all my own money, and what I had borrowed"—he clenched his hand and struck the pile of rope a sudden blow. "Hanging is too good for such pickpockets. Common thieving is bad enough, anyway; but to have a man take advantage of your good impulses, and steal your purse while you are doing an act of humanity,—or suppose you are ——"

Jack almost choked with a sense of the wrong, then he went on, more calmly: "The purse was one Mrs. Lanman knit and gave me before she was married. I had it stolen from me once before, but got it again; I 'll tell you about it some time. But there 's no chance of my ever seeing it again, now!"

"You don't know about that; stranger things have happened," said George, who seemed to take this misfortune more calmly than Jack, now that the first excitement was over.

"Well," said Jack, "the money is gone,—yours as well as mine,—and we shall be in New York this evening, and to-morrow is Sunday!—have you thought of that?—and if we don't hit upon some way of raising the wind, we shall have to camp down at night in a coal shed, or creep into an old hogshead or dry-goods box;—that won't be so hard for me as for you; I 've done it before. But how about something to eat? Never mind," Jack added, seeing that he had brought a deeply anxious and gloomy look into his friend's face; "I 've been in worse scrapes, and I bet we 'll find some way out of this. We 'v all day to think of it. And—I started to tell y what I 'm going to New York for. Somehow, can't make up my mind to that!"

MOLLY AND JACK.

"Here 's Hudson, where we were going to be put off!" exclaimed George.

The boys watched the steamboat's approach to the landing, and wondered how it would really have seemed to be put ashore there, and what they would have done; then Jack continued his story.

"It was last Saturday—only a week ago to-day, though it seems months, I 've lived such a life since then!—I was coming home from the Basin, walk-

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ing down the canal, on the *heel-path*, when I overtook an old scow, moving scarcely faster than the current. Now, I take a pretty lively interest in scows; and I 'm always looking to see if my old square-toed friend is among them. You see, a fellow can't help a sort of sneaking feeling for what was once his home, even though it 's nothing but an old floating hovel on the canal. 'Be it ever so humble,' as the song says,—and so forth. Well, this did n't happen to be Berrick's boat; but as I was watching it, I thought I saw, at the stern, a face I knew—a haggard woman's face, without a bonnet. I was n't quite certain; but I lifted my cap and bowed. At that she stared.

"'Jack Hazard,' says she, 'is that you?'

"'Yes, Molly!' I said, 'I 'm Jack. How are you, and what 's the news?'

"'No good news for me, since you left us, Jack!' says she.

"'You 've swapped boats,' I said. 'Where 's Captain Jack?'

"'Berrick has left the canal, and he 's left me!' says she. 'Jack, come aboard here! I want to see ye, and tell ye something—something I never could tell ye as long as I was with old Jack.'

"That excited me a little; for I felt something unusual was coming. I had always known that Berrick and Molly kept a secret from me, and had thought a thousand times since I left them that I would give anything to know what it was.

"I was for getting aboard at once, but the scow was loaded, and could n't get over to the heel-path, and I had to run down a quarter of a mile to a bridge, and then, crossing over, go up and meet her on the other side. She laid up, and I jumped on, and shook hands with Molly, and asked what she had to tell me.

"'O, Jack!' says she, 'I 'm sick, and I sha'n't be able to make many trips more, unless I get better; and I 'm so glad I 've seen you; for it 's troubled me that I 've had a secret which you ought to know. Berrick kept it from you, for fear of losing his control of you; and after you got free of him, he said, "What 's the use of telling the boy now? it 'll do no good; and he may come back to us yet." But I knew you would n't come back.'

"Just then, she was taken with a fit of coughing, and had to go down to the cabin for some medicine. She beckoned to me to follow her. I went down, and —I never could begin to tell you how I felt, waiting for her to stop coughing and tell me the secret! You see, I knew it was something about myself. I told her so.

"'Yes, Jack,' says she, as soon as she could speak; 'that other woman—Berrick's other wife —the widder Hazard, that was—she was n't your own mother, Jack!'

"That was just what I thought was coming; for, you know, I had more than half suspected as much for a long time,—I can hardly tell why. Things seem to be in the air sometimes, and you breathe them in. But to hear Molly speak out what I had only felt *might be* gave me an awful shock.

"'Then, who *was* my mother?' I said.

"'That I don't know,' says she. 'Berrick don't know. The widder Hazard picked you up in the streets of New York. She did n't steal you—she was n't the sort of woman to do that,' says Molly; 'she was good-hearted, but without much prudence or conscience, I guess. You was crying in the streets—a little fellow three or four years old—a lost child. She took you, and was going to give you to a policeman, but she did n't meet one all the way down the street from Broadway to the North River. She was cook on board a lake boat that was going up the river that night. She was a motherly creature, and you cried yourself to sleep in her bosom, and as she had lately lost a little boy, she fell in love with you.'

"'But did n't she try to find my parents?' I said.

"'I 'm afraid she did n't do what she ought to have done,' says Molly. 'That night the boat was taken in tow by a steamer, and came up the river, and then made her trip on the canal and around the lakes, and it was weeks before she ever got back to New York again; and when she did, Ma 'am Hazard was n't with her. She had fallen in with Berrick and married him. You kept her name of Hazard, but you was called Jack after the old man.'

"I asked how Molly knew all this, for if it was from Berrick I would n't believe a word of it, he 's such a liar. But she said she had the story from Mother Hazard herself.

"'I was with her the spring she died, when you was about seven,' says she, 'and she gave you into my charge, and told me to find your parents. But that Captain Jack never would let me do. He took us both on the scow that summer, and the very next summer you began to drive the team.'

"She could n't tell where Berrick was; she only knew that he sold the scow last winter, and went down to New York. Mother Hazard told her I had yellow curls, and wore a pink frock, white stockings, and red morocco shoes, when she picked me up, and that was all I could learn. You can imagine how excited I was!

"And this," said Jack, "is what has sent me off to New York. Mr. Chatford said all he could to dissuade me, and finally lent me the money, for he saw I was bound to make the journey. I am going to hunt up my relations."

(To be continued.)

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MILD FARMER JONES AND THE NAUGHTY BOY.

BY THEOPHILUS HIGGINBOTHAM.

CRIED Farmer Jones, "What's this I see?
Come down from out my hickory tree!
Come down, my boy, I think you might;
To steal is neither wise nor right.

"You wont, you naughty boy? Oh, fie!
You dare to tell me mind my eye?
Come down this instant! What d'you say?
'Takes two to make a bargain,'—eh?"

Now, Farmer Jones, as mild a man
As any, since the world began,
Resolves on action fierce an bold,—
Although it makes his blood run cold.

His faithful dog has mounted guard;
There is an axe in yonder yard,—
"Now, though the heavens quake and fall,
My strokes shall bring down tree and all!"

Fast come the blows, but vain the plot;
The tree may yield, the boy will not.
His pelting nuts the farmer blind;
Yet still the axe its cleft doth find.

Ah! who is this doth cry "Hold up!
I say, tie fast that yelping pup;
Do the square thing by me, and see
If I don't leave your hickory tree?"

'T is done. The faithful dog is tied,
The shining axe is turned aside.
"No hoaxing, now?" the youth doth cry—
And Farmer Jones replies, "Not I."

Now, mingling with the song of bird,
A sound of tearing clothes is heard,
And scraping boots; and, with a bound,
That naughty boy stands on the ground.

Said Jones, "You're sorry now, I see,
For knocking nuts from off my tree!"
"Well, yes; if you'll just take the pup,
And let a fellow pick 'em up."

"All right! my boy," cried Farmer Jones,
Who felt delighted in his bones;
For never since the world began
Was seen so very mild a man.

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"Come down from out my hickory tree."

"You won't, you naughty boy! oh fie!"

His faithful dog has mounted guard.

"My strokes shall bring down tree and all."

The tree may yield, the boy will not.

"I say, tie fast that yelping pup."

"No hoaxing, now?" the youth doth cry.

Said Jones, "You're sorry now, I see."

"All right, my boy," cried Farmer Jones.

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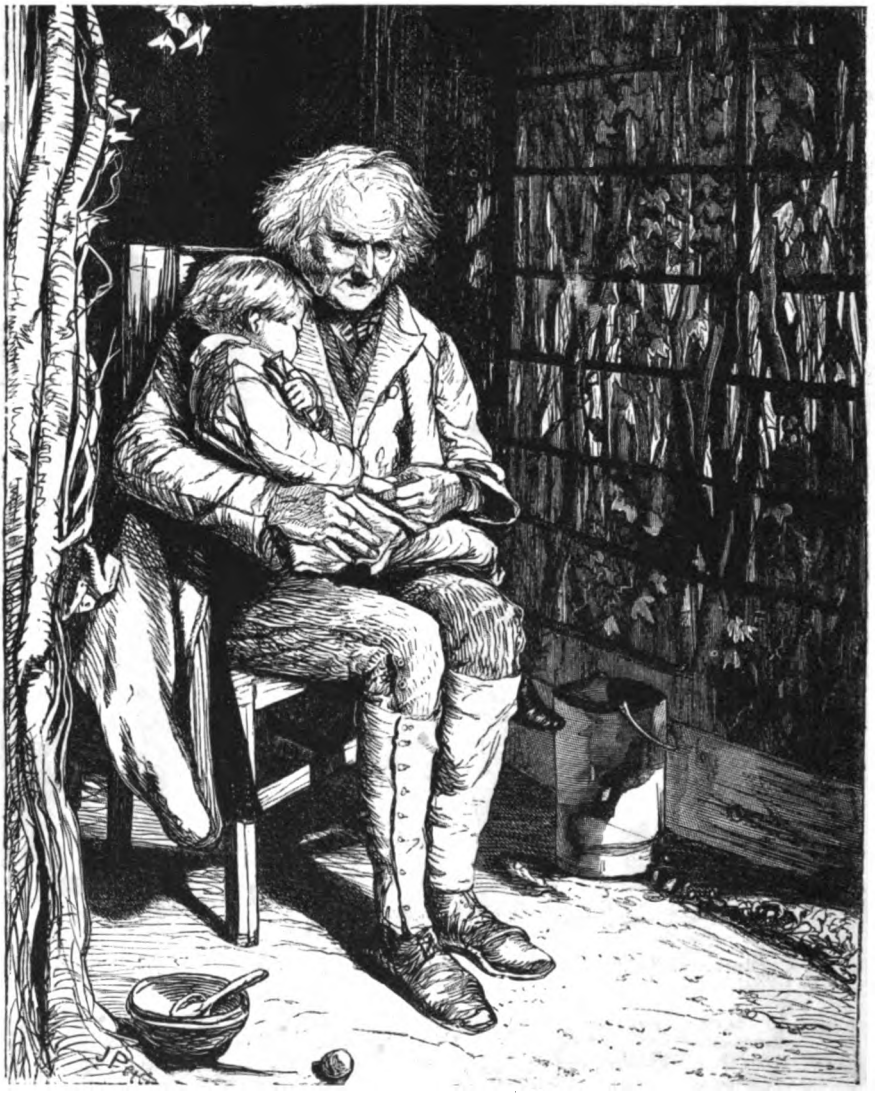

GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

THE story lasted so long that the sun looked in through the windows to say good-by! sending the shadows to take his place. He would have liked to stay and hear the rest of the story, but some people over on the other side of the world needed to be waked up; and he was the only one who could do it. Shadows have n't bright faces like the sun; so we don't like quite so well to have them about us; but neither Grandpa nor Willie knew that they had changed company. The story was about Grandpa, when he was a little boy. That was such a great while ago that it has made a very long story. Willie listened at first, and thought it very nice, until the little fringed curtains dropped over his blue eyes, and Willie was dreaming—dreaming that he had grown to be a man, and had a store full of trumpets and hobby-horses. Grandpa was dreaming too, although he was awake,—dreaming of the time when he was a little boy. So, you see, the boy dreamed of the man, and the man dreamed of the boy.

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HOW THE HEAVENS FELL.

By Rossiter Johnson.

The golden age of boys' dramatic "Exhibitions" was past before I became old enough to take part in those fascinating entertainments. But my elder brother was one of the stars of our stage, and I have reason to remember vividly the last exhibition in which he was an actor. It took place the night before he left home for college. John Barnard, who was also going to college had part in it.

"LET JUSTICE BE DONE, THOUGH THE HEAVENS FALL!"

Fred Barnard and I were very deeply interested. We watched all the preparations, and anticipated a wonderful exhibition. The performers enlarged the platform, to make a sufficient stage; they hung some curtains to serve for scenery; they carried in three or four swords (real swords) and two horse-pistols; they brought several large bundles done up in paper, and, where one of the papers was broken, we saw the brass buttons and scarlet facing of a military uniform. There was also a small tent, and we caught sight of a shepherd's crook and a heavy chain with an iron ball attached to it.

These revelations intensified the interest which had already been excited by the talk among the boys. It had been rumored that the principal feature of the exhibition would be a drama, acted in costume, and that in one of the scenes occurred a terrific combat, to be fought with real swords, according to the laws of fence. What was the subject of the drama, or its plot, or its moral, we neither knew nor cared; but we determined to see the fight.

Very early in the evening we were at the school-house, and we glided in with a hush of awe, pulled off our caps, and quietly took the front seat. No one else had yet arrived. We amused ourselves by studying the stage arrangements and the great

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chandelier that hung from the centre of the ceiling, with carved wooden fishes and serpents all over it, the candles being stuck in the serpents' mouths. The room was carefully swept and dusted, and extra seats had been brought in to accommodate the expected crowd.

After a while, one of the larger boys came in from another room, with a candle in his hand, and began to light up. We watched him with deep interest, and would have been glad to help him. When he arrived at the place where we were sitting, he stopped before us, and delivered this cruel sentence: "You small boys will have to get out of this, until the ladies come. After they are seated, then you may come in."

This piece of unnecessary gallantry fell like a millstone upon our hearts. Knowing too well how small would be the chance of getting any place where we could see the stage, after the ladies (and the gentlemen accompanying them) were all seated, we took our caps, and sorrowfully obeyed the order.

But "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." Fred and I felt sure that somehow we should yet gain admission and witness the tragedy. We sat down on the steps, and watched the people, who soon began to arrive.

First, old Mrs. Whipple and her little granddaughter. We wondered why that old woman, who was nearly blind and quite deaf, should want to be at the performance.

"Yes, and that girl," said Fred,—"what's the good of exhibitions to girls? They can never take a part in 'em—only to read a composition, may be;" and his tone implied that reading compositions was very tame business, compared with taking part in a terrific stage combat, in soldier clothes, with real swords.

Next came old Mr. Pendergast, walking slowly and leaning on his stout cane with the buck-horn handle. He had been a soldier of the Revolution; and as we imagined he would delight in witnessing the enactment of bloody scenes, such as he had passed through in his youth, and would moreover be the best critic present of the correctness of the performance, we readily admitted *his* right to a front seat.

Then came two young ladies. But when they looked in at the door, and saw how few had preceded them, they went away again. We thought they did n't appreciate their privileges.

Then came a boy carrying a bucket of water, to be used in washing the paint from the faces of the actors, after the tragedy was over. We were anxious to help him; but he would not allow us to do it—would not even let us lay a hand on the bucket and walk in beside him! We considered that a meanness unparalleled.

The minister and his wife came next; and then people began to arrive so rapidly that we could not count them or keep track of them. A good many of the fellows of our school were among them, but they were dressed up and all had ladies with them.

When, at last, we ventured in, every seat was occupied, and many men were standing in the aisles and about the door. It was hopeless for us. We had seen the backs of Sunday coats often enough, and did not care to spend that evening in acquiring a minute knowledge of them. We turned away, reluctant to give up our last hope of seeing the terrific combat, yet hardly knowing what to do. But as we turned, Fred's eye caught sight of a small scuttle-hole in the ceiling directly over the stage.

"Oh, why did n't we think," said he, "to get into the attic before the exhibition commenced? We could see it all through the scuttle!" We knew all about that attic. A light ladder, which generally stood in one corner of the schoolroom, was used for ascending to it; and the lumber, of which the stage extension was built, was kept up there, as well as the curtains and other fixtures, that were used only on special occasions. We had once or twice been permitted to go to the top of the ladder and take a peep into it.

"Is n't there some way we could get there now?" said I.

Fred thought awhile. "If we could climb the lightning-rod," said he, "perhaps we could get the scuttle in the roof open, and then we'd be all right."

"Let's try!" said I, with a glimmer of hope. We ran around to where the rod reached the ground. He "boosted" me, and I boosted him in turn, and we spat on our hands and rubbed sand on our shoes; but it was of no use—neither of us could climb the rod any farther than he was boosted.

"Can't we get a ladder?" said I, as we looked at the rod despairingly, and wished the spikes and glass knobs were nearer together.

At the same time, our anxiety and curiosity were intensified by the sound of laughter and applause that came from the inside, as John Orton spoke his comic declamation.

Fred thought perhaps Mr. Crouch, who lived next door to the school-house, had a ladder, as he was a carpenter. We went into his yard and looked about. There, sure enough, under a long, low, open shed, we found a ladder hung upon two great pegs.

We took it out, and with some difficulty got it over the fence into the school-yard. To raise it against the building was quite a task for us; and once, when it almost got the better of us, it came

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as near as possible to crashing through one of the windows. When finally it was fairly raised, imagine our disgust at finding that it reached not quite to the roof! Then our souls sank to the very bottom of despair. But Fred found our last expedient.

"I'll tell you," said he, "if we had it on the wood-shed it would reach."

The wood-shed was a few feet distant from the wall of the school-house, and its roof sloped toward it.

"But how can we get it there?" said I, not very hopefully.

"Put the ladder against the shed, and then go up and pull it up after us," he answered, with growing confidence.

We tried it. The first step was easy enough; it was the second step which cost. Still, our recent experience had taught us something of the way to handle and manage a ladder; and we did succeed in pulling it upon the roof of the shed, keeping it nearly perpendicular. When we let it go over against the eave of the school-house, it went with an unexpected jerk, that nearly threw Fred to the ground, and did throw one foot of the ladder off the edge of the shed roof. This frightened us a little; but we quickly adjusted it, and in another minute were on the roof of the school-house.

Luckily, we found the scuttle in the roof unfastened; for one of the boys had been up that day to put out the flag, and had not thought it necessary to fasten the scuttle again until the flag should be taken down. A short stationary ladder led down from this scuttle to the floor of the attic—or rather to the place where the floor ought to be, for there was only a single plank laid from the foot of this ladder to the scuttle in the ceiling of the school-room. Along this we crept cautiously, by the little light that came in through the roof. Softly we raised the trap-door and leaned it back against the brace. As we raised it, a current of hot air rushed up through the scuttle, and nearly suffocated us.

But this was a very small draw-back. We had gained an unobstructed view of the exhibition at last; there it was, all beneath us, and just in the very height of its glory. The grand drama, with the military uniforms and the real swords, was just in its first act.

As only one at a time could comfortably kneel on the end of the plank and get a fair view of the stage, we took turns, each one looking down while the other counted a hundred.

At the end of one of Fred's turns, the drama had arrived at a critical and intensely interesting point, and he was unwilling to give way for me. He wanted to lengthen the turns to a count of two hundred; but I would not agree. He offered me his long lead pencil if I would consent. It was a strong temptation; but just then, high tragedy had more attractions than plumbago, and I was firm in my refusal.

"Then," said he, with an injured tone, "I'll see if I can't get a place for myself," and he crawled around to the other side of the scuttle, and kneeled on the narrow edge of the joist, looking down from that side, while I resumed the place on the plank.

Nearly all the uniformed and titled gentlemen were on the stage, and there was a solemn tableau, when one of the actors cried (in a slow, heavy tone, raising his arm majestically): "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall!"

At that instant there was a tremendous crash, and a large section of plastering fell upon the heads of the astonished actors. When the cloud of dust rolled away, the spectators, looking up, saw a ragged mass of lath hanging down around a hole in the ceiling, and in the midst of it the feet and legs of a boy who seemed to be clinging to the joist with his hands,

I tried to help Fred up; but my strength and my foothold were unequal to the task. There was a great excitement and uproar below. "Get a ladder," shouted several voices; but the ladder generally used at that place had been removed from the room when it was swept and garnished for the exhibition and nobody seemed to know exactly where it was.

Fred's brother John, a large, powerful, cool-headed young man, was one of those on the stage. As soon as he could rub the dust from his eyes he looked up, and remarked: "Those feet look very much like Fred's." Then stepping immediately under the suspended boy. he called out: "Drop, Fred, I'll catch you!"

Fred dropped at once; indeed, by that time he was about ready to drop without an invitation.

John caught him, set him down on his feet, took a good look at him, and then giving him a slap on the shoulder, said: "Now start for home!"

Fred started. They made a little lane down the middle aisle, and passed him out through the throng.

Meanwhile I retreated to the roof, intending to go down by the way I had come up. What was my consternation, on getting there, to find that the ladder from the shed to the roof had been removed. It seems that when a ladder was called for, some one near the door had run out to look for one. Seeing that, he had immediately taken it down and carried it around to the front steps. As the trouble was over on his arrival, he just dropped it there. Then Mr. Crouch, thinking the exhibition was broken up, came out, recognized his ladder, and carried it home.

So I sat in despair on the roof, feeling more

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isolated and despondent than Robinson Crusoe ever did.

After a while I heard my name softly spoken by some one in the yard. It was Fred. I answered. "Old Crouch has lugged home his ladder," said he. "Can't you come down the lightning-rod?"

The rod made an ugly bend where it went over the cornice, and I was afraid to try. I knew I should fall off at that bend before I could cling around the rod, with my feet below it. I pointed out the difficulty to Fred. He made light of it; but I told him I knew better. The views of such a thing above and below are very different.

"Then," said he at last, "you'll have to jump to the roof of the shed."

It was a perilous leap for a boy of my size; but I saw that Fred was right. There was nothing else to be done. Jump I did, and landed safely on the shed, from which I readily clambered to the ground.

We started for home immediately. As to the exhibition, the master quelled the tumult, told the audience the play would be resumed in a few minutes, and then had the curtain drawn while the broken plaster was swept up and carried away. The gentlemen in uniform resumed their lofty dialogue and flourished their swords once more.

The heavens had fallen, and justice was done.

JINGLES.

I HAD a little Highlander,
Who reached to my chin;
He was swift as an arrow,
And neat as a pin.

He ran on my errands,
And sang me a song;
Oh, he was as happy
As summer is long!

FIRE in the window! flashes in the pane!
Fire on the roof-top! blazing weather-vane!
Turn about, weather-vane! Put the fire out!
The sun's going down, sir, I haven't a doubt.

WOULD N'T it be funny—
Would n't it, now—
If the dog said "Moo-oo"
And the cow said "Bow-wow?"
If the cat sang and whistled,
And the bird said "Mia-ow?"
Would n't it be funny—
Would n't it, now?

OH where are all the good little girls—
Where are they all to-day
And where are all the good little boys?
Tell me, somebody, pray.
Why, safe in their fathers' and mothers' hearts
The girls are stowed away;
And wherever the girls are, look for the boys—
Or so I've heard folks say.

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ONE OF THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE.

By Augustus Holmes.

As we were going over to the shooting-match in A——, the other day,—Lew Thaxter, Lon Scott, and I,—Lew asked me what I considered the most wonderful thing in modern science.

"That is hard to say," I replied; "but, certainly, *one* of the most wonderful things is the fact that men have been able to measure the velocity of light."

Lon asked what I meant by that.

"For instance, we know that it takes a little more than eight minutes for a ray of light to travel from the sun to the earth. That is," I added, as Lon looked incredulous,—but he interrupted me with a snap of his fingers.

"Yes, I know,—I 've heard as much before; and I don't believe a word of it!"

"You don't believe in the achievements of science?" cried Lew, in astonishment.

"O yes, to a certain extent. But some things are absurd!" And Lon laughed in a dogged way. "You don't even know what light is! Some say it 's a substance, others that it 's only a vibration, or an undulation; and now you pretend that it is known how fast it travels!"

"Precisely," I answered. "Eleven million miles a minute, in round numbers; no matter about a few miles."

"But, you see," said Lon, contemptuously, "it 's ridiculous! No doubt men of science *imagine* the rate of speed at which light moves, but it 's foolish for them to talk of fixing the figures. They might as well say fifty or a hundred million miles a minute, as to stop at eleven millions. There 's no way of working such a problem; there 's no sort of handle to it."

"Well, perhaps not," I said. "But let us consider." We had now come within sight of the shooting-ground, and could see the smoke from the rifles a little before we heard the reports. "You won't deny, I suppose, that sound travels at a certain rate, according to the medium it passes through, and that its velocity can be ascertained. Now watch and hark!"

"Yes," replied Lon, "I see the smoke from the guns, and hear the report a second or two later."

"A second and a-half," observed Lew, who stood watch in hand,—for we had halted on the brow of a hill.

"Now, I acknowledge," said Lon, "if we knew the distance from here to the shooting-match we could calculate the rate of speed at which sound travels;—so many feet in a second and a-half. But here you have ground to stand on, and one thing to compare another by. But suppose we saw no smoke, and heard only the report,—then how could you know the length of time it takes the sound to reach us?"

"Wait, boys," I said, "and let us think of this. We will suppose that, along this very road, a string of boys, starting from a goal over there where the firing is, come running towards us. Every five minutes one starts; and, as they run at uniform rates of speed, every five minutes one passes us here, if we stand still."

"That is plain enough," assented Lon.

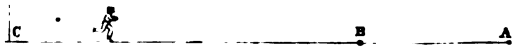
"But, suppose, after two or three have passed, with an interval of five minutes between them, we go to meet the fourth. He will pass us in a little less than five minutes from the time the last one came up,—will he not?"

"Of course," said Lon, "since he has less distance to travel before he meets us than the first boys had."

"That is evident. Now, suppose that, as soon as we have met the fourth, we turn and walk the other way. In five minutes the fifth will reach the spot where we met the fourth, but it will take him some time longer to come up with us, for in this case we are adding to the distance."

"All this is easy as A, B, C," cried Lon.

"Let 's bring your A, B, C into the calculation," I said, and drew a line along the dusty road with my cane. "Here, at C, is the goal the boys start



from. Here is a boy running. In the meanwhile we walk to and fro between A and B, two points situated a thousand feet apart. Now, we have agreed that the boy passes us sooner when we meet him at B than when he overtakes us at A. Suppose we find it is a minute sooner."

"Then," exclaimed Lew, "we shall know that it takes him just a minute to run from B to A; and that his speed is a thousand feet a minute."

"I agree with you," said Lon, scratching his head, "though I must say it would be pretty good running."

"If a boy cannot travel so fast, I think you will acknowledge that something else can."

"A locomotive," suggested Lon.

"Yes, or sound. Suppose the rifles over there,

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instead of firing irregularly as they do, should fire once every five seconds. Then every five seconds, by my watch, we should hear a report if we stood still; that is, a wave of sound, starting from the goal and traveling towards us through the air, would reach and pass us at stated intervals, just as the boy did. Now, suppose that, when we go to meet the sound at B, it reaches us a little less than a second sooner than when it overtakes us at A. Then we know that sound travels more than a thousand feet a second, as in fact it does."

"Eleven hundred feet," said Lew.

"This is all clear enough with regard to the boy and the wave of sound; but light," Lon objected, "is different. Instead of eleven hundred feet a second, you have eleven million miles—did you say?—a minute! Suppose those rifles, as far off as you could see them, should make flashes once a minute,—light is so swift that the nicest watch and the best eyes in the world would detect no variation in the time, if you should go a thousand miles to meet the flash, or go back a thousand miles and be overtaken by it!"

"I agree with you."

"Very well! and how," cried Lon, "are you going to tell when a ray of light leaves the sun?"

"I don't know any way of doing that," I said.

"Then, what do you go by?—where do you get your *purchase* on that problem?"

"That is the wonderful thing I am coming at," I replied, as we walked on; "for all the rest is simple enough. And the beautiful fact I will now describe is also simple enough, you will see, marvelous as it is. You have heard of Galileo?"

"The great Italian astronomer," suggested Lew.

"Before his time, you know, it was the common belief that the earth was the centre of the universe, and that the sun, moon, and stars all moved about it once in twenty-four hours, besides making other wonderful movements in the heavens. Copernicus, a German astronomer, had already explained the motions of the heavenly bodies, by showing that the moon alone revolved around the earth, and only once a month; that the earth turned round on its axis once a day; and that the earth and all the other planets revolved in greater periods of time about the sun. This system of astronomy—called the *Copernican system*—is so beautifully simple, compared with the old *Ptolemaic system* (so called after Ptolemy), that it is a wonder everybody did n't accept it. But the world likes old ways and old beliefs, and dislikes change. So only a few wise men, in that and the following age, thought anything at all of the Copernican theory. Among these was Galileo. Copernicus died in 1543, and Galileo was born in 1564. Because he taught the Copernican theory, which was supposed to be contrary to the Scriptures, and was certainly contrary to what the Church believed and taught, he was persecuted and imprisoned, and nearly lost his life."

"But what has all this to do with the velocity of light?" Lon interposed.

"You will see. I wanted to tell you something of Galileo before giving you the result of his great discovery. About 1609 he heard of a Dutchman having made a tube which, when looked through, had the remarkable power of making objects appear much nearer than they really were. Perhaps he learned that it was by passing the rays of light through lenses that this strange result was produced. At all events, he at once set to work, experimenting with lenses, and arranging them in a tube,—which was nothing but an organ pipe,—until he had at last constructed a *telescope*. It was a very clumsy and imperfect instrument; but, after one or two more trials, he succeeded in making one which would magnify objects about thirty times. Imagine his joy on turning this towards the heavens and counting stars where never stars were seen before! He made many discoveries, but the most wonderful of all was one that confirmed in a beautiful way the system of Copernicus. Looking at the planet Jupiter, he noticed that four small stars near it appeared to change their places night after night. All at once the thought struck him that they were not stars at all, but moons revolving around the planet as our moon revolves around the earth, and as the planets revolve around the sun. Such, indeed, they proved to be. He made this discovery in January, 1610, and, greatly as it elated him, he kept it a secret for over two months, until, by the most careful observations, he had satisfied himself that there was no mistake about it. Then he announced it, and was called a heretic and a fool for his pains by priests and would-be men of science, who refused even to take the trouble of looking through his magic tube and seeing what he saw.

"Well, this turned out to be the most important astronomical discovery, probably, that was ever made. Besides confirming the Copernican theory, it led to other discoveries; and one of these is the very thing we are talking about.

"The nearest of Jupiter's moons is about two hundred and sixty thousand miles from the planet, or about twenty thousand miles farther than our own moon is from us. But the planet is so huge, being some fourteen hundred times larger than our earth, that the satellite—which revolves in a very regular orbit—is eclipsed at every revolution, that is, whenever the planet comes between it and the sun. The shadow of the planet, you understand, falls upon it, and it disappears to our eyes, like a

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candle that dies in its socket, to be lighted again as soon as it passes out of the shadow.

"Now, astronomers, you will concede, are able to calculate eclipses to a second."

Lon said he supposed so.

"Well, Galileo, and others after him, studied the eclipses of Jupiter's moons, and discovered, to their surprise, that there was something strangely irregular about them. Often they took place earlier or later than they had predicted from previous observations. At last it was found that the movement of the earth in her orbit had some mysterious connection with this irregularity; but how that could be no one was able even to guess, until, in the year 1675, Roemer, a Danish astronomer, solved the mystery."

"What was it?" Lon was now eager to know.

I stopped, and drew another little diagram in the dust. "We will call this circle the orbit in which

the earth revolves about the sun. Jupiter is fifty times as far from the sun as the earth is; we will say, at C. We will draw an imaginary line from C directly across the orbit of the earth. Now, it was found that when the earth was moving from A to B, with Jupiter in this relative position, the eclipses of the planet's moons appeared to take place earlier by a few minutes than when the earth was moving from B to A."

"Ah! I see it!" exclaimed Lew. "When an eclipse occurs, we can take note of the rays that come to us just before or just afterwards. They travel towards us, something like the boys you described, or the waves of sound; and, though the earth moves in a circle, instead of a straight line, it actually meets the rays when it is traveling from A to B, and has to be overtaken by them when it is returning from B to A."

"You have hit it," said I; "and I think that now even Lon sees the *handle* by which the problem was taken hold of. In fact, it was found that the eclipses of Jupiter's moons invariably appeared to take place a little more than sixteen minutes earlier when the earth was near B than when she was on the opposite side of her orbit. What else could be inferred than that it took a ray of light a little more than sixteen minutes to travel from B to A? But this is twice the distance from the earth to the sun; hence we conclude that light travels from the sun to the earth—say ninety-one and a-half million miles—in half that time, or a little over eight minutes.

"By making due allowance for the speed of light and the motion of the planets, astronomers have been able," I continued, "to construct exact tables of the eclipses of Jupiter's moons, which are of great use in finding the longitude of places on the earth. So you see this discovery is one of practical value, as well as very wonderful in a merely scientific way."

Lon was by this time so nearly convinced that he acknowledged there might be "something in it;" while Lew had become so much interested in the subject that he begged I would write out our conversation for ST. NICHOLAS. I have done so at his request.

A CHURNING SONG.

BY SILAS DINSMORE.

APRON on and dash in hand,
O'er the old churn here I stand:—
Cachug!
How the thick cream spurts and flies
Now on shoes, and now in eyes!—
Cachug! cachug!

Ah, how soon I tired get!
But the butter lingers yet:—
Cachug!
Aching back and weary arm
Quite rob churning of its charm!—
Cachug! cachug!

See the golden specks appear!
And the churn rings sharp and clear,—
Cachink!
Arms, that have to flag begun,
Work on; you will soon be done:—
Cachink! cachink!

Rich flakes cling to lid and dash;
Hear the thin milk's watery splash!—
Calink!
Sweetest music to the ear,
For it says the butter is here!—
Calink! calink!

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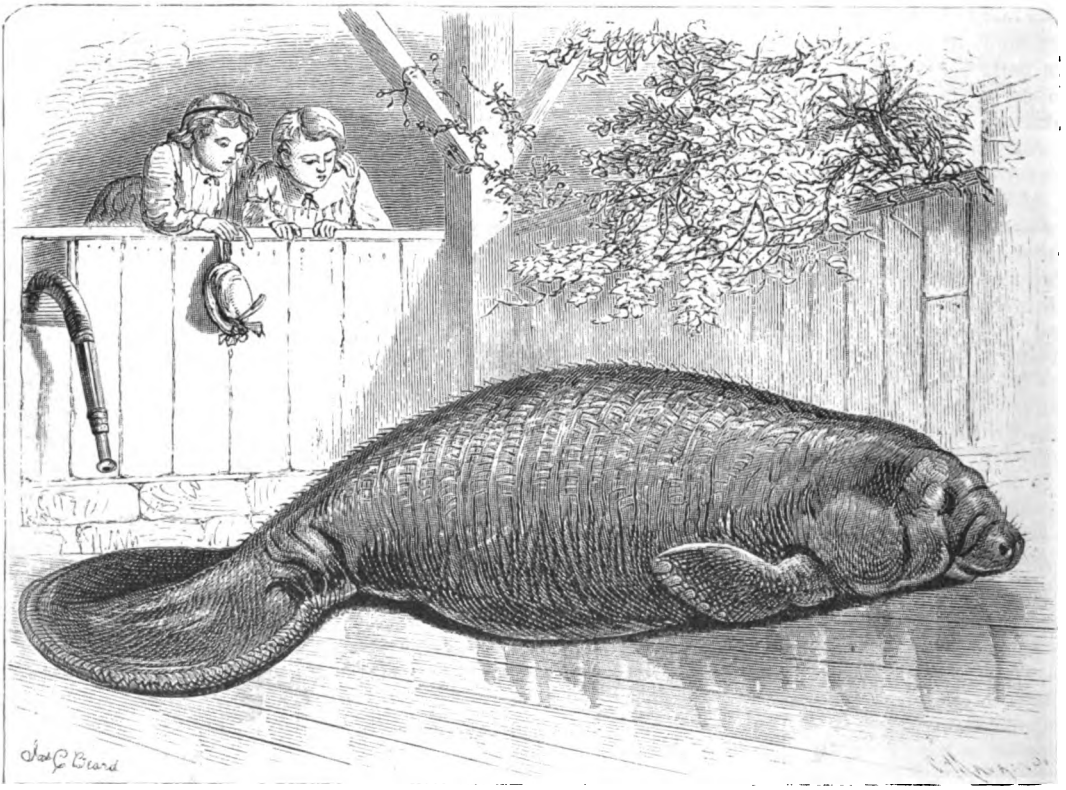
THE MANATEE.

BY HARRIET M. MILLER.

THIS is an interesting looking fellow-creature,—now is n't it?

Whether you take a broadside view of him,—as in the larger picture,—or see him face to face,—as in the smaller one,—he is equally attractive. But wait!—I have n't introduced him.

My dear young friends, this is a picture of the Manatee; and he is n't half so stupid as he looks. In fact, when you come to know about him, you 'll find that he has some lovely traits of character, and judging him by the old proverb, "Handsome is, that handsome does," we may yet prove that he is a beauty.



THE MANATEE.

"A droll—*fish*," did you say? Now, there I 've caught you. He is n't a fish any more than you are, though he is shaped like one. He 's an animal, and belongs to the same family that you do—the Mammalia, called by that long name because Mamma Manatee finds her babies milk, instead of meat. And, besides, he is warm-blooded, while fishes are cold-blooded; and he breathes with lungs, while fishes perform that useful operation by means of gills.

He lives in the water, to be sure, swimming about as easily as any fish there, by the help of that broad, flat tail of his; but the tail is used by slapping down in the water, while the tail of a fish, you know, always stands up vertically, and moves from side to side.

He is droll for an animal, I must admit. He has no neck, to speak of; no ears, except two holes, so small that they do not show in the pictures; no legs; no arms; almost no eyes—at least they are so small and so buried in the wrinkles, that you can hardly see them; and no hair like other animals.

Now, see what he has. That splendid broad

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tail of his, with the help of his swimming paws—as some naturalists call them—sends him through the water as fast as he wants to go; he has no need of legs. As to the swimming paws themselves, although they look like awkward things, nothing could be more useful to him. They are, in fact, hands, with skin between the fingers, and if you could shake hands with him you would feel the fingers. He gets his name, Manatee, from them, *manus* being the Latin for hand. They have a sort of nail, like finger-nails, as you can see in the picture; and besides using them in swimming and in crawling up on the land, Mamma Manatee needs them for carrying her baby, which she does much as a human mamma carries hers.

A comical little fellow the baby Manatee must be!

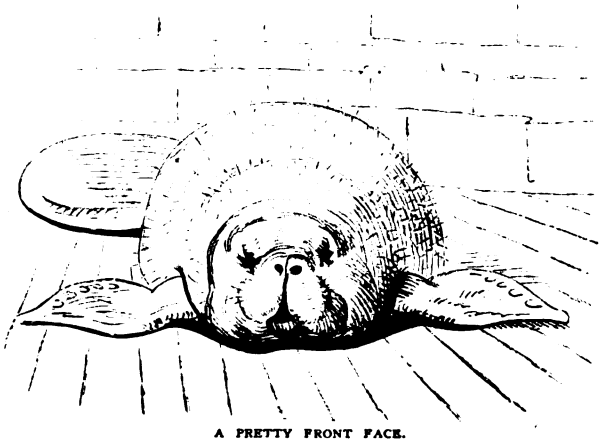
Although this curious animal has no warm coat of fur like other animals, he has wonderfully thick skin, and a coat of fat under it, that is warmer than any fur. But, best of all, he has a good disposition. He is fond of his fellows, always living in crowds; and if one is hurt, all the rest try to help him. Nearly every mother, from the elephant down to the smallest insect, is tender of her little ones, and will fight for them till she is herself killed; but these affectionate creatures are just as fond of each other. The fathers protect the mothers, and the mothers protect the babies, and, in fact, they never desert each other in the greatest danger.

Unfortunately for their own peace, Manatees have another good thing—good meat on their bones; and men hunt them to get it for their own use. As I said, they always go in crowds, the fathers ahead, the mothers behind, and the babies in the middle. When a harpoon is thrown into one of the party, all the rest crowd around and try to pull it out, or to bite off the rope that holds it. Not one thinks of taking care of himself, nor of fighting the hunter, so the fisherman (if he can be called so) can secure as many as he chooses.—often the whole troupe.

This creature—who, you see, *is* interesting, after all, in spite of his stupid look and flabby ways—lives on the sea-shore, in a bay, or at the mouth of a river, in a tropical country, especially in American waters, and he often takes a journey up the rivers a long way from the sea. He is from fifteen to twenty feet long, and sometimes weighs three or four tons. .

The Manatee has another name—Sea Cow; and he feeds on grass and plants. Not only on those growing under water, but on land plants, to get which he crawls up on to the land.

Still a third name has been given to the Manatee, more curious than either of the others. You have heard of Mermaids, and perhaps you have seen pictures of them, as sailors described them,—beautiful women as far as the waist, with long hair, falling all over their shoulders, and scaly fishes from the waist down. (There 's one in Webster's big dictionary.) But I think you 'll laugh when I tell you that these big, dull-looking Manatees are all the mermaids that men ever saw. At least, Cuvier says so, and if he does n't know, I 'd like to know who does. However, when Mamma Manatee raises her head high out of the water, with her baby in her hands, she does look a little like a human mother; and seen away off over the water, with the credulous eyes of sailors, it is n't, after all, so absurd as it seems to you when you look at the picture.



A PRETTY FRONT FACE.

This gentle creature can easily be tamed. In an old magazine, published more than a hundred years ago, there is an account of a tame Manatee, kept by the Governor of Nicaragua, in a lake on his estate. This good-natured creature would not only come to dinner when he was called,—crawling out of the water, and up to the house,—but he would allow people to ride on his back. As many as ten people, the old story says, would often mount him, and ride safely across the lake.

How do you suppose they would have liked it if Mr. Manatee had chosen to dive just then?

You little people who live in New York can see one of these curious fellows any day. In fact, the very one who sat for his picture for ST. NICHOLAS, lives in a big tank in Central Park. His keeper kindly allowed the tank to be empty a while, so that the artist might get a fine view of him,—the Manatee, not the keeper.

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HOW JAMIE HAD HIS OWN WAY.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

"JAMIE," said Grandpa Scott, "don't go near the wharves this afternoon; Mrs. Little's Sam fell overboard yesterday."

"But, Grandpa," objected Jamie, "it's Saturday afternoon!"

"I know it, sir; and that's just why I want you to stay about the house and grounds. I notice that Saturday afternoon 's the time all the children get into mischief. You can play hide and seek in the orchard, or sail your brig in the duck pond, or go berrying in Rowley woods."

"There's bears in the woods," said Jamie, "and the brig's being mended——"

"And they'll eat the gooseberries in the garden, and make themselves sick," said Grandma.

"Well, there's plenty of play without running to the river after it," continued Grandpa. "I tell you, sir, I won't have you playing about the wharves and running such risks!"

Well, perhaps Jamie didn't mean to disobey; but he walked into the orchard and shouted for Jack Brown and Nick Smith to come and join him.

"They've gone down to Bachelor's wharf," said Brown's little sister, who sat rocking her rag doll on the doorstep. "There 's a great big ship down there, that smells of tar and oranges. They would n't let girls go," she added.

"My!" sighed Jamie, "I'm glad I'm not a girl, —they're always in the way, of course. They're afraid of getting their feet wet, and their hands dirty. At Bachelor's wharf, did you say?" The big ship, with its inviting odors, having blotted Grandpa's commands altogether from his mind, just as the waves wash out whatever you trace on the sandy beach, he turned into the dusty street, leaving the pleasant orchard behind him, with the sun shine fleckling the green grass, as it fell through the apple boughs; with the plum trees ripening a blooming harvest; with a generous perfume of early apples in the air; the quince bushes adding their invitation; the white-heart cherries ready to fall into anybody's open mouth,—as the birds could have told him,—and the currant and gooseberry bushes fringing the orchard wall, while grape-vines sucked in sweetness and mellowness from the sun and atmosphere. Jamie loitered down the street, past the grocery and the dry-goods shops, looked in at the confectioner's, passed a while at the fish-market, where they were bringing in fresh lobsters and silver-enameled mackerel, and great cuts of pink salmon were to be seen, garnished with heads of cut lettuce. It was only a step from the fish-market to Bachelor's wharf, where, true enough, a ship, as big as all out-doors, it seemed to Jamie, was unloading. Jamie hung near it, admiringly, enjoying the tarry smell, as if it were an odor from Araby;—the mystery of entangled ropes, that was as good as a Chinese puzzle; wondering about the great ocean over which the ship had sailed; enjoying the browned sailors, who had perhaps seen a whale spouting, or an iceberg drifting down from the north, or the stormy petrels that never alight, the legend says, and are named for St. Peter, who walked the water. The Azores and West Indies were like places dropped out of Fairyland into the sea, somewhere, to Jamie; and London was the capital of Dreamland to him, as well as to some older folks; the rest of the world across the water was a sort of fogland, where griffins with gold manes might abound, and toads that saw things through the lens of a jewel, where the days were six months long, without any bed-time. It was delightful to touch the ropes that had been coiled in foreign places, and the sails that had hung idly in the calm of tropical waters,—it was almost like shaking hands with the people of other countries.

But after Jamie had somewhat satisfied his curiosity, which was always alert when a ship came in, he strolled, like one who has the afternoon before him, to a neighboring wharf, where Jack and Nick were trying to make out into the stream in a small boat, which the wind repeatedly blew in shore, defeating their attempts. "Oh, I can get her off," shouted Jamie, fired with sudden nautical valor, "you just wait till I get off my shoes and stockings!"

"Bet ye!" defied Nick Smith, "me and Jack's been ter work this half hour!"

"So I do bet ye!" returned Jamie, whipping off his "dirt-treaders" and jacket, and hiding them in a cranny of a pile of boards near at hand. "You'll see what a sailor can do," and he jumped into the boat and pushed off in spite of the wind. "Let's go down to Black Rocks and fish," said Jack.

"All right! We 're off for Black Rocks, then," said Jamie, tacking; "I think the wind 's rather cranky, though, boys!"

"Looks squally," said Nick, at the helm. "My mother's got the sewing circle to supper and we're going to have strawberry short-cake. She won't

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know where I am, till she wants me to run an errand."

Just then something happened; perhaps it was the squall; but Grandpa Scott, looking out of his scuttle window up in town, through a spy-glass, to see if his schooner was coming in, saw, instead, a boat floating upside down on the river.

"Mercy! Grandma," said he, "I'm right glad I told Jamie not to go near the water to-day; there's somebody's boat bottom-side up, in the river!"

"Sakes alive!" cried Grandma; "it'll make somebody's mother's heart ache, to be sure! Well, I'm thankful that Jamie's safe in the orchard, for all the gooseberries." But we know that Jamie was not safe in the orchard. When he came to the surface of the river after his plunge, Jack and Nick, having managed to cling to the boat, were seated on the bottom of it, and drifting out to sea; Jamie made a few strokes towards them, but finding that the boat would be out to sea before he could reach the river-mouth, supposing he could swim so far, he decided to make for the North Pier, as his only hope. But oh, dear! what a long way it was to the North Pier, though! what if the cramp should catch him before he reached it? He remembered that Captain Sails had once seen a shark in the river,—he wondered if Grandpa Scott was getting worried about him,—if Mrs. Smith had saved a piece of the strawberry short-cake for Nick,—how soon they'd miss him, and send out for him,—if they'd drag the river with grappling irons. It really was not very far to the North Pier, but it seemed leagues, and Jamie's strength was ebbing when he reached it, and thrust his hands through the cracks between the rough boarding, and clung like any barnacle, feeling almost safe. But no sooner was he secure from immediate danger, than his discomforts began to torture him: the hot sun poured down on his uncovered head, a nail in the pier had torn his hand, and the salt water made it smart, his arms were beginning to feel queer and lifeless, —he called for help, but his voice was a sparrow's pipe. Then he waited and waited, and saw a mirage of the distant beach lifted against the sky, and watched the birds that lighted an instant on the pier, and looking at him curiously, and heard the music of some gunner's rifle down in the marshes grow fainter and sweeter with the distance, "and horns from Elfland faintly blowing."

But presently a new terror beset him—he could not take another stroke, if he were to die,—but he saw the sunset burnishing in the west, his half-holiday drifting away from him, and the tide turning in! If only somebody would come for him: some fisherman toiling in with his full nets, some gunner from the salt-marshes, some pleasure-boat laden with song and laughter! He was hoarse with hallooing; it was wearing on to twilight, and the tide coming in, strong and steady. He heard the bells on shore inviting to evening prayer,—the noises about the wharves reached him like echoes from another world; he wondered where Jack and Nick were,—if Grandma had gone to Mrs. Smith's tea-drinking; he remembered how the sunshine seemed tangled among the orchard trees at home, that the plums were nearly ripe, that Master Brooks was going to give him a reward of merit, at school, next week. By this time there was a star twinkling at him in a companionable way, from the sky, —but only his head was out of water; he tried to climb up the slippery sides of the pier, and came very near losing his hold; once he thought that he heard the sound of oars, the faint tones of human voices, as in a dream; then he lost them, and began to fancy himself safe at home in bed, holding Grandma Scott's hand, and saying, "Our Father, who art in Heaven." The water gurgled about his ears and touched his lips, and the stars and the roseate twilight went out in darkness.

Some sailors, belonging to a sand-droger that was taking in cargo at White Beach, had caught sight of a strange object clinging to the pier, had at first fancied it to be a seal or a mermaid, and had set forth to capture it, arriving just in the nick of time to save Jamie, who was verily at his last gasp. They carried him on board the droger, rubbed and dosed him into consciousness, dried his shirt and trowsers before a drift-wood fire on the beach, gave him a supper of clam chowder and ship-bread, and after he had rested, they rowed him up to town and left him at the wharf.

Jamie walked slowly homeward, wondering what reception he should meet; all the clocks were clanging nine; there were groups of men about the shops speaking of the day's accident.

"Folks ain't no business ter let children out on the water alone," some one was saying.

"Well, you see," broke in another, "Miss Smith, she hed the sewing circle ter her house, and a body can't manage other folkses affairs and their own ter wunst." "It'll go hard with Grandpa Scott," spoke a third; "that boy was the apple of his eye."

"And a little tyke he was too," responded his neighbor: "I've heard his grandma say that she never felt easy till he was a-bed and asleep!"

"Well, he won't be troubling nobody no more," said the confectioner, at whose counter Jamie had been in the habit of spending his cents; "he was a great one for 'ju-ju' paste; I wouldn't have minded throwing in a piece, if I'd knowed,——"

"He could bat a ball like time," said a small boy Jamie recognized as one with whom he had sometimes shared his jujube paste; "and he wasn't

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stingy, neither, and didn't get mad if you spelt above him." Jamie walked on to his grandfather's, where the lamps were all lighted, and they had forgotten to draw the curtains; he stole in softly and looked in at the doorway. Grandpa Scott was walking the room as fast as his old legs could carry him, and wringing his hands; Grandma was in the big arm-chair, with her face hidden in her hands and the tears dropping through the fingers, while Mrs. Smith stood near, smoothing her hair and offering the smelling-salts, and saying, "Don't take on so, now don't, Miss Scott,—it ain't none of your fault, nobody'll blame you—it's all for the best."

"There wa'n't nobody ter blame but the squall," said Jack and Nick in chorus, from the background, where Jamie had not seen them; "us two stuck to the boat, you see," continued Nick, "when it was bottom-side up, and nobody picked us off till we was most out to sea, and then when we began to think of Jim, he wasn't nowhere. Hurrah!" changing his tune without warning. "I say, Hi' Spy!"

And Jamie's arms were around Grandma Scott's neck, and everybody in the room was in tears again, and Grandpa Scott was on his knees.

CHANTICLEER.

By Celia Thaxter.

I WAKE! I feel the day is near;
I hear the red cock crowing!
He cries "'T is dawn!" How sweet and clear
His cheerful call comes to my ear,
While light is slowly growing.

The white snow gathers, flake on flake;
I hear the red cock crowing!
Is anybody else awake
To see the winter morning break,
While thick and fast 't is snowing?

I think the world is all asleep;
I hear the red cock crowing!
Out of the frosty pane I peep;
The drifts are piled so wide and deep,
And wild the wind is blowing!

Nothing I see has shape or form:
I hear the red cock crowing!
But that dear voice comes through the storm
To greet me in my nest so warm,
As if the sky were glowing!

A happy little child, I lie
And hear the red cock crowing.
The day is dark. I wonder why
His voice rings out so brave and high,
With gladness overflowing.

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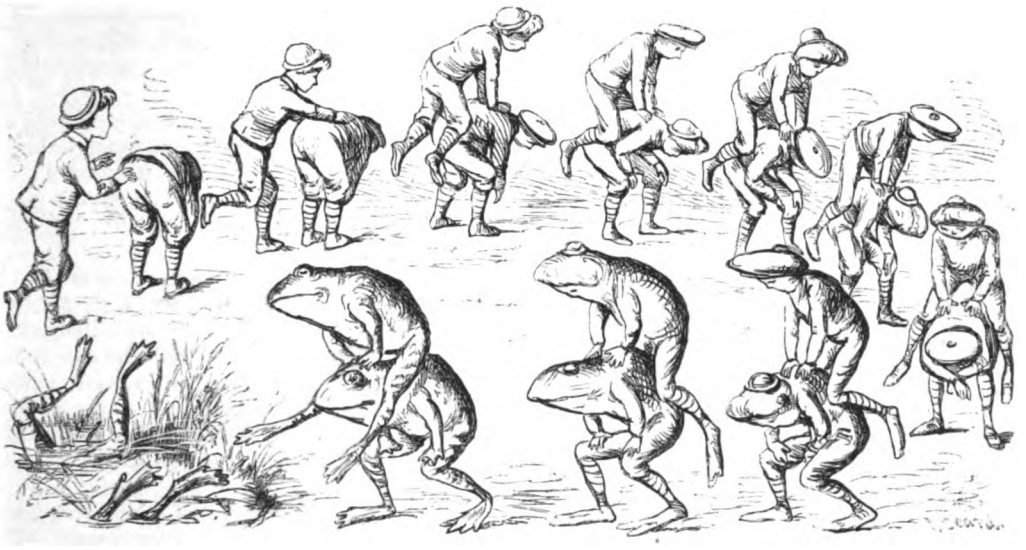

WHAT MAY HAPPEN WHEN LITTLE BOYS PLAY LEAP-FROG TOO MUCH.

A MOOSE HUNT IN THE MAINE WOODS.

By C. A. Stephens.

So many tourists, young and old, have come down into the Maine lake region the past summer to camp out in the country of the whispering pine, and hunt that noble game, the moose, that I deem it not unlikely that many of our young folks, especially our boys, would enjoy a moose hunt,—even on paper. A prominent lumber-merchant of the Pine Tree State has kindly furnished me with one of his youthful exploits in this line, which I have attempted to write out.

There were four of us, and we were a rather queer party. There was old Ben Murch, a lumberman and hunter well known in that region; a young Penobscot Indian named Lewis, or, as he was more commonly called, "Lewey;" a young Boston chap named Larkin, but whom we had nicknamed "Larks," and myself. We had gone up from Bangor to the head of Chesuncook Lake, then as now a sort of supply-depot for the logging-camps.

When I mention that one of our party was an Indian, some may perhaps think that he was a savage,—one of the blanketed, tomahawking sort. Quite the contrary. Lewey was a very sensible, matter-of-fact young man; dressed like a Christian, and, saving a tendency to extreme brevity, spoke very fair English. Indeed, the fellow was quite a humorist in a certain, dry, terse way of his own, and very tolerable company of an evening. Murch and he frequently hunted together, selling the venison at the neighboring logging-camps. And on the evening preceding the first day of our hunt, February 3, Lewey had come down to the head from his wigwam, or winter camp, on the Cusabexis. One versed in woodcraft might well wonder how two experienced hunters should happen to take a couple of boys with them on a moose hunt! Well, I suspect that Larks used undue—possibly pecuniary—influence with them. Such things are sometimes done.

Day broke clear and frosty. We were off by sunrise—on snow-shoes. The snow was crisp. And as the early sun-rays fell in through the bare tree-tops the whole air resounded with the sharp snapping of the frozen wood, relaxed by the warmth. An hour's walk took us across the lowlands between the supply-depot and the river (the West Branch of the Penobscot), which enters the lake at some distance above. Crossing the river on the ice a little below Pine Stream Falls,—so near that we

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could hear the plunging waters,—we began to ascend the ridgy slopes which lead up among the highlands in Township No. V, in Range XIV.

"Now, boys," said Ben, stopping to tighten the strings of his snow-shoes, "the less ye say and the fewer twigs ye snap the better; for, unless I 'm much mistaken," pointing to the cropped branches of a yellow birch, "we shall come upon a yard within a couple of hours. So keep whist. Mind the going. Don't tread on the dry brush. You youngsters may as well keep a few rods behind. And whenever I raise my hand—*so*—stop, both of you, stock-still,—and don't move till I tell ye."

Thus instructed we moved cautiously on again.

"What does the old fellow mean by a 'yard?'" whispered Larks, as we picked our way along behind. And as some others may perchance need a word in explanation, we will try to give it.

Suppose, as is often the case, that late in the fall, just as the snows are coming, a herd of moose—a dozen say, though generally not more than three or four—are browsing on the bank of a river or along the shore of a pond or lake. A snow-storm comes on, and there falls a foot, perhaps. Naturally enough, the moose don't go over as much ground next day after their browse as if the ground were bare. And very likely, too, since it is natural for all creatures to follow beaten paths,—nor are human beings exceptions,—very likely, I say, that nightfall will find them retracing their steps to the place whence they started in the morning. And thus they will remain for several days, not going over more than a mile or two of ground, unless disturbed by wolves or men. Then comes another storm, with another foot of snow. This makes walking about still more laborious. And the moose, consulting their ease, go about still less. So they keep on, narrowing their feeding-ground after every storm, till, when the snow has become four and five or six feet deep, it is nothing unusual to find a herd of from three to a dozen snowed into a yard of from five to thirty acres, with deep beaten paths running through it in every direction, the twigs cropped and bark gnawed from all the trees.

I believe this the more satisfactory explanation of a moose-yard, though many so-called naturalists will tell you that the moose *select* their yard before the snows come,—that they are in this matter "governed by instinct." All of which you may safely believe the moment they satisfactorily define that word, *instinct.*

Now, if a hunter can steal up unobserved, or rather unheard, within rifle-shot of one of these yards, why, he stands a good chance of securing one of the herd, at least. But the difficulty is to approach unperceived. For there is no keener-eared animal under the sun than a moose. They will often hear or smell a man half a mile, and that, too, when there is no perceptible breeze. The only chance of surprising a yard is when there 's a stiff breeze *from it;* and then it is a pretty ticklish job, and but rarely done.

A little farther on we saw where a cluster of hazel-bushes had been bitten off; and soon a shrubby pine with all its lower branches stripped of their tassels. These were indications of a yard not many miles off. The moose had been here; but later snows had covered the track.

We walked on with as little noise as possible. It was rather blind work, though; for the thick mixed growth made it impossible to see more than six or eight rods ahead. Presently we came to a clump of moose-wood shrubs browsed off as before, with a faint trail under the more recent snows leading away to the left. Along this Lewey and Ben picked their way softly, followed at some distance by Larks and myself.

We had gained the summit of a high ridge, and were now descending into the valley beyond. The shrubs along the trail had nearly all been cropped,—all save the spruce; moose never touch spruce boughs. We followed this trail for half a mile, perhaps, when Lewey, who was considerably in advance, suddenly stopped,—we saw him making signs and whispering to Ben, and stole gently up to them. Right in front were the fresh tracks of a moose,—huge hoof-prints stamped deep into the snow.

"'St, boys!" whispered Ben. "We're close upon 'em! Stay here; don't stir!"

Lewey and he worked slowly forward, drawing their heavy snow-shoes carefully after them. Watching breathlessly, we saw Lewey pause and cautiously raise the hammer of his rifle. It clicked faintly, despite his care. Instantly there was heard a hoarse snort, accompanied by a great crashing among the brush.

"There they go!" shouted Ben. Lewey had sprung forward like a cat,—too late to get a shot, however. The moose were gone. We could hear them tearing along down the valley, and on coming to the yard—some twenty rods farther on—found it empty.

"No help for it now," muttered Ben, gazing a little grimly at the gnawed saplings along the now deserted paths. "Nothing to do but chase them down. Think you can stand a three days' tramp, Larks?"

"Very long hunt," remarked Lewey.

But Larks had great faith in his legs.

Three distinct tracks on the farther side of the yard showed us where the moose had left it; and tightening our straps, we shouldered our guns and started in pursuit.

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"Don't you ever use hounds to hunt them with?" Larks inquired.

"Not often," replied Ben. "Some do, but we don't. We have better luck without dogs than with them. A moose is n't like a fox. A fox will run round and round from hill to hill; but a moose keeps straight ahead. We 've found that our best way is to keep steady after them till they get tired enough to let us get up within shooting distance."

Lewey then told us that he once followed one a fortnight before getting near enough to shoot him. But when there is a crust upon five feet of snow, the moose, going through to the ground at every plunge, can't hold out over twenty-four hours, if followed rapidly.

All this time we were going forward as fast as we could walk. For the first six or eight miles the moose seemed to have run at full speed, scattering the snow and clearing the brush with prodigious bounds. In some places they had thrown out with their hoofs the old dried leaves, deep buried since autumn.

About three o'clock in the afternoon we crossed the former path of a tornado, which in its terrific course through the forest had torn down nearly all the trees along a clearly defined belt,—only a few rods in width, but stretching away east and west as far as we could see. The prostrate trunks lay piled across each other in the wildest confusion. Over these the moose had bounded in a manner almost incredible; running without the least apparent regard for the snow-buried logs, and making a bee-line across the windfalls. One leap especially astonished us. Three large bass-woods had fallen in a rick, the topmost lying fully seven feet above the surface of the snow, which lay from four to five feet all about them. This formidable abattis one of the moose had cleared at a jump, landing among the logs nearly a rod beyond.

The short February afternoon rapidly waned. A "snow-bank" had risen in the south-west.

"Another snow-storm by to-morrow," said Ben.

It was growing dusk. Presently the forest lightened ahead, and in a few minutes we came out on a broad white expanse stretching away to the northward.

"Lake Cauquomgomac," remarked Lewey. Then, looking through his hands, "Yonder they go!"

Straining our eyes in the deepening twilight, we could just make out some dark objects far out on the lake, one—two—three, yes, three of them. They were three or four miles from the shore, and making directly towards a small island situated near the upper end of the lake. When chased, moose will frequently run off to an island, or a high hill, which commands a good outlook of the country around.

"They 'll haul up at that island to breathe," said Ben. "Spend the night there, like enough, if they don't catch sight of us on the lake."

"Could n't we work up to them after dark?" I hazarded.

"Not without first getting *their* consent," said Ben, laughing. Then, turning to Lewey, "What's to be done?"

"Two of us stay here—two of us go round lake — above island," replied Lewey. "Head off moose."

"And so scare them from the island and then shoot at them from an ambush?" questioned Ben. Lewey nodded.

"Not to-night, I hope," said Larks, upon whom our long day's tramp was beginning to tell.

Ben turned to look at him. "No, not to-night, I guess," said he at length. Then to Lewey, "We 'll camp here, I reckon," with a nod of his head toward Larks and myself. Lewey assented, merely muttering, "No fire; not make fire on shore; go back."

Back we accordingly went to a little ravine in the woods, a number of rods from the lake. By this time it had grown very dark; but collecting brush as best we could, and breaking off slivers and bark from an old hemlock trunk, we soon had a crackling blaze.

A hunter's knapsack is not quite so ornamental as a soldier's, but handier, I think. It consists of a large, deep pocket in or rather *on* the back of his hunting frock. In these we had packed away two days' rations of beef and corncake, and now we proceeded, after taking off our snow-shoes and loosening our belts, to make a thorough dinner, moistening the same with snow-water melted in the palms of our hands.

This over with, we broke off great armfuls of fir boughs, and spreading them on the snow, lay down with our feet to the fire—to sleep. How the flickering blaze lighted up that savage little glen, with its dark, wild trees, as we lay there looking up, with cold noses and colder fingers! while from the lake came those fearful sounds,—said to precede a storm,—the moaning and roaring of the ice; a phenomenon common enough to frozen waters, yet always startling, and especially so by night.

In spite of these sounds, we fell asleep,—to shiver through a frigid delirium of chilly dreams and visions of gigantic moose. A pull at my coat-sleeve roused me; it was Lewey. The fire had gone out; all was dark.

"Get up," said he in a whisper. "You go with me. No need to wake Larks. I've talked with Ben. You and I go round lake; head off moose."

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I understood, and scrambled up; but I was covered with snow, and felt cold, soft touches in my face; it was snowing heavily. Off in the east the dim pallor of a stormy morning had begun to show faintly. With numb fingers we tugged at the frozen straps of our snow-shoes, then shouldering our guns, started northward. The light snow cracked and creaked under our feet,—dull and monotonous sounds,—as we plodded on, on, blindly as far as I was concerned. Lewey led; it was as much as I could do to keep from bumping against the tree trunks. But it gradually grew light. We were skirting the lake, keeping back from the shore.

CHASED BY A MOOSE.

After going on for several miles as it seemed to me, the mixed growth changed to a still heavier one of black spruce. Beneath the dark shaggy tops all was quiet; but overhead the wind drove;

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and now and then the snowy gusts sifted down through the thick boughs. Out on the lake the storm howled.

By nine o'clock we had got round to the northern end, or head of the lake, and could just discern, through the driving flakes, the outline of the island a mile below. If the moose had left it, they had probably come across to the woods at about this place. Still keeping in the forest, we examined the shore for nearly half a mile; there were no tracks. It was fair to conclude that they were still below us,—at the island. Nothing now remained to us but to wait for a chance to shoot them.

"Watch here," said Lewey, pointing to the upturned root of an old windfall. "Hide here—make gun sure—put on new cap—aim straight."

With this advice Lewey left me and went on some dozen or fifteen rods, where he took his stand in a similar manner. Resting my gun through a chink in the root, I began my vigils. An hour passed. The storm still raged fiercely. Ben was giving us plenty of time. But, keeping my eyes fixed on the island, I waited for the earliest appearance of the moose. Suddenly the faint report of a gun came on the snow-laden blast; Larks' rifle, I felt sure. And the next moment three dark objects darted out from the island and came straight towards us. How swiftly they approached, growing larger every moment, till the great unwieldy forms were close upon us! Now for it!

Setting my teeth, I aimed at the foremost,—he was now within fifty yards,—and fired! Almost at the same instant another report rang out. The moose fell headlong into the snow. There was a great snorting and crashing through the brush; the other two swept past me like the wind, and on into the forest. The wounded moose, too, had bounded to his feet, and with a hideous whine he came floundering heavily on. In my excitement I had jumped up from my hiding-place, shouting and brandishing my gun.

"Run! Run for your life!" shouted Lewey. "Get among spruces!" The moose had already caught sight of me, and came rushing up the bank with a great gnashing and grinding of its teeth. No time for bravado! I dropped my gun and ran—as fast as a fellow can on snow-shoes—back into the woods. A clump of low, dense spruces were growing near. I made for them,—the moose after me, — and, diving in amid the thick, prickly branches, went down on my hands and knees and scrambled aside under the boughs, spider-like. The moose crushed into the thicket, snorting and thrashing about not ten feet from where I lay.

"Lie flat!" yelled Lewey's voice from somewhere outside. "Don't stir!"

Bang! followed by another crash and a noise of struggling. I crawled out and saw Lewey standing near, with the smoke still curling from his gun.

"Much hurt?" exclaimed he, seeing me on all fours.

"Not a scratch!" cried I, jumping up.

A Yankee would have laughed at me heartily. Lewey merely remarked, "He most have you," and turned to look at the moose, which we found dead.

In the course of half an hour Ben and Larks came up. The moose was then skinned and cut in pieces. The storm still continuing, it was decided to give up the hunt and rest content with what we had got. Kindling a fire, we broiled some excellent moose-steaks, off which we made a hearty dinner.

A moose-sled was constructed,—a rude sled of poles and withes, with broad runners. About half the meat—a weight of some four hundred pounds—was packed upon this, to be taken back with us. The other half was buried in the snow, to be taken away at another time. Thus buried it will at once freeze, and keep sweet till the snow melts in the spring.

Larks and I carried the hide on a pole between us. The sled was drawn by Lewey and Ben. We did not get down to the head till the next night.

Larks was much disappointed in the antlers, which were very small and tender. Moose shed their antlers in December. This was in February. They had not had time to grow out.

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NIMPO'S TROUBLES.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

CHAPTER III.

NIMPO DRESSES UP.

AFTER dinner, Nimpo marched resolutely to her room, followed by her two brothers.

"What you going to do?" asked Rush, when he saw Nimpo jerk her bonnet from its peg.

"I'm going straight to the store to see cousin Will," she answered, bursting into tears; "I know he'll help us somehow. I won't stay here a minute."

She dried her eyes, and stalked down stairs, the two boys still following her. Mrs. Primkins was not in the kitchen, so they got out without being seen, and hastened to their father's store.

"Cousin Will," Nimpo began passionately the moment she saw him, "I want you to get us another boarding place."

"Why, Nimpo, your mother made arrangements for you," answered Will.

"I know it; but that horrid Mrs. Primkins gave us mean little rooms up in the attic, and I can't bear them. They're ever so much meaner than Sarah's room at our house, and I can't stand it,—so there!"

Cousin Will looked puzzled.

"Well, I don't see what I can do for you. Nobody takes boarders, you know,—except students,—and I don't see but what you'll have to stand it. It won't be long anyway; and you need n't stay much in your room, you know."

"But why can't I have Mrs. Jackson to keep house, as mother proposed?" asked Nimpo.

"Mrs. Jackson is taking care of Mrs. Smith, who is very sick. I know she would n't leave her," replied Cousin Will.

Nimpo's face fell.

"Oh, dear! it's too mean for anything! I never have anything as I want it!"

"But I'm sure this plan is yours; you refused to have Mrs. Jackson, yourself."

"So I did," said poor Nimpo; "but I never thought of being treated so."

"Well, I don't see what you can do," said Cousin Will, who evidently did n't think it a killing matter to sleep in an attic room. "I guess you'll have to 'grin and bear it,' as Sarah says."

"Let's go home," suggested Rush. "Sarah's there yet, and we'll make her stay."

But Nimpo remembered the lofty airs she had put on that very morning, and she could n't bear to come down to Sarah. So she called her pride to her aid, and made a resolve.

"No, Rush, we'll go back there and stand it. It's horrid mean of her; but we need n't stay in the rooms, you know, and we'll have some fun, anyway."

"Very well," said Rush, with an air of relief, "I'll stay about here with Will for a while. You and Robbie had best go home to Primkins."

So back they went.

Climbing to the attic rooms again, Nimpo opened her trunk, and took out her dresses, which she hung on a row of nails at the foot of the bed.

Robbie looked on with great interest for a moment, then suddenly, to Nimpo's dismay, began to cry.

"I don't like nothin'," he sobbed; "I want to go home to mamma."

"Hush! Robbie," said his sister, kissing and soothing him, hurriedly; "never mind, dear. We'll dress up and go out to walk. We'll have some fun, if things *are* horrid here."

So, with another kiss, she put on his white suit and red boots, and then took down her new dress.

"Now I'll have the good of this dress, and I'll show mother that I can wear it other days besides Sunday, and not spoil it," she said to herself.

The dress was of blue barege. She put it on, with her best cloth boots, and her blue sash.

"What for you dressed all up?" asked Robbie, rubbing his eyes.

"Because I'm going out to walk. Mother puts on her best dress when she goes out—sometimes," she added, for she felt a little guilty; "I don't see why I should n't do so too."

"Aint you a very pretty girl?" asked Robbie, earnestly, after studying the effect of the blue dress for some minutes.

"Do you think I am?" asked Nimpo, laughing.

"P'r'aps you are. I sink so," said Robbie.

"Well, you're a darling little rose-bud!" said Nimpo, giving him a spasmodic hug.

"Aint I a pretty big rose-bud?" asked Robbie, seriously, "and 'sides, where's my stem?"

"Oh, you're the kind of rose-bud that has legs, and don't need a stem," said Nimpo, starting down stairs.

"I'm not going down the kitchen way," said she, when they reached the foot of the attic stairs. "I guess I'm a boarder!" and feeling very haughty and fine, she went down the front stairs.

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Mrs. Primkins heard them and opened the kitchen door.

"I don't want you to go up and down that way," she said, "tramping up my stair carpet. You can use the back stairs—like the rest of us."

Nimpo made no reply, but started for the front door.

"Don't go out that way!" screamed Mrs. Primkins; "I can't be running round to lock doors after a parcel of young ones, not by a jug-full! Come out the back door."

Swelling with indignation, Nimpo turned.

"I am accustomed to go out the front door at home, Mrs. Primkins."

"Wall, you aint to home now, and you need n't tramp up my front hall. I can tell you that. I don't want everything going to rack and ruin, and I haint got no servants to sweep out after you, as your mamma has."

So they went out the back door, and took their way down town.

Now, in that little western village set down in the woods of Ohio, children did not dress finely every day; so, when Nimpo appeared on the street in her blue barege, she attracted a good deal of notice. Every one said, "Why! where are you going, Nimpo?"

She enjoyed it for awhile, but finally she began to be annoyed.

"Just as if one could n't dress up without having everybody act so! I do think the people in this town are dreadfully countrified!" she said to herself.

When she came to the school-house the girls were out at recess.

"There 's Nimpo!" some one shouted, and in a moment she was surrounded by a crowd of eager schoolmates.

"Where 're you going?" was the first question, and then, "How do you like it?" "Are you having a nice time?" "Aint it splendid to do as you 're a mind to?" etc., etc.

"O, girls!" said Nimpo, "it 's perfectly horrid there. They eat with two-tined forks! and don't have napkins! Mrs. Primkins is a vulgar woman, and a tyrant. But I don't care, I sha' n't mind her. I have to sleep in the garret, and I 'most know there 's rats in the wall."

"Oh my!" and "Oh it 's too bad!" and "Write to your mother to come home," and other expressions of sympathy followed this announcement, until Nimpo suddenly felt that she was a heroine. She had read stories about those suffering individuals, and began to think since she could n't be stylish, she would be a persecuted heroine.

Now, you must know that Nimpo was very fond of reading, and read every book she could beg or borrow. And the books she borrowed of the school girls were not at all like yours; far from it! they were always in two or three small, dark-covered volumes, and the stories were the histories of interesting damsels who were persecuted and tormented from the title page to the very last leaf of the book.

Nimpo had read several of these—inside of her geography, at school—(for she knew her mother would object to them), and she thought it would be interesting to adopt that role.

"Of course it 's frightful staying there," she began; "but then, I suppose, one must expect troubles everywhere, and, if nothing very dreadful happens, I suppose I can endure it."

"Just see Nimpo take on airs!" said Ellen Lumbard, in a low tone; "I never saw any one so affected!"

But Nimpo did not hear, and she went on more naturally—

"To-morrow is Saturday; and I 'm coming to see one of you girls."

"Oh, me! me!" said half a dozen.

"Well, I guess I 'll begin with Nanny Cole," said she. "Of course, I 'll have to bring Robbie."

"Oh, of course!" said Nanny, snatching him out of the arms of the twentieth girl who had kissed him, and said he was "as sweet as he could be," since Nimpo had been talking, "and be sure you come early. We 'll play on the creek. We can build dams, and have ever so much fun."

So it was agreed; and as the bell began ringing just then, the girls went in, and Nimpo and Robbie continued their walk.

After awhile they went to the store again, where they found Rush making a big pile of old barrels, and such rubbish, for a bonfire in the back yard. Robbie wanted to help; so Nimpo sat on the back steps and read a book that one of the girls had lent her, till it was time to go home.

"Wall! wall! if that young one aint a sight to behold!" exclaimed Mrs. Primkins, when she caught sight of Robbie.

He was dreadfully dirty,—for the old barrel staves and bits of barrels that he had been carrying were not of the cleanest.

"He 'd ought to have good long-sleeved checked aprons," said Mrs. Primkins, rigorously, "and I've as good a mind to make him some as ever I had to eat. Them stains 'll never come out."

"He should never wear one—never!" Nimpo thought, angrily, but she said nothing. And perhaps Mrs. Primkins saw it in her face; for the checked-apron subject was never renewed.

When supper was ready there was nothing on the table but a plate of bread and a bowl of milk and Mrs. Primkins' cup of tea.

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Mr. Primkins put a slice of bread on his plate, and then passed the bread to the rest. Then, taking the bowl of milk, he dipped out a few spoonsful to cover his slice of bread, and put the bowl before Rush, who sat next. Having ended his duties as host, he then took up his knife and fork and began to cut up and eat his bread and milk.

Rush had not noticed him, and seeing the bowl of milk near him, supposed it was for him, so he stood it upon his plate, and innocently began to crumble his bread into it.

Nimpo was horrified; though, to be sure, she had never seen bread and milk eaten in the Primkins style.

Mrs. Primkins got up with a grunt and brought another bowl of milk, while Augusta laughed, and even Mr. Primkins relaxed enough to grin and say:

"Hope you like milk, sonny!"

"Yes, I do,—first-rate," said Rush, innocently.

After tea, all the children went into the yard and played "Tag," till bed-time. Of course, Nimpo tore her new dress on the fence; but it was in the back breadth, and she thought she could sew it up. So, after all, she did n't care much for that.

She was sorry that Robbie had soiled his white suit, so that he could not wear it to Nanny's next day.

"Never mind!" she said to herself, "his buff linen is clean, and that will do well enough."

CHAPTER IV.

NIMPO MEETS WITH AN ACCIDENT.

NIMPO slept very well,—if it was in an attic room—and the next morning she was up bright and early to get ready for Nanny Cole's, though she did not intend to go till afternoon. When she began to dress she could find no washing conveniences, so she went across the attic to Augusta's room.

"There 's no wash-bowl in my room," said she.

"We don't use wash-bowls," said Augusta; "we wash in the woodshed when we go down. There 's always a basin and towel there."

"But I never washed in a woodshed," said Nimpo, passionately, "and I never will! I 'll bring some things from home this very day." And she rushed back to her room, too indignant to cry even.

Augusta seemed amazed at her spirit, for she went down stairs and soon returned with a tin basin half full of water, and a brown towel.

"Ma says you can have this in your room, if you 're so dreadful particular," and she set it down.

Nimpo took it silently, and after that she had fresh water for her own use (when she did n't forget to bring it up); but Rush washed in the woodshed and said it was first-rate, "'Cause a fellow could spatter as much as he liked."

After breakfast, Nimpo sat down to mend her torn dress. She seamed up the rent as well as she could,—with white thread,—and then to pass away the time till dinner, she thought she would write to her mother, as she had promised to do. She got her little portfolio, which her mother had filled nicely with paper, and in one pocket of which were four new stiff quill pens, which her father had made for her. Nimpo had never heard of a gold pen, and no doubt she would have scorned the very idea of a steel pen. Seating herself by the window, with a thin book on her knees, she took a sheet of paper and wrote:

DEAR MOTHER,

It 's horrid here. I don't like it a bit. We sleep in a mean little hole in the attic, and I 'm sure there 's rats in the wall.

They have two-tined forks to eat with, and eat bread and milk on a plate. I tore my blue dress, but mended it just as nice. Don't forget to bring me a book of poems.

The girls pity me. I 'm going to spend the afternoon with Nanny Cole. I have n't any drawers to put my things in.

Give my love to Neal and Mate if you have got there. It is dinner-time now, so good-bye.

Your affectionate daughter,

NIMPO RIEVOR.

When this letter was finished, Nimpo folded it in a way that I don't suppose you ever heard of—for envelopes were not in fashion then any more than steel pens. She then lighted a candle which she had brought up stairs when she came, took a stick of sealing wax and a glass stamp out of the portfolio, and made a neat round seal on the back of the letter. She then put it into her pocket to take to Cousin Will to direct.

Nanny Cole lived at the edge of the village, and very near the woods. There was also a shallow creek close by, in which the children were allowed to play, for it was not considered deep enough to be dangerous. With all these attractions, Nanny's house was a favorite place to visit, especially with Nimpo, who never could get enough of the woods.

As she and Robbie approached the house, Nanny and her brother came out, and they all went to the woods. First they got their hands and arms full of wild flowers, pretty moss, acorns and pine cones; and when at last they could carry no more, they found a pretty place for a house.

It was against the roots of a large tree, which had blown down. The great bundle of roots, higher than their heads, and full of earth, stood up straight, and before it was the hole it had left.

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This droll house they adorned with their treasures, making a carpet of moss and bouquets of the flowers, which they stuck into cracks in the great root.

When the house was finished they played awhile. Then finding a flat stone for a table, they spread it with cookies from a basket Mrs. Cole had given them.

They spent some time over this meal, eating from plates of clean birch bark, and drinking "white tea" out of dainty acorn cups.

Then John proposed they should go and play on the creek, and down they went. For some time they built dams where the water was very shallow. Then they sailed boats made of pieces of bark, loaded with small pebbles, which they called bags of wheat, or with passengers—made of pieces of twigs, with acorn cups for hats. These boats all started off bravely, and sailed gaily down the creek for a few rods, but there the current took them towards a rock in the middle of the stream, and against that nearly every one of them was wrecked. If it passed it was sure to be capsized in a little eddy just beyond.

After enjoying this a long time, John proposed that they all should sail about on boards. Of course, Nimpo was ready for that, so they got a few boards, fastened them side by side as best they could, and took a long pole with which to push their rafts along. In this way they went up and down the creek and had fine times.

Robbie was not big enough to have a boat by himself, so he sailed with John for awhile. But at last John thought he would go down through the rapids, as they called a place where the creek spread out wide, and was filled with large stones.

Nimpo told Robbie to come to her boat, and she pushed her boards up towards John's, so that he could do it. Before she was quite ready Robbie jumped on, and coming so suddenly, upset the narrow raft and threw them both into the water.

"IN THIS WAY THEY WENT UP AND DOWN THE CREEK AND HAD FINE TIMES."

It was not very dangerous, as I have said, for it was not deep, but it was very wet, and Nimpo fell her full length.

John and Nanny hurried to help her, and in a moment she stood on the bank, wet to the skin—and Robbie was in the same plight. They hurried up to the house. Mrs. Cole wanted Nimpo to put on some of Nanny's clothes, and hang her own up to dry, but Nimpo would not consent. She said she would stand by the kitchen fire and dry herself.

So by the fire she stood, one long hour that hot day, while Mrs. Cole took off Robbie's clothes and

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dried them. Even then she was not half dry, but she was tired and warm, and she thought she looked dry enough to go through the streets.

But something ailed her dress, it would not dry straight. In spite of pulling and smoothing it would not "come right," and she saw very plainly that she could never wear it again.

"If Mrs. Primkins does her duty," said Mrs. Cole, as at last Nimpo and Robbie started for home, "she 'll put you to bed, and give you a hot dose of ginger tea."

"I guess she won't," thought Nimpo, "for I won't tell her a word about it. I hate ginger tea."

It was nearly dusk when she entered the kitchen door, hoping to slip up stairs before any one saw her. But Mrs. Primkins' eyes were sharp.

"Why, Nimpo Rievor! What on earth! Have you been in the water?"

Nimpo's heart sank.

"I got a little wet, up at Mrs. Cole's," said she.

"Got a little wet! I should think so! Did you fall in the creek up there?"

"Yes," faltered Nimpo, "but I 'm all dry now."

"All dry! Humph! You 've probably got your death o' cold. But I 'll do my duty anyway, as I promised your ma. Little did I know what a chore it would be either," she muttered to herself, adding at once, "you go right straight to bed, and be spry about it too, and I 'll come up there with a cup of tea for you."

Nimpo groaned, but did not dare to rebel, and besides, she was a little frightened about the "death o' cold." She did n't wish to die just yet.

She climbed to her room, undressed, put on dry clothes, and laid down on the bed.

In a few minutes Mrs. Primkins came up, in one hand a blanket, in the other a bowl. Putting the bowl on the stand, she first wrapped Nimpo in the blanket, which she had heated by the kitchen fire, and then she held the bowl to her lips and told her to drink every drop.

This tea was, indeed, "a horrid black stuff," as Nimpo inwardly called it, very much worse than ginger tea. Nimpo choked and gasped and gagged, but swallowed it.

Mrs. Primkins smiled grimly, and gave her a lump of sugar to take the taste out of her mouth.

"Now, don't you stir hand or foot out of that blanket, however warm you get. If you don't get a good sweat you 'll have a chill, sure 's you live. When it 's time for you to come out I 'll run up or send Augusty;" and down stairs she went.

This ended Nimpo's first whole day of liberty. She had a good chance to think it over as she lay there wide awake. She had spoiled her visit to Nanny, ruined her own nice dress and boots, and, perhaps, caught a dreadful cold and fever.

On the whole she had been unhappy ever since her mother left, though she could n't exactly see why.

"I would n't mind the wetting," she thought, as she lay there alone. "I could stand this horrid blanket, though I believe I shall smother—and that bad stuff!" shuddering as she thought of it; "but I know my dress is spoiled, and what *shall* I do without a nice dress till mother gets back? And Helen Benson's birthday party next week? Oh, dear! why did n't I wear a clean calico and white apron as mother always made me?" And Nimpo's first day of freedom actually ended in a fit of tears.

But finally she cried herself to sleep, and when Mrs. Primkins came at bed-time, leading Robbie by the hand, she found her just waking up and all cold gone.

(To be continued.)

NEVER a night so dark and drear,
Never a cruel wind so chill,
But loving hearts can make it clear,
And find some comfort in it still.

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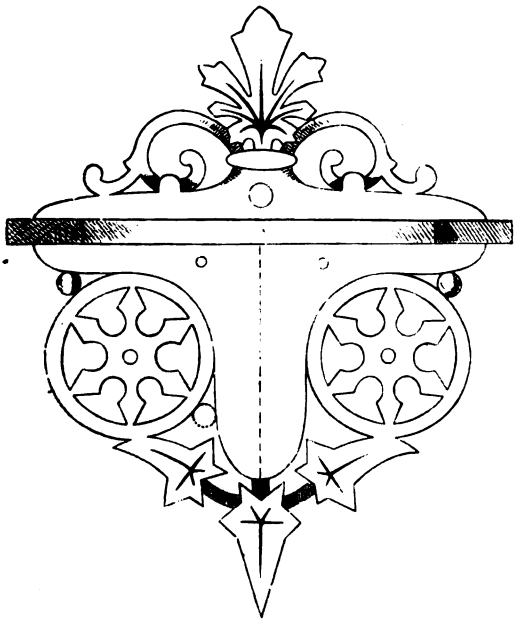
WOOD-CARVING.

By Geo. A. Sawyer.

Part II.

In continuing the subject of wood-carving for young people, the first article on which appeared in the December number of St. Nicholas, I give two designs for brackets, which will be found quite within the ability of any careful amateur worker, after a little practice.

The wheel bracket, No. 1, may be made of any wood, cigar-box, cedar, walnut or holly. The other one, being rather delicate, requires a strong, fine-grained wood like white holly. A bracket of convenient size may be cut from a piece of wood four



DESIGN FOR BRACKET (NO. 1).

inches wide by five and a-half long, and three-sixteenths or one-fourth of an inch thick.

As the patterns have been reduced in the engravings they must be drawn of the desired size on a piece of paper, and then transferred to the wood in the manner explained in the first article. It is better not to try and make the brackets larger than the dimensions indicated above, unless you are using a saw with a deeper bow than the one described in the first article, as it will be troublesome to saw far within the margin of the wood. There are other styles of saws in the market; some with bows ten or more inches from the saw; but they are rather more difficult to manage, and, without previous practice, are less useful than the one I figured. There are also saws which are mounted and run by treadles like sewing-machines, which are delightful to work, and which cut with great rapidity. They cost from ten to fifteen dollars each, and must be used very carefully. But equally good work can be done with the little hand-saws, if you cannot afford the more expensive kind.

In sawing out brackets and other work of this size, you will find that often it is advantageous to put your saw into the frame with the teeth inside, or towards the frame, instead of the usual way; and, in sawing a long line, parallel to the edge of the wood, you can put the saw blade in sidewise, so that the back of the frame will be entirely out of the way. In fact, it is often necessary to change our tools around in this way, to get the best effects from them. I may add that you can use broken saw blades if the pieces are two inches or so in length, and they really cut better than the long ones, because they are proportionally stiffer; and often, in cutting out some delicate piece of work, you will find it easier to follow the lines than if you used a whole blade. These, however, are details which experience will suggest to you all.

I will now give a few practical hints for the brackets. Mark out the pattern on the wood, or cut it out of paper and paste it on the wood with gum or flour paste; then bore holes with one of the small brads in each space to be cut out. Saw first the outside margin, and the inner parts afterwards. You will find it comes easier to work systematically. That is, if you commence with a wheel in the wheel bracket, finish them both before going off to something else. When you commence the leaves at the bottom, finish them all before you do anything else. There are two reasons why it is best to do this; a moral one and a physical one. If you care to know it, you can ask your parents for the moral one, and I will tell you the other, which is, that if you have a number of spaces just alike to cut out, it is easier and better to do them all at once, because you get your hand in, as it were, and you apply the experience gained on each while it is fresh and most available. Consequently your work looks more symmetrical and even. After finishing all the sawing, take your files and carefully smooth all inequalities left by

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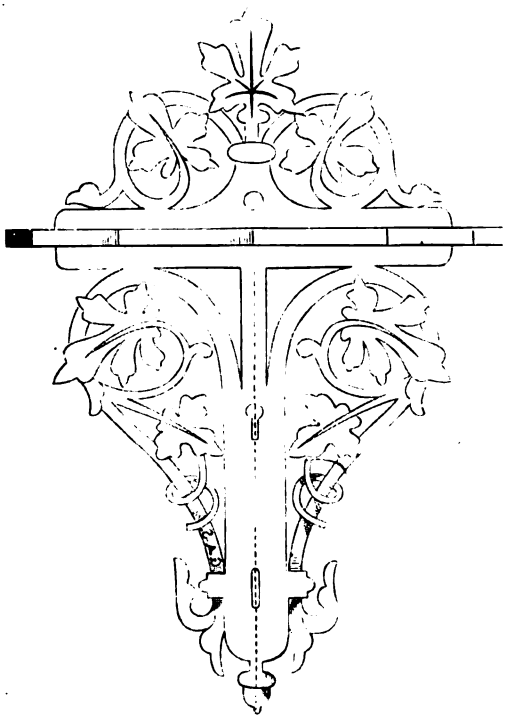
the saw, and use your eyes to see where you can correct errors in drawing and sawing, and make all the parts as nearly alike as possible. Bear in mind that there are hosts of people in the world who can



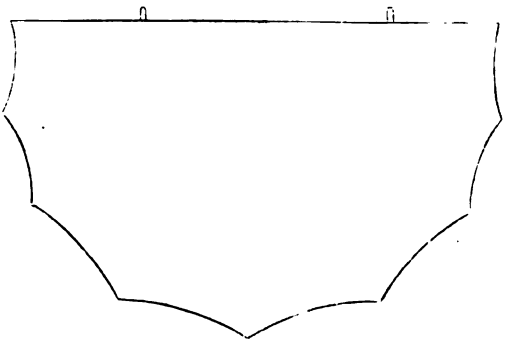
DESIGN FOR BRACKET (NO. 2).

take these or any other designs and saw them out in a very short time, and be perfectly satisfied with them; but it is the careful after-finish which shows the refined taste of the skilled workman.

The veining of the leaves can be very nicely done with the point of the knife-edge or other thin-bladed file, helped, perhaps, with a sharp knife; though, as we progress in our work we may be able to get a tool for the express purpose, which will do it with greater rapidity and ease. You will notice that some parts of the figures are lightly shaded. This indicates that the wood there is to be slightly cut away, so as to give the effect of relief to the other parts. The real beauty of this work depends upon the success with which this is done, and removes it from the simple field of plain fret-sawing to the finer one of wood-carving.

If you have access to some fine art store in a city, and can look at some specimens of real Swiss picture frames, you will see at once how very beautiful they are, and you will get the idea how to apply the principles of carving to the simple articles we make for our amusement. The furniture of almost any parlor nowadays will give you some example of an ordinary carving, from which you can get ideas; and, if you are really interested in this work, you will keep your eyes open, and take in all such ideas. I might make the suggestion here, that if you know anything about drawing it is an excellent plan to keep a little book and copy any designs which interest you; the pattern of a carpet, a figure from the wall paper, a fresco, the margin of a book cover, or the border around your sister's last piece of music. You will find handsome designs enough if you will only look for them.

These brackets can be put together with screws from the back, being careful to bore the holes first with a brad of the same size as the screw, so that the wood will not split. Then countersink a hole for the head of the screw to fit into, so that it will go down flush, and the bracket will hang flat on the wall. If you choose, instead of screws, you can put two pins in the shelf, as shown in No. 2, to go into corresponding holes in the back piece, and then put one screw and one pin on the front bracket to fit into the slots shown in the cut. This latter arrangement allows the bracket to be readily taken apart for convenience in packing. The front pieces, which support the shelves, are made exactly like one-half of the back piece below the shelves. In the wheel pattern leave out the leaves on the front piece, and put in the little ball shown by the dotted ball in the figure, so as to fill up the open space that would otherwise be left. If you saw out the back piece first, you can lay it down on paper, and use one side to mark the pattern from which to cut out the front piece.



SHELF FOR BRACKETS.

By using a fine quality of wood and by careful workmanship, very handsome brackets can be made in the manner I have described.

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SWEETHEART'S VALENTINE.

By Mary E. C. Wyeth.

SWEETHEART is our baby
  Rose-bud, four years old,
Sunny-haired and dewy-lipped,—
  Worth her weight in gold.
Playing in the parlor
  On that merry day,
When the birds go mating,
  As the wise ones say,

Sweetheart called out gaily,
  "Keep 'till, Bess and Nell;
Finks I hear ze postman
  Yingin' at ze bell."
Quickly, at the summons,
  Gentle Bessie sped.
"Here 's a lot o' letters—
  Valentines!" cried Fred.
"Two for Sue and Nellie—
  Three, yes, four for Blair,—
One for—oh! my senses!
  Sweetheart,—I declare!"

"O ye b'essed letter!"
  Cried our tiny elf;
"Make it open, Bessie,
  Yead it to myself."
From the filmy missive,
  Sweetheart's valentine,
Slowly, gentle Bessie
  Read each written line:

"*To Rose,—my Sweetheart.*

"*There'll be strife among the beaux,*
When you are blown, my pretty Rose.

"*Valentine.*"

"O my soul!" and Sweetheart
  Heaved a little sigh.
"Yat is *velly* splen'id—
  Mose it makes me twy."
"Why, you little Rosy,"
  Tender Bess replies,
"Valentines should make you laugh;
  No one ever cries."

"Ah!" quoth Sweetheart, gravely,
  "S'ou'd n't laugh 'bout mine:
Tause, you know, me never 'fore
  Dot a wallintine."

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HOW ST. VALENTINE REMEMBERED MILLY.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

IMAGINE a cold, snappy day in February. Frost on window panes, ice on tree boughs, bright sun twinkling on panes and boughs alike. Three chairs pulled close to the fire, three little girls sitting on the chairs, and three kittens sitting on the laps of the little girls. That makes six of them, you see. So the story begins.

"Won't it be nice?" said one of the six.

"Splendid," said another. "Ever so much nicer than last year." The third said nothing, but her face grew pink, and she fluttered up and down in her chair as if thinking of something too exciting and too delightful to put into words.

This was Milly. I want you to like her, and I think you will. She was twelve years old, very small and thin, and very lame. A tiny pair of crutches, with cushioned tops, leaned against her chair. On these she went about the house merrily and contentedly all day long. Everybody liked to hear the sound of Milly's crutches, because it told that Milly was at hand. Grandmamma said there was no music like it to her ears; but I think she must have meant to except Milly's laugh, which was gleeful as a silver bell. As for her face, it always made me think of a white, wild violet, it was so fair and pure and transparent, with its innocent, wondering eyes of clear blue; and her temper was sweet as her face. Do you wonder that people loved her? She lived in an old-fashioned house with her grandfather and grandmother; but at this time I am telling about, she was making a visit at her Uncle Silas's; the first visit which Milly had ever made in her life.

Uncle Silas's house was about ten miles from Grandpapa's. It stood in a large, busy village, which seemed like a city to Milly, who had never seen anything but the quiet country. But the most delightful part of the visit, she thought, was being among her cousins, whom she had hardly known before. There were quite a number of them, from big Ralph, who counted himself almost a man, to little Tom in his high chair. But Milly's favorites were the twins, Florry and Dorry, who were almost exactly her own age. What happy times those three did have together! They read story books, they dressed dolls; I cannot tell you half of all they did. Milly had been there four weeks, but it did n't seem four days.

Just now they all were absorbed in a valentine party, which was to come off the next day but one. Florry was cutting a big heart out of deep red paper; Dorry, with a pencil in her mouth, was trying to find a rhyme; and Milly, who knew nothing about valentines, sat by stroking her kitten and admiring the cleverness of the other two.

"See," explained Florry, laying the heart on the lid of a pasteboard box, "this will go so, on top of the box, and the slit for the valentines *so*. When Ralph comes in I 'm going to ask him to cut the slit for me."

"And where does the box go?" asked Milly, deeply interested.

"Oh, on the hall table, you know. Then all the boys and girls can drop their valentines in as they go up stairs, and nobody can tell who wrote any of them."

"I wish I could get this right," sighed Dorry. "Do help me Florry. It 's for Luther Payne, you know, and I 've got as far as

> 'I only wish, dear Luther,
> You 'd promise to be mine.'

"There 's 'valentine,' you see, to go with 'mine,' but I can't find any rhyme for 'Luther.'"

Neither could Dorry. As they were puzzling over it, a sound was heard in the hall, as of some one stamping the snow from his boots.

"There 's Ralph," cried Florry; "now he 'll cut the slit in the box."

Ralph came in.

"Here 's a letter for you, Milly," he said.

"For me!" said Milly. "How funny! I never had a letter before. Oh, yes! there was the letter Aunty wrote asking me to come and see you; but that was to Grandma."

She opened the letter. Her face fell as she read.

"What 's the matter?" asked Dorry. "What makes you look so?"

"Grandpapa 's sick," answered Milly, in a choked voice. "He 's caught cold, and feels badly all over; and, oh dear! I 've got to go home."

"Not right away? Not before the party," cried the others.

Milly nodded. She was too nearly crying to trust herself to speak.

"But, unless Grandpa is very sick, you might stay till Thursday, surely," said Ralph. He took the letter that Milly held towards him, and read:

MY PRECIOUS MILLY:—Your dear little letter has just come, and I am so glad that you are well

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and happy. I am sorry to say that Grandpapa is sick; not dangerously sick, but he has caught a cold, and feels badly all over, he says. All yesterday and all to-day he has staid in bed; and, though he does n't say anything about it, I can see that he wishes you were at home. Would n't you like to come home, dear, and make the rest of your visit to Aunt Elizabeth at some other time? I am sure it would comfort Grandpapa and set him right up to see you again. Perhaps Uncle Silas could drive you over to-morrow; but I sha' n't tell Grandpapa that I'm looking for you, for fear that he might be disappointed, in case it should storm or anything should prevent you from coming.

Your loving

GRANDMAMMA.

"Why, you need n't go till Thursday, then," said Florry. "Grandmamma says she won't tell Grandpapa; so he 'll not mind."

"Oh, yes, I must. I must go to-morrow," replied Milly. "Grandpapa gets into such low spirits when he has these colds. I know that Grandma wants me very much."

"But it 's too bad," broke in Dora, almost crying; "you never had a valentine in your life, or went to a valentine party; and this is going to be such a nice one. You *must* stay. Think of going home to that forlorn house, Grandpa sick and all, when we 're having such fun here."

"I sha' n't enjoy it one bit without you," cried Florry. "Don't go, Milly, don't! Your grandma don't positively expect you right away, you see. It 'll do just as well if you 're there on Thursday."

"No, it won't," said Milly, cheerfully. A big tear gathered in the corner of her eye and hopped down her nose, but her voice was quite firm. "Don't feel badly about it, please, for I don't. I could n't enjoy myself a bit if I knew that Grandpa was sick, and wanted me, and I was not there. It 's been too lovely here, and I'm real sorry to go; but, perhaps, I can come some time when Grandpapa is well again."

Ralph looked and listened. He knew of the lump in Milly's throat as she uttered these brave words, and understood what a great disappointment it was for her to give up the valentine party. Aunty came in, and was as sorry as the children that Milly must go, though she kissed her and said it was quite right, and that Uncle Silas would drive her over to-morrow, as early as he could. Dorry and Florry comforted themselves with promises of future visits. Ralph said nothing. He seemed to be thinking very hard, however; and that evening, when Dorry wanted him, she found his bedroom door locked, and was informed from inside that he was "busy." Ralph busy! What was the world coming to!

Next morning, quite early, he came in with his hat and coat on.

"Milly," he said, stooping over her, "I 've got to go away on business, so I 'll say good-bye to you now."

"Oh, sha' n't I see you again? I 'm so sorry," replied Milly, putting her white violet face against his rough boy's cheek. "Good-bye, dear Ralph, you 've been ever so good to me."

"Good? Stuff and nonsense," said Ralph, gruffly, and walked away.

"Where *has* Ralphy gone, mamma?" asked Florry. "I thought only big, grown-up people had 'business.'"

"Ralphy is pretty big," said Mamma, smiling, but she did n't answer Florry's question.

Just then Dorry held up Daisy, the largest and dearest of the kittens, to kiss Milly for "good-bye."

DAISY IN DOLLY'S CRIB.

"Oh, yes, Milly," put in Florry, "kiss her; you don't know how beautifully she does it."

Milly, laughing, to see "how beautifully Daisy did it," took pussy for a moment, as she sat by the cheerful fire, waiting for the signal to put on her cloak. Daisy really was a very intelligent puss. Milly's great delight had been to see her "go through her performances," as the children called it. She would sit in the corner at their bidding, make a bow, or "cry," rubbing her eyes with her paws; or, better than all, she would make believe go

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to sleep in the dolly's crib. Milly thought of these things as she held Daisy's soft cheek against her own, and half wished she could take the little pet with her; meantime the children crowded about her, eager not to lose a moment of her precious company.

Uncle had business too, so it was three o'clock before Milly set off. The little cousins parted with tears and kisses.

"I don't care one bit for the party now," declared Dorry, as she took her last look at the carriage moving on in the distance.

It was a long, cold drive, and the sun was setting just as they drew up at Grandpapa's door. Grandmamma was watching in the window. When she saw Milly she nodded and looked overjoyed.

"I was just giving you up, my precious," she said, as she opened the door. "Grandpapa 's been looking for you all day. I had to tell him. Run right in and see him, dear. You 'll stay the night, Silas?"

"No, mother, I must be getting back. I 'll just step in and see father a minute. Nothing serious is it?"

"No, I think not. Half of it was fretting after Milly. That child is the very apple of his eye."

Meantime Milly was in Grandpapa's room. When he heard the tap, tap of her crutch, he sat up in bed, looking bright and eager. Such a hug as he gave her!

"Grandpapa's darling! Grandpapa's little flower," he said, as he kissed her. How glad she was to have come! The disappointment about the party was quite forgotten.

All the evening long she sat by the side of the bed, telling him and Grandmamma about her visit. It seemed as if Grandpapa could not bear to have her out of his sight. At last Grandmamma interfered, and sent her up stairs so tired and sleepy that she just slipped off her clothes and went to bed as fast as she could. But, after she had said her prayers, and her head was on the pillow, the recollection of her disappointment and of the merry time the others were going to have on the morrow, came over her, and she was half inclined to cry.

"I won't. I won't think about it," she said. She did n't, but valentines seemed to run in her head; and all night long she dreamed about a valentine.

When she woke, the sun was streaming into the room. She guessed that it was late, and, as dressing was always a slow process, she got up at once. But, as she put her feet into her slippers, she gave a little start and pulled one out again. Something stiff and crackling was in the slipper. She looked; it was a note directed to "Miss Milly Meyers;" and inside were written these verses:

"Glass slippers, kid slippers, pray what does it matter?
It does n't matter at all.
Your foot, Milly dear, though I don't wish to flatter,
Is just as pretty and small

"As mine was of yore, in the days of the fairies,
When I went all in state to the dance,
With a rat on the box of my coach, and what rare is,
Mice steeds, full of spirit and prance.

"No fairy help do you need, dear Milly,
With your face so pure and sweet;
And the prince must, indeed, be dull and silly,
Who does not kneel at your feet.

"Yours affectionately,
"*Cinderella.*"

Milly thought she must be dreaming again, as she sat on the bedside reading these verses. No! she was wide awake. There was the paper in her hand. Was ever anything so strange? She determined to dress as fast as possible, so as to get down stairs and tell Grandmamma of this wonderful thing.

But lo! when she went to brush her hair, she found another paper wound about the handle of the brush, with these lines:

"Brush your pretty hair,
Hair of sunny gold;
So I brushed mine in
Days of old.

"Yours is quite as soft,
Half as long;
Fit to figure in
Tale or song.

"Brushing day by day,
Some day you may be
Put into a book,
Just like me.

"*The Fair One with the Golden Locks.*"

Milly clasped her hands in bewilderment. The quality of the poetry would have shocked the critics, it is true, but Milly thought she never before had read such beautiful verses. What did it mean? "Dicky, dear Dicky," she cried to the canary, who hung in the window, "who wrote them? Do tell me."

Dicky twittered by way of answer, and Milly saw that, hanging to the cage by a piece of thread,

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was a third paper. Another valentine? Yes, there was the address, "Miss Milly Meyers."

"I am not 'blue,'
'T is very true;
But all the same
I do love you.

"I am a prince—
Pray do not wince,
My meaning soon
I will evince.

"I wear a beak
And do not speak,
That I your bower
May safely seek.

"Here do I sit,
And never flit;
But sing all day
For love of it.

"For love of you
I sing and sue;
Then be my own
Oh! maiden true.

"*Prince Yellow Bird.*"

Milly dropped into a chair, too much amazed to stand.

"I wonder if there really *are* fairies," she said, "for never, in my whole life, did I hear of anything so queer and so delightful."

Then she took her crutches and limped across the room to wash her hands. But when she lifted the lid off the soap-tray she gave a little jump, for there, on the soap, lay another note. This was what it said:

"TO MILLY.

From her Valentine.

"Little hands, little heart,
Keep them pure and white,
Fit for heavenly errands
And the angels' sight.

"Other hands, tired hands,
Fearless, clasp and hold,
Warming, with warm touches,
Weary hearts and cold.

"So shall hands, so shall heart,
Fair as lilies be,
When, life done, the angels
Come and call for thee."

Milly almost cried over this. She washed her hands slowly and carefully, repeating:

"So shall hands, so shall heart,
Pure as lilies be."

"Oh, I wish they were," she said to herself.

Fastening her dress, she felt in the pocket after a pocket handkerchief. None was there, but lo! a parcel met her touch. Wondering, she drew it out. The dress had not been with her at Uncle Silas's. It had been left hanging up at home, but there was no parcel in the pocket when last she wore it.

Milly's fingers trembled with excitement. She could hardly untie the string. Inside the tissue paper which wrapped it, was a cunning pink box, full of jeweler's cotton. Milly lifted it. Something lay beneath, so pretty and shining that she fairly screamed when she caught sight of it. It was a locket of clear white crystal, with a gold rim; and inside a tiny strip of pink paper, on which were these words:

"FOR MILLY, who gave up her own pleasure to make her sick grandpapa happy, with the compliments of

"*St. Valentine.*"

Grandmamma was surprised enough a moment later, when Milly came into the dining-room almost at a run, her crutches clicking and tapping like castanets, and in her hand the locket and the four wonderful letters. She had never known her darling to be so much excited before.

"Did you ever see anything so lovely?" cried Milly. "I don't believe there will be any half so pretty at the party to-night. But who *did* send them, Grandmamma?"

"I can't imagine," replied Grandmamma, thoughtfully. "Ralph did n't say a word about them when he was here."

"Ralph here? Cousin Ralph? When?"

"Yesterday morning. He came over to see how Grandpapa was, he said. It was pretty dull for him, I 'm afraid, for old Mrs. Beetles came in and I had to sit with her, and Ralph stayed most of the time with Grandpapa. He went up stairs, now I think of it, and I did hear him in your room. It 's queer."

Milly said no more, but she looked surprisingly happy. She loved Ralph very much. Had he really taken all this trouble to give her a pleasure, she thought?

So you see, in spite of her losing the party, St. Valentine did pretty well for Milly, after all. Don't you think so?

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WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER VIII.

A LIVELY TEAM.

"I WANT you to understand, Harry," said Mr. Loudon, one day, "that I do not disapprove of what you and Kate are doing for old Aunt Matilda. On the contrary, I feel proud of you both. The idea was honorable to you, and, so far, you have done very well; better than I expected; and I believe I was a little more sanguine than any one else in the village. But you must not forget that you have something else to think of besides making money for Aunt Matilda."

"But, don't I think of other things, father?" said Harry. "I 'm sure I get along well enough at school."

"That may be, my boy; but I want you to get along better than well enough."

This little conversation made quite an impression on Harry, and he talked to Kate about it.

"I suppose father 's right," said she; "but what 's to be done about it? Is that poor old woman to have only half enough to eat, so that you may read twice as much Virgil?"

Harry laughed.

"But perhaps she will have five-eighths of enough to eat if I only read nine-sixteenths as much Latin," said he.

"Oh! you 're always poking arithmetic fun at me," said Kate. "But I tell you what you can do," she continued. "You can get up half an hour earlier, every morning, and that will give you a good deal of extra time to think about your lessons."

"I can *think* about them in bed," said Harry.

"Humph!" said Kate; and she went on with her work. She was knitting a "tidy," worth two pounds of sugar, or half a pound of tea, when it should be finished.

Harry did not get up any earlier; for, as he expressed it, "It was dreadfully cold before breakfast," on those January mornings; but his father and mother noticed that the subject of Aunt Matilda's maintenance did not so entirely engross the conversation of the brother and sister in the evenings; and that they had their heads together almost as often over slate and school-books as over the little account-book in which Kate put down receipts and expenditures.

On a Thursday night, about the middle of January, there was a fall of snow. Not a very heavy fall; the snow might have been deeper, but it was deep enough for sledding. On the Friday, Harry, in connection with another boy, Tom Selden, several years older than himself, concocted a grand scheme. They would haul wood, on a sled, all day Saturday.

It was not to be any trifling little "boy-play" wood-hauling. Harry's father owned a wood-sled —one of the very few sleds or sleighs in the county —which was quite an imposing affair, as to size, at least. It was about eight feet long and four feet wide; and although it was rough enough,—being made of heavy boards, nailed transversely upon a couple of solid runners, with upright poles to keep the load in its place,—it was a very good sled, as far as it went, which had not been very far of late; for there had been no good sledding for several seasons. Old Mr. Truly Matthews had a large pile of wood cut in a forest about a mile and a-half from the village, and the boys knew that he wanted it hauled to the house, and that, by a good day's work, considerable money could be made.

All the arrangements were concluded on Friday, which was a half-holiday, on account of the snow making traveling unpleasant for those scholars who lived at a distance. Harry's father gave his consent to the plan, and loaned his sled. Three negro men agreed to help for one-fourth of the profits. Tom Selden went into the affair, heart and hand, agreeing to take his share out in fun. What money was made, after paying expenses, was to go into the Aunt Matilda Fund, which was tolerably low about that time.

Kate gave her earnest sanction to the scheme, which was quite disinterested on her part, for, being a girl, she could not very well go on a wood-hauling expedition, and she could expect to do little else but stay at home and calculate the probable profits of the trips.

The only difficulty was to procure a team; and nothing less than a four-horse team would satisfy the boys.

Mr. Loudon lent one horse; old Selim, a big brown fellow, who was very good at pulling when he felt in the humor. Tom could bring no horse; for his father did not care to lend his horses for such a purpose. He was afraid they might get their legs broken; and, strange as it seemed to the boys, most of the neighbors appeared to have similar notions. Horses were very hard to borrow that Friday afternoon. But a negro man, named Isaac Waddell.

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agreed to hire his thin horse, Hector, for fifty cents for the day; and the store-keeper, after much persuasion, lent a big grey mule, Grits, by name. There was another mule in the village, which the boys could have if they wanted her; but they did n't want her—that is, if they could get anything else with four legs that would do to go in their team. This was Polly, a little mule, belonging to Mrs. Dabney, who kept the post-office. Polly was not only very little in size, but she was also very little given to going. She did not particularly object to a walk, if it were not too long, and would pull a buggy or carry a man with great complacency, but she seldom indulged in trotting. It was of no use to whip her. Her skin was so thick, or so destitute of feeling, that she did not seem to take any notice of a good hard crack. Polly was not a favorite, but she doubtless had her merits, although no one knew exactly what they were. Perhaps the best thing that could be said about her, was, that she did not take up much room.

But, on Saturday, it was evident that Polly would have to be taken, for no animal could be obtained in her place.

So, soon after breakfast, the team was collected in Mr. Loudon's back-yard, and harnessed to the sled. Besides the three negroes who had been hired, there were seven volunteers—some big and some little,—who were very willing to work for nothing, if they might have a ride on the sled. The harness was not the best in the world; some of it was leather, and some was rope and some was chain. It was gathered together from various quarters, like the team—nobody seemed anxious to lend good harness.

Grits and thin Hector were the leaders, and Polly and old Selim were the pole-horses, so to speak.

When all the straps were buckled, and the chains hooked, and the knots tied (and this took a good while, as there were only twelve men and boys to do it), Dick Ford jumped on old Selim, little Johnny Sand, as black as ink, was hoisted on Grits, and Gregory Montague, a tall yellow boy, with high boots and no toes to them, bestrode thin Hector. Harry, Tom, and nine negroes (two more had just come into the yard) jumped on the sled. Dick Ford cracked his whip; Kate stood on the back-door step and clapped her hands; all the darkies shouted; Tom and Harry hurrahed; and away they did n't go.

Polly was n't ready.

And what was more, old brown Selim was perfectly willing to wait for her. He looked around mildly at the little mule, as if he would say: "Now, don't be in a hurry, my good Polly. Be sure you 're right before you go ahead."

Polly was quite sure she was n't right, and stood as stiffly as if she had been frozen to the ground, and all the cracking of whips and shouting of "Git up!" "Go 'long!" "What you mean, dar? you Polly!" made no impression on her.

Then Harry made his voice heard above the hubbub.

"Never mind Polly!" he shouted. "Let her alone. Dick, and you other fellows, just start off your own horses. Now, then! Get up, all of you!"

At this, every rider whipped up his horse or his mule, and spurred him with his heels, and every darkey shouted, "Hi, dar!" and off they went, rattledy bang!

Polly went, too. There was never such an astonished little mule in this world! Out of the gate they all whirled at a full gallop, and up the road, tearing along. Negroes shouting, chains rattling. snow flying back from sixteen pounding hoofs, sled cutting through the snow like a ship at sea, and a little darkey shooting out behind at every bounce over a rough place!

"Hurrah!" cried Harry, holding tight to an upright pole. "Is n't this splendid!"

"Splendid! It 's glorious!" shouted Tom. "It 's better than being a pi——." And down he went on his knees, as the big sled banged over a stone in the road, and Josephine's Bobby was bounced out into a snow-drift under a fence.

Whether Tom intended to say a pirate or a pyrotechnic, was never discovered; but, in six minutes, there was only one of the small darkies left on the sled. The men, and this one, John William Webster, hung on to the poles as if they were glued there.

As for Polly, she was carried along faster than she ever went before in her life. She jumped, she skipped, she galloped, she slid, she skated; sometimes sitting down, and sometimes on her feet, but flying along, all the same, no matter how she chose to go.

And so, rattling, shouting, banging, bouncing; snow flying and whips cracking, on they sped, until John William Webster's pole came out, and clip! he went heels over head into the snow.

But John William had a soul above tumbles. In an instant he jerked himself up to his feet, dropped the pole, and dashed after the sled.

Swiftly onward went the sled, and right behind came John William, his legs working like steamboat wheels, his white teeth shining, and his big eyes sparkling!

There was no stopping the sled; but there was no stopping John William, either, and in less than two minutes he reached the sled, grabbed a man by the leg, and tugged and pulled until he seated himself on the end board.

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"I tole yer so!" said he, when he got his breath. And yet he had n't told anybody anything.

And now the woods were reached, and after a deal of pulling and shouting, the team was brought to a halt, and then slowly led through a short road to where the wood was piled.

The big mule and the horses steamed and puffed a little, but Polly stood as calm as a rocking-horse.

Notwithstanding the rapidity of the drive, it was late when the party reached the woods. The gathering together and harnessing of the team had taken much longer than they expected; and so the boys set to work with a will to load the sled; for they wanted to make two trips that morning. But although they all, black and white, worked hard, it was slow business. Some of the wood was cut and split properly, and some was not, and then the sled had to be turned around, and there was but little room to do it in, and so a good deal of time was lost.

But at last the sled was loaded up, and they were nearly ready to start, when John William Webster, who had run out to the main road, set up a shout:

"Oh! Mah'sr Harry! Mah'sr Tom!"

Harry and Tom ran out to the road, and stood there petrified with astonishment.

Where was the snow?

It was all gone, excepting a little here and there in the shade of the fence corners. The day had turned out to be quite mild, and the sun, which was now nearly at its noon height, had melted it all away.

Here was a most unlooked-for state of affairs! What was to be done? The boys ran back to the sled, and the colored men ran out to the road, and everybody talked and nobody seemed to say anything of use.

At last Dick Ford spoke up:

"I tell ye what, Mah'sr Harry! I say, just let 's go 'long," said he.

"But how are you going to do it?" said Harry. "There 's no snow."

"I know that; but de mud 's jist as slippery as grease. That thar team kin pull it, easy nuf!"

Harry and Tom consulted together, and agreed to drive out to the road and try what could be done, and then, if the loaded sled was too much for the team they would throw off the wood and go home with the empty sled.

There was snow enough until they reached the road,—for very little had melted in the woods,—and when they got fairly out on the main road the team did not seem to mind the change from snow to thin mud.

The load was not a very heavy one, and there were two horses and two mules—a pretty strong team.

Polly did very well. She was now harnessed with Grits in the lead; and she pulled along bravely. But it was slow work, compared to the lively ride over the snow. The boys and the men trudged through the mud, by the side of the sled, and, looking at it in the best possible light, it was a very dull way to haul wood. The boys agreed that after this trip they would be very careful not to go on another mud-sledding expedition.

But soon they came to a long hill, and, going down this, the team began to trot, and Harry and Tom and one or two of the men jumped on the edges of the sled, outside of the load, holding on to the poles. Then Grits, the big mule, began to run and Gregory could n't hold him in, and old Selim and thin Hector and little Polly all struck out on a gallop, and away they went, bumping and thumping down the hill.

And then stick after stick, two sticks, six sticks, a dozen sticks at a time, slipped out behind.

It was of no use to catch at them to hold them on. They were not fastened down in any way, and Harry and Tom and the men on the sled had as much as they could do to hold themselves on.

When they reached the bottom of the hill, the pulling became harder; but Grits had no idea of stopping for that. He was bound for home. And so he plunged on at the top of his speed. But the rest of the team did not fancy going so fast on level ground, and they slackened their pace.

This did not suit Grits. He gave one tremendous bound, burst loose from his harness and dashed ahead. Up went his hind legs in the air; off shot Gregory Montague into the mud, and then away went Grits, clipperty clap! home to his stable.

When Harry and Tom, the two horses, the little mule, the eight colored men, the sled, John William Webster and eleven logs of wood reached the village it was considerably after dinner-time.

When the horse hire was paid, and something was expended for mending borrowed harness, and the negroes had received a little present for their labor, the Aunt Matilda Fund was diminished by the sum of three dollars and eighty cents.

Mr. Truly Matthews agreed to say nothing about the loss of his wood that was scattered along the road.

CHAPTER IX.

BUSINESS IN EARNEST.

ALTHOUGH Harry did not find his wood-hauling speculation very profitable, it was really of advantage to him, for it gave him an idea.

And his idea was a very good one. He saw clearly enough that money could be made by hauling wood, and he was also quite certain that it would never do for him to take his time, especially

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during school term, for that purpose. So, after consultation with his father, and after a great deal of figuring by Kate, he determined to go into the business in a regular way.

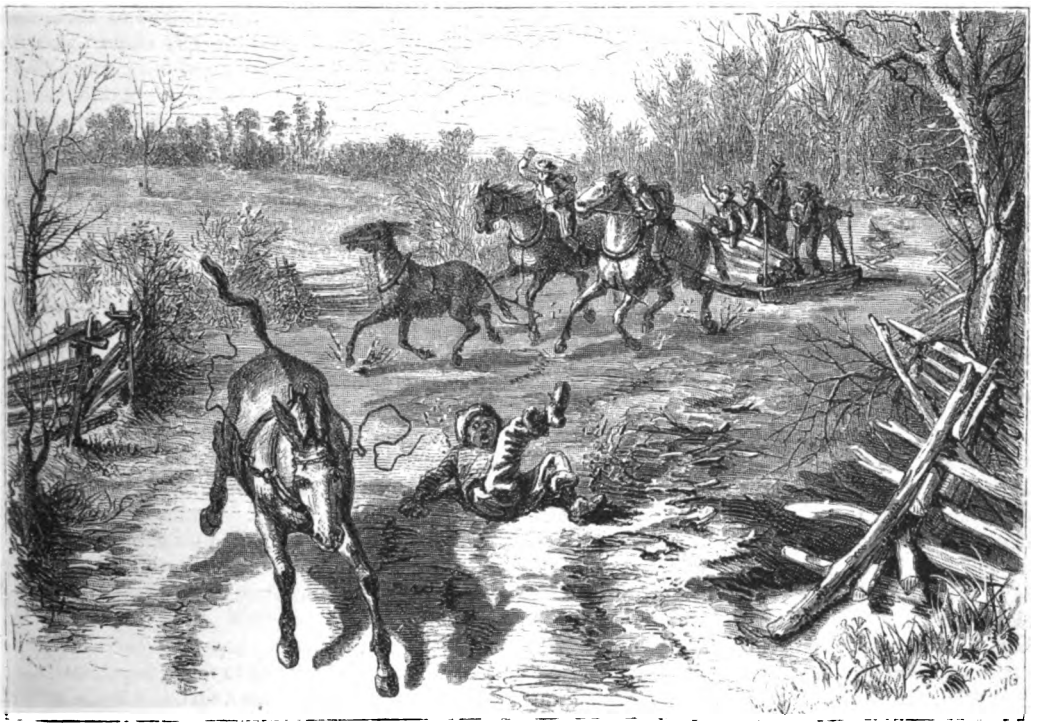
About five miles from the village was a railroad station, and it was also a wood station. Here the railroad company paid two dollars a cord for wood delivered on their grounds.

Two miles from the station, on the other side of Crooked Creek, Harry's father owned a large tract of forest land, and here Harry received permission to cut and take away all the wood that he wanted. Mr. Loudon was perfectly willing, in this way, to help his children in their good work.

So Harry made arrangements with Dick Ford and John Walker, who were not regularly hired to any one that winter, to cut and haul his wood for him, on shares. John Walker had a wagon, which was merely a set of wheels, with a board floor laid on the axletrees, and the use of this he contributed in consideration of a little larger share in the profits. Harry hired Grits and another mule at a low rate, as there was not much for mules to do at that time of the year.

The men were to cut and deliver the wood and get receipts for it from the station-master; and it was to be Harry's business to collect the money at stated times, and divide the proceeds according to the rate agreed upon. Harry and his father made the necessary arrangements with the station-master, and thus all the preliminaries were settled quite satisfactorily.

In a few days the negroes were at work, and as they both lived but a short distance from the creek, on the village side, it was quite convenient for them. John Walker had a stable in which to keep the mules, and the cost of their feed was also to be added to his share of the profits.



GRITS CONCLUDES TO GO HOME BY HIMSELF.

In a short time Harry had quite a number of applications from negroes who wished to cut wood for him, but he declined to hire any additional force until he saw how his speculation would turn out.

Old Uncle Braddock pleaded hard to be employed. He could not cut wood, nor could he drive a team, but he was sure he could be of great use as overseer.

"You see, Mah 'sr Harry," he said, "I lib right on de outside edge ob you pa's woods, and I kin go ober dar jist as easy as nuffin, early every

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mornin', and see dat dem boys does dere work, and don't chop down de wrong trees. Mind now, I tell ye, you all will make a pile o' money ef ye jist hire me to obersee dem boys."

For some time Harry resisted his entreaties, but at last, principally on account of Kate's argument that the old man ought to be encouraged in making something towards his living, if he were able and willing to do so, Harry hired him on his own terms, which were ten cents a day.

About four o'clock every afternoon during his engagement, Uncle Braddock made his appearance in the village, to demand his ten cents. When Harry remonstrated with him on his quitting work so early, he said:

"Why, you see, Mah'sr Harry, it's a long way from dem woods here, and I got to go all de way back home agin; and it gits dark mighty early dese short days."

In about a week the old man came to Harry and declared that he must throw up his engagement.

"What's the matter?" asked Harry.

"I'm gwine to gib up dat job, Mah'sr Harry."

"But why? You wanted it bad enough," said Harry.

"But I'm gwine to gib it up now," said the old man.

"Well, I want you to tell me your reasons for giving it up," persisted Harry.

Uncle Braddock stood silent for a few minutes, and then he said:

"Well, Mah'sr Harry, dis is jist de truf; dem ar boys, dey ses to me dat ef I come foolin' around dere any more, dey'd jist chop me up, ole wrapper an' all, and haul me off fur kindlin' wood. Dey say I was dry enough. An' dey need n't a made sich a fuss about it, fur I did n't trouble 'em much; hardly eber went nigh 'em. Ten cents' worf o' oberseein' aint a-gwine to hurt nobody."

"Well, Uncle Braddock," said Harry, laughing, "I think you're wise to give it up."

"Dat's so," said the old negro, and away he trudged to Aunt Matilda's cabin, where, no doubt, he ate a very good ten cents' worth of corn-meal and bacon.

This wood enterprise of Harry's worked pretty well on the whole. Sometimes the men cut and hauled quite steadily, and sometimes they did n't. Once every two weeks Harry rode over to the station, and collected what was due him; and his share of the profits kept Aunt Matilda quite comfortably.

But, although Kate was debarred from any share in this business, she worked every day at her tidies for the store, and knit stockings, besides, for some of the neighbors, who furnished the yarn and paid her a fair price. There were people who thought Mrs. Loudon did wrong in allowing her daughter to work for money in this way, but Kate's mother said that the end justified the work, and that so long as Kate persevered in her self-appointed tasks, she should not interfere.

As for Kate, she said she should work on, no matter how much money Harry made. There was no knowing what might happen.

But the most important part of Kate's duties was the personal attention she paid to Aunt Matilda. She went over to the old woman's cabin every day or two, and saw that she was kept warm and had what she needed.

And these visits had a good influence on the old woman, for her cabin soon began to look much neater, now that a nice little girl came to see her so often.

When the spring came on, Aunt Matilda actually took it into her head to whitewash her cabin, a thing she had not done for years. She and Uncle Braddock worked at it by turns. The old woman was too stiff and rheumatic to keep at such work long at a time; but she was very proud of her whitewashing; and when she was tired of working at the inside of her cabin, she used to go out and whitewash the trunks of the trees around the house. She had seen trees thus ornamented, and she thought they were perfectly beautiful.

Kate was violently opposed to anything of this kind, and, at last, told Aunt Matilda that if she persisted in surrounding her house with what looked like a forest of tombstones, she, Kate, would have to stop coming there.

So Aunt Matilda, in a manner, desisted.

But one day she noticed a little birch tree, some distance from the house, and the inclination to whitewash that little birch was too strong to be resisted.

"He's so near white, anyway," she said to herself, "dat it's a pity not to finish him."

So off she hobbled with a tin cup full of whitewash and a small brush to adorn the little birch tree, leaving her cabin in the charge of Holly Thomas.

Holly, whose whole name was Hollywood Cemetery Thomas, was a little black girl, between two and five years old. Sometimes she seemed nearly five and sometimes not more than two. Her parents intended christening her Minerva, but hearing the name of the well-known Hollywood Cemetery in Richmond, they thought it so pretty that they gave it to their little daughter, without the slightest idea, however, that it was the name of a graveyard.

Holly had come over to pay a morning visit to Aunt Matilda, and she had brought her only child, a wooden doll, which she was trying to teach to walk, by dragging it about, head foremost, by a long string tied around its neck.

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"Now den, you Holly, you stay h'yar and mind de house while I 's gone," said Aunt Matilda, as she departed.

"All yite," said the little darkey, and she sat down on the floor to prepare her child for a coat of whitewash; but she had not yet succeeded in convincing the doll of the importance of the operation when her attention was aroused by a dog just outside of the door.

It was Kate's little woolly white dog, Blinks, who often used to come to the cabin with her, and who sometimes, when he got a chance to run away, used to come alone, as he did this morning.

"GO 'WAY! GO 'WAY!" SCREAMED HOLLY.

"Go 'way dar, litty dog," said Miss Holly; "yer can't come in; dere 's nobody home. Yun 'long, now, d' yer y'ear!"

But Blinks either did n't hear or did n't care, for he stuck his head in at the door.

"Go 'way, dere!" shouted Holly, "Aunt Tillum aint home. Go 'way now and tum bat in half an hour. Aunt Tillum 'll be bat den. Don't yer hear now, go *'way!*"

But, instead of going away, Blinks trotted in, as bold as a four-pound lion.

"Go 'way, go 'way!" screamed Holly, squeezing herself up against the wall in her terror, and then Blinks barked at her. He had never seen a little black girl behave so, in the whole course of his life, and it was quite right in him to bark and let her know what he thought of her conduct. Then Holly, in her fright, dropped her doll, and when Blinks approached to examine it, she screamed louder and louder, and Blinks barked more and more, and there was quite a hubbub. In the midst of it a man put his head in at the door of the cabin.

He was a tall man, with red hair and a red freckled face, and a red bristling moustache, and big red hands.

"What 's all this noise about?" said he; and when he saw what it was, he came in.

"Get out of this, you little beast!" said he to Blinks, and putting the toe of his boot under the little dog, he kicked him clear out of the door of the cabin. Then turning to Holly, he looked at her pretty much as if he intended to kick her out too. But he did n't. He put out one of his big red hands and said to her:

"Shake hands."

Holly obeyed without a word, and then snatching her wooden child from the floor, she darted out of the door and reached the village almost as soon as poor Blinks.

In a minute or two Aunt Matilda made her appearance at the door. She had heard the barking and the screaming, and had come to see what was the matter.

When she saw the man, she exclaimed:

"Why, Mah'sr George! Is dat you?"

"Yes, it 's me," said the man. "Shake hands, Aunt Matilda."

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"I thought you was down in Mississippi, Mah'sr George," said the old woman; "and I thought you was gwine to stay dar."

"Could n't do it," said the man. "It did n't suit me, down there. Five years of it was enough for me."

"Enough fur dem, too, p'r'aps!" said Aunt Matilda, with a grim chuckle.

The man took no notice of her remark but said:

"I did n't intend to stop here, but I heard such a barking and screaming in your cabin, that I turned out of my way to see what the row was about. I've just come up from the railroad. Does old Michaels keep store here yet?"

"No, he don't," said Aunt Matilda: "he 's dead. Mah'sr Darby keeps dar now."

"Is that so?" cried the man. "Why, it was on old Michaels' account that I was sneakin' around the village. Why, I 'm mighty glad I stopped here. It makes things different if old Michaels is n't about."

"Well, ye might as well go 'long," said Aunt Matilda, who seemed to be getting into a bad humor. "There 's others who knows jist as much about yer bad doin's as Mah'sr Michaels did."

"I suppose you mean that meddling humbug, John Loudon," said the man.

"Now, look h'yar, you George Mason!" cried Aunt Matilda, making one long step towards the whitewash bucket; "jist you git out o' dat dar door!" and she seized the whitewash brush and gave it a terrific swash in the bucket.

The man looked at her—he knew her of old—and then he left the cabin almost as quickly as Blinks and Holly went out of it.

"Ef it had n't been fur dat little dog," said Aunt Matilda, grumly, "he 'd a gone on. Them little dogs is always a-doin' mischief."

(To be continued.)

JOHN MARTIN'S SNOWBALL.

(Translation of French Story in January Number.)

THERE are persons who believe that anyone can make a good snowball, and there are also persons who suppose that it is an easy thing to play well on the violin.

One of these opinions is as incorrect as the other.

To make a really good snowball requires a special education. In the first place, one must be a judge of snow, which must not be too wet or too dry. Then it is necessary to know how to make the ball round and symmetrical, and how to cause it to become firm and solid, by squeezing it, not too hard, between the knees. In a word, snowball making is a science.

John Martin was a master of this science. He was a boy who was always glad to make himself perfect in any pursuit not connected with his business.

Snowballing was not connected with his business; for John was an apprentice to a baker.

Early in the winter of 1872, there was a beautiful snow-storm. The snow was neither too wet nor too dry. John ran into the street to have a good quarter of an hour at snowballing. He filled both his hands with snow; he rounded it, he squeezed it, not too hard, between his knees. He made a magnificent snowball. It was now only necessary to throw it at some one, and the destiny of the snowball would be fulfilled. He did not wait long for an opportunity; for he soon saw, coming down the street, old Mr. Anthony White, with his good wife, Mrs. White. When they had passed him, John took good aim, and threw his snowball. It was a grand shot.

Then John cast his eyes upon the ground, and looked as innocent as a lamb.

Old Mr. White gave one great jump.

"Oh!" he cried, "what is that? I have been struck by an avalanche of snow. It has, perhaps, fallen from a house-top. Ugh! it is in my ear. It is trickling down my neck. I feel it inside of my flannel jacket. Oh! but it is cold! Horrible! Why did I come in the streets when the snow is falling from the house-tops in this fashion?"

But his good wife, Mrs. White, did not allow herself to be deceived. She knew that the snow did not fall from the top of a house. She had been looking back, and she had seen John throw the snowball. "Ah! you bad boy!" she cried; "I saw you. You threw the snow at my good husband. I shall tell the mayor, and you shall be put in jail. You young rascal!"

"Oh! good Mrs. White!" cried John, looking up in astonishment, "are they then throwing snowballs? Oh! the bad boys! I am afraid some one will throw one of those terrible snowballs at me. I shall run home. I have no flannel jacket; and if a snowball should go down my back I should perish with cold. I thank you, my good lady, for warning me. Good-by!"

And away ran the innocent John Martin to make another snowball, and to wait for another old gentleman, that he might hit him behind the ear.

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GERMAN STORY, FOR TRANSLATION.

Hans Ryitzar's Frühstück.

Von J. L.

Es war einmal ein Mann, der hieß Hans Ryitzar. Der war so zerstreut, daß er manchmal an seiner eigenen Hausthür klingelte und fragte, ob Herr Ryitzar zu Hause sei; und was dergleichen Thorheiten mehr sind.

Eines Tages stand Hans auf der Straße und dachte ernstlich darüber nach, wo er sein Frühstück hernehmen sollte. Wo konnte er etwas zu essen bekommen? Er war fürchterlich hungrig und hatte auch nicht einen Pfennig in der Tasche. Des

Morgens früh war er ausgegangen, um einen weiten Weg zu machen und um nach Hause zu gehen, war es nun zu weit.

Je mehr er über seine unglückliche Lage nachdachte, desto melancholischer ward er, und er sah so miserabel aus, daß einer seiner Freunde, der auf der anderen Seite der Straße vorüberging, zu ihm herüberkam und ihn fragte, was es denn gäbe?

Hans blickte auf und sagte in wehmüthigem Tone: „Ich bin hungrig und habe kein Geld, und es ist zu weit, nach Hause zu gehen, um dort zu frühstücken. Ist das nicht genug, um mich trübe zu stimmen?" — In demselben Augenblicke erblickte sein Freund eine Wurst, die aus Hansens Rocktasche herausguckte.

„Ah," sagte er, „ich sehe, was Dir fehlt. Du vergaßt Dein Frühstück mitzunehmen?"

„Ja," sagte Hans, „ich wußte, daß ich den ganzen Tag über von Hause sein würde, und ich habe mein Frühstück vergessen."

„Das ist schlimm," sagte sein Freund, der ein lustiger Bursche war, „und es thut mir leid, daß ich Dir nicht helfen kann, denn ich habe kein Geld bei mir."

„Ja, das macht die Sache noch schlimmer," sagte Hans nachdenklich, „wahrscheinlich werde ich krank werden."

„Ich kann Dir nur einen Rath geben," sagte sein Freund. — „Und was ist der?" — „Du magst es vielleicht nicht gern thun," sagte der Andere. — „Falls es ehrlich und gerecht ist und einen redlichen Mann nicht schamroth macht, so will ich's thun," sagte Hans, „denn ich bin sehr hungrig."

„Die Sache ist meiner Ansicht nach völlig tugendhaft," sagte sein Freund, „dennoch aber magst Du sie nicht ausführen wollen."

„Warum denn nicht?" fragte Hans.

„Weil Du es bisher nicht gethan hast," antwortete sein Freund. „Die Sache ist ganz einfach. Alles was Du zu thun hast, ist, Deine Hand in Deine Rocktasche zu stecken und die dicke Wurst herauszuholen, die ich da sehe, und bei der jedenfalls auch etwas Brod steckt, denn ich sehe, Deine Tasche ist gestopft voll."

Hans schaute ganz verwundert auf, dann steckte er beide Hände in seine Rocktasche und zog mit vieler Mühe eine große Wurst und einen halben Laib Roggenbrod heraus. Mit der Wurst in der einen und dem Brod in der anderen Hand stand er ganz verdutzt da, während sein Freund laut lachend von dannen ging. Hans versank nun in eine neue Träumerei, und während er sich wunderte, wie nur dies alles so zugegangen sein konnte, vergaß er sein Frühstück vollständig, bis daß es fast Abend war. Nun dachte er, könnte er auch gerade so gut nach Hause gehen und ein warmes Abendbrod haben, als die kalte Wurst und das Brod zu essen, die er lieber den Hunden geben wollte, von denen eine Anzahl um ihn herumsprangen und bellten; denn die Speise, die Hans so lange in Händen gehabt, hatte sie angelockt.

Aber Hans vergaß auch das und ging nach Haus mit Brod und Wurst in der Hand und sämmtliche Hunde hinter ihm her.

Als er nach Hause kam, klingelte man gerade zum Abendessen. In demselben Augenblicke sah Hans zufällig die Speisen, die er in der Hand hielt. Hans in seiner Zerstreutheit vergaß nun alles in der Welt, setzte sich auf die Haustreppe und aß seine Wurst und Brod bis auf den letzten Bissen.

We are much pleased with the interest that our readers have shown in the German and French sketches that we have given them for translation. Those who are able to render the above little story into English will find out something quite curious about that poor gentleman in the picture.

The best translations of the French story in our December number—"Half a Loaf is Better than No Bread"—were sent in by Louis M. Fishback, Annie C. MacKie, Effie L. C. Gates and Sidie V. B. Parker. Lucy G. Bull, a little girl only twelve years old, sends a remarkably good metrical translation of this story.

Very good translations of "John Martin's Snowball," in the January number have been sent in by "Inconnue," Harvey M. Mansfield, Edgar G. T., Scott O. McWhorter, Susan Thayer, H. H. Ziegler, James G. Dagron, Miriam Davis and Fred. W. Hobbs.

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SOME BOYS IN AFRICA.

By M. S.

A BOOK for big boys has recently been written by Mr. Henry M. Stanley, who, two years ago, led a small body of men through Central Africa, in a search for Dr. Livingstone, the great African traveler. It is a story showing what kind of men live in Central Africa, and their manners and customs. It also gives some account of the tropical forests, and of the great savage beasts who roam through them.

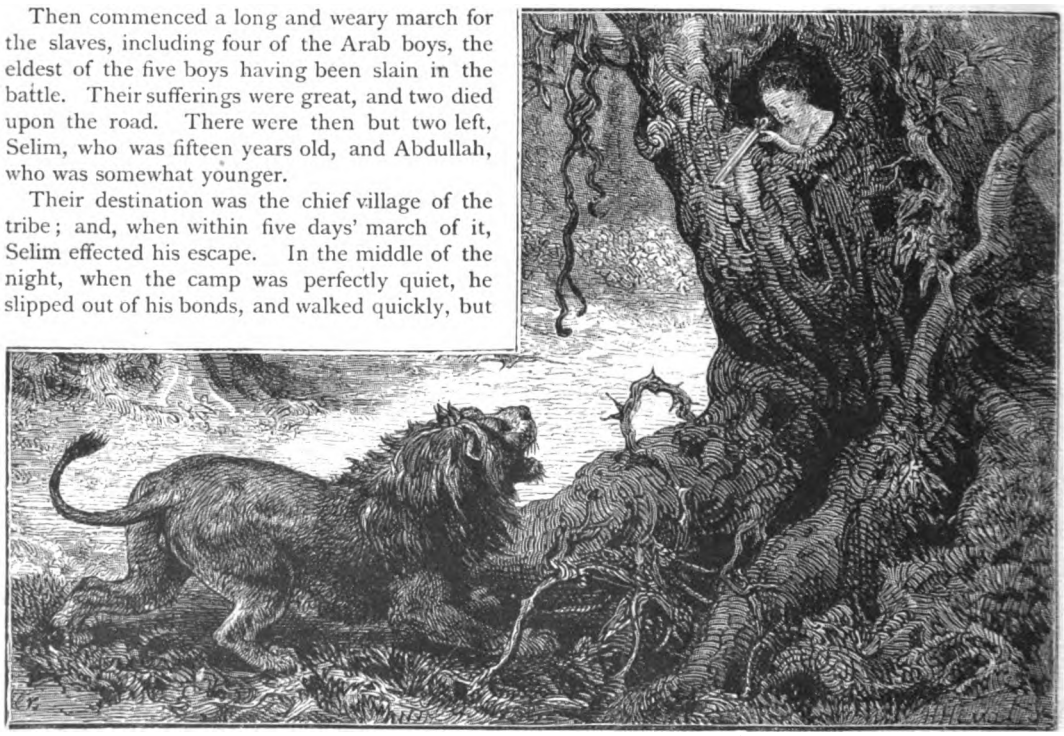
A company of wealthy Arabs, who lived on the island of Zanzibar, organized an expedition to proceed into the interior of Africa to obtain slaves, ivory, and copper. Five Arab boys, sons of the chief men of the party, accompanied this expedition. The caravan proceeded without serious interruption to Lake Tanganika, where it encountered two numerous and warlike tribes of Negroes, the Waruri and Watuta. A fierce battle took place, in which the Arabs were routed, and most of them killed. The survivors, being prisoners of war, were made slaves, according to the universal custom of the African tribes.

Then commenced a long and weary march for the slaves, including four of the Arab boys, the eldest of the five boys having been slain in the battle. Their sufferings were great, and two died upon the road. There were then but two left, Selim, who was fifteen years old, and Abdullah, who was somewhat younger.

Their destination was the chief village of the tribe; and, when within five days' march of it, Selim effected his escape. In the middle of the night, when the camp was perfectly quiet, he slipped out of his bonds, and walked quickly, but cautiously, to a tree near by, where he knew some weapons had been placed, and selecting a gun, a powder-horn, a cartridge-box, and a couple of spears, he made his way softly into the forest.

He walked steadily all the rest of that night, and part of the next day, until he came to a pool of cool fresh water, where he quenched his thirst. Near this pool there was a large tree, with a hole in the trunk some distance above the ground. Peeping cautiously into this, Selim saw that it led to a hollow in the tree, which was empty, and large enough to hold him and his weapons. He crept in, and, being very tired, was asleep in a few minutes.

When he awoke it was night. Everything was quiet. He got up and looked out. He could not see anything distinctly, but he thought there was a dark object moving stealthily towards the tree, and immediately afterwards a most horrible and unearthly laugh rang through the woods. Selim knew by this that it was a hyena; though startled, he was not much frightened, feeling sure the beast



SELIM BESIEGED BY A LION.

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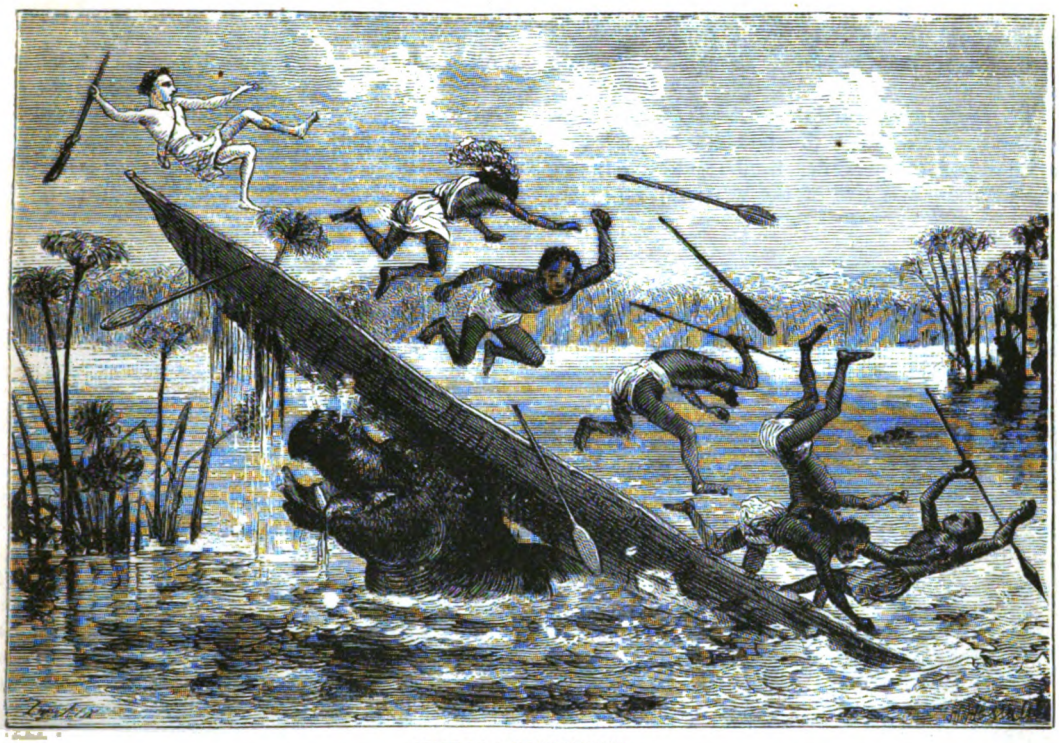

UPSET BY A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

could not get at him. The hyena, he thought, was of the same opinion, for it glided away.

But he soon found there was another reason for its moving away. Again a dark form, larger than the other, came stealthily towards the tree, and the sound that then rang through the forest made Selim tremble. It was a terrible roar, deep and long. This time his visitor was a lion, and Selim soon had a near view of him at the foot of the tree. The creature was lashing his tail, and his eyes were like coals of fire. Selim sprang back from the opening, and seized his gun, though he did not think the lion would try to get through that small hole. But that was just what he did try to do. He leaped up and got his nose through, and endeavored to drag himself in. Selim's heart almost stood still with fear, but he did not lose his wits. He thrust the muzzle of his gun against the lion's head and fired, and the great beast fell dead outside.

This was the most dangerous of Selim's adventures while alone in the forest. After wandering about for some days and finding very little to eat, he was discovered, faint with hunger, and carried to the chief village of the Watuta, where Abdullah and the other captives had already arrived.

The two boys had the good fortune to secure the friendship and protection of Kalulu, a boy about Selim's age, the adopted son and heir of the Watuta king. They were assigned quarters as comfortable as the negro cabins afforded, and were treated by Kalulu as honored guests, and he entertained them with various amusements.

Of these the hunting expeditions were the most exciting. And, among the best of them, was the hippopotamus hunt. The three boys set out gaily one morning for the river Liemba, a short distance from the village. They were accompanied by two warriors of the tribe, and also by two negro men, Simba and Moto, who had formerly been slaves to Selim's father, and who, now that the father had been slain in battle, resolved not to forsake the son, but to watch over and care for him. Simba was a giant in size and strength, and Moto was the man of brains. He had a very cunning head on his shoulders, and could always give good advice.

The party were well armed. They soon reached the river, and getting into a canoe, paddled swiftly down the stream to the feeding grounds of the hippopotami. They landed at noon upon an island, and had just finished their lunch when they heard a low, deep bellowing very near them. They were on their feet in an instant, and ran noiselessly to the edge of the island, and counted

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the heads of a herd of hippopotami quietly enjoying the cool, deep waters.

"Five of them!" cried Kalulu. "Now for sport!"

They quickly divested themselves of part of their clothing, anticipating the possibility of a swim, and jumped into the canoe, Simba and Moto taking the paddles, and one of the warriors seizing the harpoon, to plunge it into the animal that should first approach.

They had not long to wait. A monstrous head and neck soon arose out of the water, close to the bow of the boat. At the same instant the harpoon was shot into the neck. The wounded animal immediately sank and swam up the river, dragging the boat after him with frightful speed, for the rope of the harpoon was fastened to it. But in a few minutes the speed slackened, and the boat began to float down stream. "Pull back!" cried the harpooner. Simba and Moto dashed the paddles into the water, but it was too late; up came the gigantic head of the hippopotamus, right under the canoe, which was shot into the air, while its occupants tumbled heels over head into the water.

They all swam to the shore in safety except Abdullah, who was wounded by a crocodile but rescued by Kalulu, Simba, and Moto.

After landing and taking care of Abdullah, the next proceeding was to hunt for the canoe, which had been dragged off by the wounded hippopotamus. It was found among the reeds of the island, with the body of the dead hippopotamus still fastened to it by the harpoon line. Together they dragged the huge creature into shallow water, and loaded the canoe with part of his flesh, which is esteemed a great delicacy. Then they lifted Abdullah carefully into the boat, and returned to the village, where the young Arab soon recovered from his wound.

"FIRE!" CRIED MOTO.

After some months of this kind of life, the old king died, and the boy, Kalulu, was proclaimed king. But, being attacked by an army of his disaffected subjects, Kalulu was made a prisoner and a slave; and Selim, Abdullah, Simba and Moto went with him into slavery in a distant part of the country of the Watuta. After a time they succeeded in making their escape, and together they traveled through the forests and jungles, exposed to dangers from men and beasts.

This long journey of several months is the most

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interesting part of the story. Simba and Moto knew all about the forest, its plants, its animals, and its savage tribes, and were good guides and guardians for the three boys.

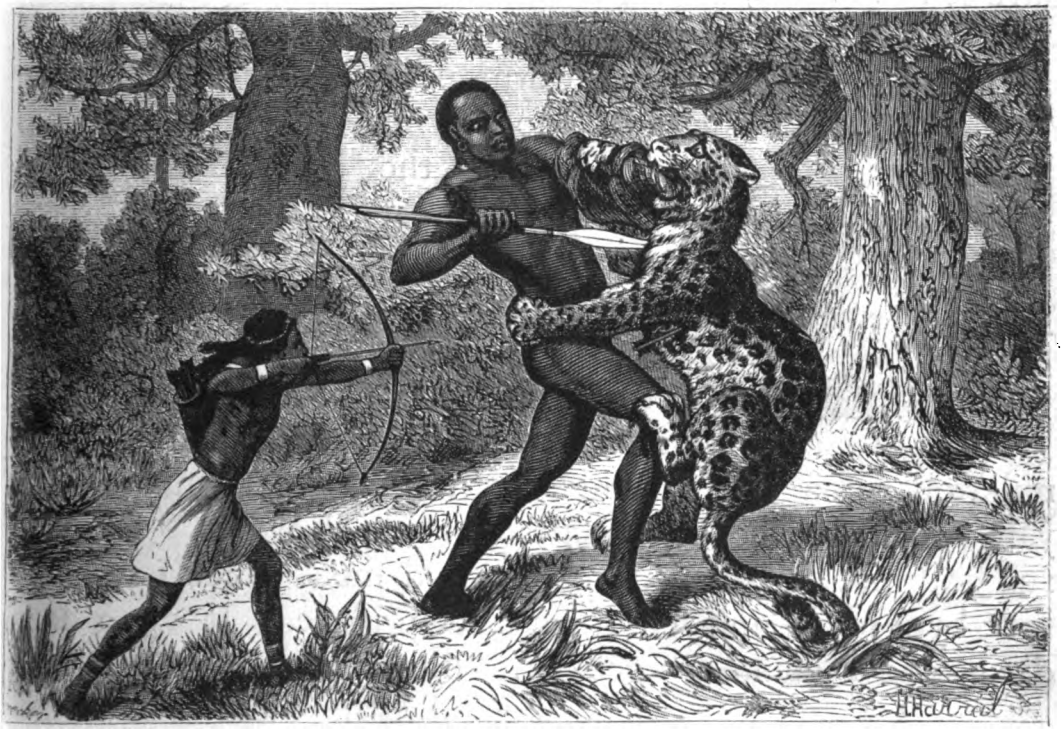
One evening they formed their camp near a stream of water in a beautiful plain, dotted here and there with great trees.

About midnight they were aroused from their slumbers by the roar of a lion. The animal was evidently not far off, and they were immediately all on the alert.

"I see him," whispered Kalulu. "There! look at him! See that dark form slowly moving past that big tree! There! He stops, and looks this way!"

"Hush!" whispered Simba. "He is coming. Be ready and sure with your guns!"

Meantime the lion had been slowly advancing; but the little party was now perfectly still and ready for him. They could faintly discern his form as he approached, but his soft, padded feet made no sound whatever as they touched the ground. When quite near, he stopped, and then they could hear the brushing of his tail as he gently switched it over the grass. Through the gloom they could now distinguish his eyes, shining like specks of light. Suddenly he turned and confronted them, and, with an appalling roar, the savage beast drew nearer, until his form was fearfully plain to the company watching him. Only a few seconds now passed, when it became evident that the lion was preparing for a spring.



SIMBA AND THE LEOPARD.

"Fire!" was the sharp word of command from Moto.

The three guns blazed out their fire at the same instant, lighting up the form of the springing lion; and a savage yell, and a dull, heavy thud upon the earth announced that the victory was on the side of gunpowder.

It was some time after this, and when they were approaching the end of their long journey, that the boys came near losing their good and powerful friend, Simba, who was attacked by a leopard. With Kalulu's aid, however, the beast was killed.

The party had many other adventures, but they finally reached Zanzibar, where they no longer had savages, lions and leopards to fight, and where we must leave them.

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MY PET LAMB.

WHEN I was a small boy, I had a nice pet. An old sheep had died, and John brought her lamb to the house. It was cold, and he said it would die. So he gave it to me.

I put the poor thing on the rug by the fire. I gave it some warm milk with a spoon. It drank some of the milk, and soon it got up on its feet and said, "Ma! ma!" It was sad to hear it cry so, when the old sheep could not come.

At last it got quite well, and would run and play with me. Then it drank milk out of a dish. And soon it would eat grass in the yard. I had some fine games with my dear pet. I would run and hide, and wait for it to find me. Once I went to hide by a bank, and fell down a steep place. It was a deep ditch, and I could not get out. But the lamb came to find me, and stood by the ditch, and cried, "Baa! baa!" I think it meant to call John. I cried too. Then John came and took me out. When it was quite small, it would butt me with its head. It was in play; and I thought it great fun. I would get down on my hands and knees, and butt with it.

But as it grew large, it got to butt quite hard. "Don't do so!" I would say; but it did not know it hurt me. So

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when it came to butt me, I would put down my head, and let it butt over me. But once, when I went to do so, a blade of grass tickled my nose. That made me lift my head, and the lamb hit me a hard blow.

Then I found I had taught him a bad trick. He would run at the boys and girls who came to the yard, and scare and hurt them. It was fun to him, but it was not fun to them!

So he grew to be a big ram, and we called his name Dan. He was not a nice pet any more, for he would run at all of us, if we came near. So one day we thought we would play him a trick. It was this:

We took some of John's old clothes and stuffed them out with straw; we set them up on sticks, and put a big hat on top.

When he saw the thing, he thought it was some queer old man; so he ran at it with all his might.

At last Dan got so bad he had to be sold. If you have a pet lamb, do not teach him to butt; he will turn out bad if you do.

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OLD PROBABILITIES announces that February may be expected. All right. Let it come; ST. NICHOLAS is ready for it.

Somebody has written asking Jack to tell you everything about St. Valentine's day. What does he take me for? Just as if my poor children would n't hear enough about it without their own faithful Jack shaking an encyclopædia at them. Why, every newspaper in the country will have a column about it, and the readers are respectfully expected to let it go in one eye and out of the other, so that they 'll be ready to read the account all over again next February. No, no! Jack won't pester you, dear friends, with the story of the good saint who never dreamed of such a thing as a valentine, nor quote old rhymes to you about the birds that went a-mating; but he just hopes you 'll get all the valentines you want, and that they 'll be as pretty and sweet and lively as the song of the Bob-o'-link. So no more at present on that subject.

THE BOY AND GIRL IN THE MOON.

SUCH queer things as the birds do tell me! You have seen the man in the moon, and heard his story, perhaps, how he was banished there for gathering sticks on the Sabbath day. But I 'm told that in Sweden the peasants' children see, instead of the man, a boy and a girl in the moon, bearing between them a pail of water. This is on account of an old Scandinavian legend, which means a legend known to Sweden and Norway in ancient times, when their name was Scandinavia. Well, the legend says that Mâni, the moon, stole these two children while they were drawing water from a well. Their names were Hjnki and Bil. They were lifted up to the moon along with the bucket and the well-pole, and placed where they could be seen from the earth. When next you look at the round, full moon, remember this story, and if you have imagination enough, perhaps you will see Hjnki and Bil with their pail of water.

CAROLINE AND MARY.

TWO pretty little girls? No indeed. An English sparrow told me about them. Colonel Caroline Scott was a very corpulent, very active, very gentle, and useful man who, according to a British writer, "died a sacrifice to the public in the service of the East India Company," about a hundred and twenty years ago. There was another man, a Captain Caroline Scott, famous for his cruel deeds among the Scotch Highlanders; but Jack prefers the Colonel. As for Mary, *his* last name was Voltaire. He had other Christian names too, and these appear to have been the only Christian things about him. He had a great head of his own, or rather a great brain in his little head: but he was wanting in faith, so the poor fellow wrote seventy learned books about it. And at last he died from taking too big a dose of something to make him sleep.

I hope none of my little Marys will write seventy volumes, and be kept awake by such thinkings and doubtings as troubled poor Voltaire.

QUEER TALKING.

YOU boys and girls, just before the shirt-collar and back-hair age, manage to twist words in a comical way. Often I have a good time listening to the wee folk who come to our meadow.

One day a little girl, seeing, in the last part of one of her Christmas books, that a sequel to it would soon be published, called out to a playmate, "O, Kitty! is n't this nice? *My new book 's got a squeal to it!*"

But she was quite accurate, compared with a little bit of a boy, who came to the creek with some other children, one day last summer, to look for water cresses.

"I 'm goin' to take a awful lot o' cresses home to mamma," he said, trudging along as briskly as his fat little legs would allow; "'cause my mamma's got a *fidgelator*, what 'll keep everything as cold as ice, to put 'em in. Your mamma got one?"

"No, she aint," answered a tow-headed little chap; "but she 's got a steel egg-beater!"

"Ho! a leg-beater!" shouted my wee youngster, turning squarely about to look at the speaker. "What 's that for?"

"Why, to beat eggs with, you goosey!"

"Ho!" screeched the little chap, in great scorn. "She 'd better look out! If she goes to beatin' eggs she 'll break 'em. Eggs is brittler than anything. Guess you 'most don't know what you 're talkin' 'bout!"

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HOUSE-BREAKING AND BURGLARY.

WHAT do you think a magpie once told me? He said there was a decided difference between house-breaking and burglary. I thought he ought to know, since the magpie family have no great reputation for honesty; but of course I did n't say so, as he was my guest. According to his account, burglary is a night-time offence, and house-breaking belongs to the day. He said I 'd find that he was right if I looked in the dictionary; but I did n't happen to have one by me just then. How is it? Jack does n't recommend either of these little practices as a profession; but it 's well to know something about them. Young magpie insisted that Blackstone, a great fellow among the lawyers, said there could be no burglary in the day-time.

QUANTITY OF SALT IN THE OCEAN.

EVERYBODY knows that the waters of the ocean are very salt to the taste; but how many of you have thought of the immense quantities of salts of different kinds that must be in the Atlantic and the Pacific to give a flavor to such enormous bodies of water?

Scientific men have thought about it; and one of them (Captain Maury) has told us that if all the various salts of these oceans could be separated from the water and spread out equally over the northern half of this continent, they would form a covering *one mile deep*. So heavy would be this mass of salts that all the mechanical inventions of man, aided by all the steam and all the water power in the world, could not move it so much as one inch in even centuries of time.

Dear me! I 'm glad Jack-in-the-Pulpits are not marine plants. We 'd be in pretty pickle if we were.

A HINDOO LETTER.

YOU all have heard of the late Governor Seward, I suppose, and how, though he was an old man, he made a journey around the world, and afterward wrote a big book about it Did you ever hear of the letter he received from a Maharajah of Hindostan, the richest and one of the most distinguished men of the country? This letter was only a friendly line to Governor Seward, requesting the honor of a visit; but think of the style! It was written by the great Maharajah's secretary, in beautiful Arabic characters, on gilt paper. The envelope was not like those used in America, but was a bag of the finest *kincob;* that is, a kind of silk, woven stiff with golden threads, and costing about seventy-five dollars a yard. The bag and the letter within it were perfumed with costly attar of roses, and the whole was tied with a silken cord, on which was suspended the great waxen seal of the kingdom, principality, or state of Puttenla. This seal alone weighed four ounces.

Somebody sent President Grant a postal card the other day. I wonder what His Magnificent Highness the Maharajah would think of *that.*

COLD WEATHER TALK.

I HAD a snow-bird reception not long ago. My! how the little creatures did hop about from one subject to another! They left my head in a whirl; but I 'm inclined to think there 's reason in a good deal that they told me. For instance, it appears that troops of boys and girls are made ill now-a-days by throwing off their coats and cloaks when overheated in skating, and then sitting down to rest without first putting them on again,—kneeling down on the cold ice to put on their skates, too! It does n't seem possible; but I 've actually seen youngsters do it!

Fortunate, is n't it? that ice, in forming, fills itself full of air needles, in some way, so that it is light enough to float on the water. If it was n't for this, it would sink as fast as it formed, and the lakes and rivers would soon be solid ice from top to bottom, and then ten suns could n't melt them.

By the way, we had quite a discussion as to why icebergs *turn over* as they do. Some of us held that an iceberg, as its top melted, had nothing to do but settle itself in the water, according to its own weight and shape, and others of us held that it appeared to be otherwise. I forgot which side I was on. What do you think about it, my dears?

Another subject came up, which I promised to mention: The birds take it very kindly when children throw out crumbs for them this cold weather.

EIGHT NEW CONUNDRUMS.

HERE are some brand-new conundrums from my friend Jack Daw:

Who is our most distant relation? Our Aunt Tipodes.

Why should a Spaniard be the most enduring of mortals? Because he loves Spain.

Why are E and A like good people? Because they meet in heaven.

When is a poor white like a Guinea negro? When he lives in Ashantee.

When is an artist a very poor artist? When he can't draw a check.

What is the difference between an article put up at auction and sin? One is bid for, and the other forbid.

Why does one become a spiritualist in cold weather? Because he then believes in wrappings.

When a man turns his horses to pasture, what color does he change them to? He turns them in to graze (grays).

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MISCHIEF IN THE STUDIO.

A PANTOMIME IN TWO SCENES.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

CHARACTERS.

A CROSS OLD ARTIST, *in dressing gown, white wig, and spectacles.*
ERNEST *(his son), in linen blouse and knee breeches.*
CLARIBEL, *a poor peasant girl, beloved by* ERNEST, *dressed in white waist, bodice, red skirt.*
A MILKMAN, *in straw hat and shirt sleeves.*
A BOY *and a* GIRL, *disguised as statues of* HERCULES *and the* FISHER MAIDEN.

THE statues are draped in cotton sheets, the hands and arms covered with white gloves sewed upon old stocking-legs, the faces chalked with lily white; the boy has a wig made of cotton-wadding, the girl has a similar one ornamented with braids of cotton flannel. He holds a club made of cotton cloth stuffed with rags; she holds a fishing-pole covered with cloth, with a white twine line and a pin hook on the end of it.

Before putting on his wig, the artist must have his head covered with a tight-fitting oiled-silk cap, and he uses a large ear-trumpet. The milkman has a can of chalk and water, which is sometimes used to imitate milk, and a quart measure.

The room is arranged to resemble a studio; a large easy-chair in centre of the room, at the left of which is a table covered with a cloth. Directly behind the table is an easel holding a picture-frame, upon the back side of which is tacked a dark brown cambric curtain, fastened only at the top edge of the frame on the back side, so arranged that it may be lifted up at the bottom to admit a person who thus represents a picture, the body being concealed by the table which stands close before the easel. A large picture of a cat and a hideous face are pasted upon a sheet of pasteboard, the edges of which are cut out to fit the picture. The person who has stood for the picture can easily stoop behind the table and pass up the pictures behind the frame and in front of the hanging curtain, so that the pictures will change instantly. The statues each stand in the two back corners of the room, each upon a table covered with a sheet; their eyes must be closed, and they must stand as still as possible. A palette and a few brushes lie upon the table in front of the easel, and a few books and pieces of music in confusion; also, a plate and two cups and saucers.

If an easel is not at hand, two strips of wood four inches wide, eight feet long, nailed at the top in the form of a letter A, with a cross-bar to hold the picture, will do as well. The lower edge of the picture may rest on the back edge of the table, and must be no higher.

THE PANTOMIME.

SCENE I.

The ARTIST enters; moves cautiously around as if listening for some one; thinks he hears footsteps; hides behind the table, so that the large end of his ear-trumpet rests upon it, while the small end is at his ear. MILKMAN enters, measures a quart of milk, fills the cups and looks around for a dish to hold the rest, sees trumpet, looks pleased, pours the milk into it. ARTIST jumps up, beats him with the trumpet, and drives him from the room, still pursuing him.

Enter ERNEST *and* CLARIBEL. She sits down in the chair, and he offers to paint her portrait, and pretends to paint on the brown cambric curtain, after looking at her very lovingly. After painting a few moments, he goes up to CLARIBEL and kneels, as if asking her to be his wife. The ARTIST enters, is very angry, and parts them, leading CLARIBEL out by one door and his son by the other. They seem very sad, and go very unwillingly. He begins to paint; ERNEST enters, and begs him to consent; he shakes his head, and stamps his foot as if very angry, and chases his son out.

SCENE II.

Same as before, except that CLARIBEL stands in the frame, and ERNEST gazes upon the picture with delight. The ARTIST enters; drags him away from the easel by the left hand. While their backs are turned away from the picture, CLARIBEL stoops behind the table and pushes up the picture of the cat into the frame in her place, so that when the ARTIST reproves ERNEST for painting the portrait of his love, they turn and behold the change. Both show surprise and fear, for whenever the ARTIST turns away the picture is altered; sometimes the young lady's face, and sometimes one of the other pictures appears. The ARTIST seems astonished, and gradually becomes much alarmed.

He passes by the statue of HERCULES, and is prostrated by a blow from his club; sitting upon the floor, he looks up and the statue is immovable. This action is repeated each time the ARTIST gets up, which may occur twice. ERNEST passes behind him, fastens the pin hook to his wig, and the ARTIST beholds it sailing through the air on the statue's fish-pole. He seems perfectly amazed, and points from one statue to the other, as if asking the reason for their strange behavior. ERNEST kneels, and places his hand on his heart, and points from the picture to the statues, as if to say that all will be right if he is allowed to have CLARIBEL, whose portrait now appears again in the frame. The ARTIST nods his assent. CLARIBEL comes out from behind the frame; ERNEST takes her hand, and shakes hands with each of the statues to show that they are confederates.

ERNEST and CLARIBEL kneel before the ARTIST in the centre of the room. He joins their hands, and holds his ear-trumpet above them as if in blessing. The statues bow and the curtain falls.

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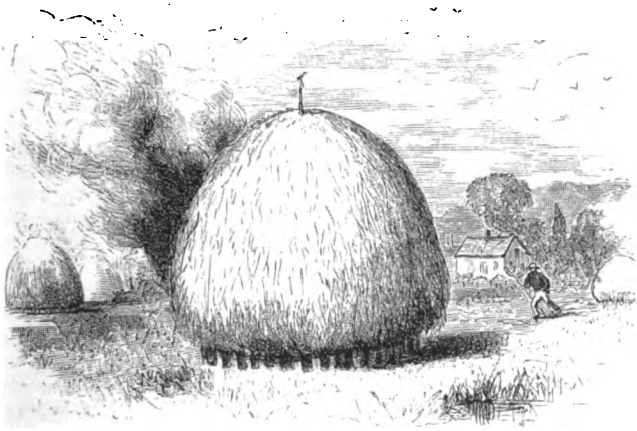
THE RIDDLE BOX.

REBUS, No. 1.



On board of a steamer, at latitude, 40° 35′ N.; longitude, 30° 11′ west from Greenwich, you can see the above.

A CHESS PUZZLE.

PERCY STARRE sends this ingenious chess puzzle, found pasted on the back of an old Chess Book. By beginning at the right word, and going from square to square as a knight moves, he has found eight lines of poetry.

board	est	were	rious	nev	thy	might	tor
umphs	vic	with	on	the	hail	er	troops
lead	quer'd	price	rals	glo	ier	vic	thou
to	tri	the	man	his	gene	to	er
che	ed	won	of	on	by	than	less
his	ry	up	wars	y	blood	ring	ty
aid	while	mor	le	lone	tain	blood	na
hail	on	un	thou	phy	po	a	cer

CHARADE.

My first, a holy man or maid,
  Sought peace in hermit cell;
My second, by the Norsemen bold,
  Was thought in streams to dwell.
My third, in our surprise or joy,
  Is but an exclamation;
My last in kirtle and in snood,
  Is of the Scottish nation.
My whole has been to children dear
  For many a Christmas season;
And if I fail to please them now,
  I've neither rhyme nor reason.

QUERIES.

1. Out of what two words, containing not more than eleven letters, can you get over twenty pronouns?

2. Out of what word of five letters can you get eight verbs?

CONCEALED PROVERB.

Come, sister, with me, where the daisies grow;
If there 's nothing to hinder, let us go;
  But a little time we will stay.
There 's a wood that 's full of fairies and elves,
We can stay there awhile to rest ourselves;
  It is only a little way.

"CULPRIT FAY" ENIGMA.

The whole, composed of 31 letters, shows what the Lily-King's throne stood upon.

My 17, 5, 11, 24, 2, was the name of the court where the culprit, Fay, was tried.

My 12, 4, 25, 19, was what the "shapes of air around him cast."

My 25, 1, 4, 16, 17, 18, was what his poor little wings were.

My 9, 3, 8, 24, 14, 26, 27, worked him much evil.

My 3, 23, 21, 3, 13, 24, 27, 29, was one of the creatures that "stunned his ears."

My 11, 30, 26, 18, shows how he went "to the beach again."

My 9, 28, 17, 6, 31, was his boat.

My 22, 20, 7, 18, was his steed.

My 27, 3, 10, 19, 15, 26, 18, was the complexion of said steed.

REBUS, No. 2.

PARAPHRASE.

White parts of speech churned cream negative equality clips.

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REBUS, No. 3.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

The 4th, with his 6th, awoke the 5th. Her husband rushed out of the 3d, seized the 2d, and with a 7th sent it at the offender's head; it stunned him, and 1st and 9th (combined) carried him 8th for dinner. The man tore his coat in the scuffle, and the 5th, having the perpendicular letters in her pocket, mended it for him.

THREE EASY CHARADES.

1. My first is a part of the human frame;
   My second an exercise or a game;
   My whole a sin, a loss, and a shame.

2. Find my first, a feature, my second, a sphere,
   And my whole a part of my first will appear.

3. My first is a verb in the present tense;
   My second a verb in the past;
   My whole is a pretty play, and hence
   Some child will guess it at last.

TEN CONCEALED RIVERS.

Run, Ida, arouse Alfred, and tell him there is a horse in Ed's corn-field, a grizzly bear on his potato-patch in the yard, and one rather fat deer in the corner next to the barn, on the other side of the fence.

DECAPITATIONS.

Fill the first blank with the complete word, and decapitate at each succeeding blank.

EXAMPLE.—He tried to —— (1) himself for the —— (2), but came within an —— (3) of giving it up. (1) brace, (2) race, (3) ace.

1. Hunting for my ——
   Made me very ——
   And I scarcely ——
   Anything ——
2. If you subject —— to —— you may —— it.
3. Please give the —— the —— meal —— once.

PUZZLES.

1. I have wings and I fly, though I 'm not called a bird.
2. I am part of a hundred (e'en more than the third).
3. I am "A Number 1" with the most of mankind.
4. In France and in Germany me you will find.
5. My fifth in your hand you may frequently see,
   And my whole it is dreary and wretched to be.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

REBUS.—"Old Mother Hubbard,
Went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone."

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—A merry, merry Christmas.

CHARADE.—Patrimony.

SYNCOPATION.—Peony. pony.

CROSS WORD.—Glyptodon.

REBUS.—"A penny in pity may be a dollar in grace."

REBUS.—"Think well of the bridge that carries you safely over."

HIDDEN PARTS OF A BUILDING.—1.—Beam. 2.—Sash. 3.—Eaves. 4.—Cleat. 5.—Sill. 6.—Latch. 7.—Shelf. 8.—Post.

PUZZLE.—Chain, china, chin.

ELLIPSES.—1.—Mopes, poems. 2.—Stare, tears. 3.—Alert, alter. 4.—Sabre, bears. 5.—Words, sword. 6.—Snipe, pines. 7.—Horse, shore. 8.—Latent, talent.

STAR PUZZLE:

DECAPITATION.—Glove. love.

CHARADE, No. 2.—Firefly.

Correct answers to puzzles in ST. NICHOLAS have been received from L. Phelps, "Wrentham," Bessie Pedder, Saidie F. Davis, Lettie Brown, Annie Groce, Gracie Reed, Joseph Bird, Minnie E. Thomas, Arthur G. S., Christine, F. B. N., Noddy Boffin, John B. Crawford, Jr., Frank B. Taylor, W. C. Ford and Frank S. Palfrey.

Answers to Riddles in December Number of "Our Young Folks."

187.—

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      T
    D I D
  T I B E R
    D E N
      R
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188.—Clock, lock, rock, sock.

189.—"Aim to cancel all base aspirations."

190.—London.

191.—Pin. Kin. Tin. Sin. Din. Win. Bin. Fin. Gin.

192.—The damask rose.

193.—Lake, bake, Jake, cake, make, rake, take.

194.—Mastodon.

195.—"Walter on a spree."

196.—

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E M M A
M E A L
M A S T
A L T O
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197.—Solomon.

198.—1.—Ebro. 2.—Dwina. 3.—Ganges. 4.—Loire. 5.—Parana.

199.—Caledonians.

200.—Continue.

Sophie and William Winslow send answers to every puzzle in the December number of "Our Young Folks," and all are correct excepting 196 and 197.

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EDWARD JENNER.

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. I. MARCH, 1874. No. 5.

EDWARD JENNER.

BY CLARENCE COOK.

AS they open the bright pages of this number of ST. NICHOLAS, I hear the voices of many thousand children piping out, when they see this frontispiece, —"Who is he?"—"Who are they?"—"What is that naughty man doing to that poor little boy?" And my Tom here, with his long, fair curls tumbled about his chubby face, and who thinks himself a sailor-because he has on a blue sailor-suit, with anchors on the collar, wants to know "if that big man is going to tattoo the little naked boy?"

Now, this is not a naughty man at all, but a good man—a good, kind-hearted man. And he does not mean to hurt the little boy a bit. If you look sharp, you will see the boy is a brave chap. He is a little scared, to be sure; but he is as ready to laugh as to cry. The boy's name is Phipps. But you shall hear.

The picture is taken from a statue of a celebrated man, by Monteverde, an Italian sculptor, which was in the Vienna Exposition of last summer. The man's name is Jenner—Dr. Edward Jenner. It is known over the whole civilized world, and whenever it is spoken, some one is pretty sure to think a grateful thought about the man who owned it, for he made a discovery that has saved the lives of thousands of men, women, and children. I suppose there never lived a man who was the means of saving so many people from dying, and from dying by a horrible disease, as Dr. Jenner.

Edward Jenner was born in Berkeley, Gloucestershire, England, May 17, 1749, nearly 125 years ago. His father was a well-to-do clergyman, and Edward was brought up in comfort, and well taught. His father died when he was only five years old; but his elder brother, who was also a clergyman, took care of him, and was as good as a father to him. Edward Jenner was very fond of the country, and nearly all his life was spent in the neighborhood of the beautiful Vale of Gloucester, where he had the good fortune to be born. From a child, he showed a strong love of nature,—was ever observing and watching what was going on about him. He watched the birds so well, that what made his name first heard of in the world was an account he wrote of the cuckoo, a shy bird with strange habits, about whom very little was known before. Edward Jenner told people what he had seen with his own eyes of the habits of this bird; and what he had to tell was very curious, and showed a power for patient observation, and a skill in reasoning, that are certainly very uncommon. At that time people were just beginning to study the stones and rocks of which the earth is built; and here, again, Edward Jenner was able to be of great help, for the part of England where he lived was rich in fossils; and when he was still a boy, he had been attracted by these curious things, and had collected the best specimens, and studied over them, and thought about them, until, at last, he had come to understand something of their history, while few other people in the world at that time knew anything about the wonderful story these fossils have to tell.

While Edward Jenner was a young man, working and studying in a surgeon's office in a town called Sodbury, near Bristol, which is the chief town of Gloucestershire, he used to hear a good deal of talk about the small-pox. This disease makes great trouble in our own time, and when it is prevalent there is hardly any sickness people are more afraid of; but it is not so bad now-a-days as it was in Jenner's time. It was a frightful plague, and car-

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ried off in England alone, it is said, 45,000 people every year! Kings died of it, queens, princes, princesses, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the learned and the ignorant. When it appeared in an army, it often slew more than the sword, and our soldiers suffered grievously from this pestilence in the beginning of the War of Independence.

You may believe that many wise heads and kind hearts were trying to find out a way to fight this disease. Thirty-one years before Edward Jenner was born, a bright, witty lady, with a sharp tongue but a good heart,—Lady Mary Wortley Montague,—had found that in Turkey, where the small-pox raged terribly every year, they had a way of treating well people so as to give them the disease, but in a lighter and less dangerous form than if they took it in the common way. Well persons were willing to be made ill in this way, because they knew that small-pox very rarely comes to a person more than once. This was called inoculation, and Lady Mary, to show her faith, had her own son inoculated in 1718, and with perfect success. This was thought a great discovery, and so it was, for she had brought to notice a great principle; but something was wanting,—no one knew what,—only inoculation did not stop the small-pox, nor greatly check it, for soon it was raging as badly as ever.

It may have been fifty years after Lady Mary's brave experiment upon her son, that while Edward Jenner was an apprentice in that surgeon's office at Sodbury, a young milkmaid came in to the surgery one day, and happening to hear the medical men talking about the small-pox, she said that *she* was not afraid of catching it, for she had had the cow-pox. Little she knew what important words she had spoken; and, indeed, I suppose they only were important because an observing, thinking, quick-witted young man stood by to hear them.

The cow-pox is a disease of the eruptive kind, that shows itself on the udders of cows, and is sometimes caught by the people who are milking them. It is generally a mild disease, from which the cow suffers little, and the human being does not suffer seriously, being lightly ill for only a few days. Beside, it is not communicated as the small-pox is, by simply coming near the person who is ill with that disease; the matter that is in the little blisters on the cow's udder must get of itself under the skin of a human being, or be put under it, before it can be communicated. Now, it seems it had been known for many years in the grazing districts of England, that if this were done, and the human being had the cow-pox, there was little or no danger for him from the small-pox. And the farmers had been giving themselves the cow-pox, and giving it to their families, and thus keeping the dreaded small-pox at a safe distance, and nobody outside the farming district seems to have been the wiser for it. And respectable physicians, young and old, had been trundling about the country in their gigs, and looking wise, and shaking their heads over the small-pox, and never suspecting that the method of preventing it was all the time in use under their very eyes. How long this would have gone on who can tell, if thoughtful Edward Jenner had not listened to what the milkmaid said that morning in the surgery? But it set him thinking, in his slow, steady, earnest way; and the idea once seized, that here was the long-desired prevention, he never lost sight of it until he had proved it beyond a doubt. He thought about it so constantly, and talked about it so much, that his very friends,—and he had friends in all the country-side who loved his company,—became tired of hearing him, and laughed at him for his forever talking about the cow-pox and the small-pox. The medical men and scientific men in that country had a club, and Jenner would insist so on bringing in his hobby on all occasions, that, half in joke and half in earnest, a law was made that neither the small-pox nor cow-pox should ever be mentioned at their meetings!

But Edward Jenner was too much in earnest to be discouraged by snubs of this kind, and he kept on thinking and observing for twenty-six years; and at last, having satisfied himself that vaccinating for the small-pox was the true remedy, he made his first experiment on the 14th of May, 1796, inoculating a boy by the name of Phipps in the arm, from a pustule on the hand of a young woman who had taken the cow-pox from her master's cows. This was called vaccination, a word made from "*vacca*," the Latin word for "cow." Phipps had the cow-pox, and got well over it. Then, on the 1st of July, Jenner inoculated him for the small-pox, and, as he had predicted, Phipps did not take the disease.

This little boy, then, is Phipps,—bless him! He is a sturdy youngster, and does not look as pleased as he might at the honor that is being done him! Good Dr. Jenner has taken him out of his little bed and undressed him, so as the better to see him, and make sure that he is a healthy specimen of the baby species. He has got Phipps so nicely fixed that he cannot move, and yet he holds him with the utmost gentleness, so that Phipps has no excuse for crying. How earnest the sturdy, honest doctor is in his work! Look in his face and you will see that, though he is anxious about the result of his twenty-six years' study, yet he has a strong confidence too, and believes that he has been led into the way of truth.

Dr. Jenner made no secret of his great discovery,

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—tried to get no patent for it,—but freely gave it to the world. The Government, however, rewarded him handsomely, giving him £10,000 in 1802, and £20,000 five years later, in 1807. But he did not care for money, and he did not work for fame, so he continued to live quietly in his pleasant country home, amid his old friends and the old scenes, until his sudden, peaceful death in February, 1823, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. Few men have lived so happily, or have done so much good, yet it is fifty years after his death, and not in his England, but in far-away Italy, that gratitude to his memory is spoken in a statue!

Since this discovery of vaccination, the terrors of small-pox have nearly disappeared, and with good nursing, intelligent physicians are not much afraid of it. In many countries the government obliges every person to be vaccinated, and those who cannot pay a doctor are vaccinated free of charge at the public dispensaries.

HOW THE BULLFINCH IS TAUGHT TO SING.

By R. E. Hale.

Boys and girls are not the only little folk who attend singing classes, as you shall know when you hear about the piping bullfinch.

In shape and size this bullfinch is somewhat like the sparrows in our city parks, but he has a very different head. The sparrow, you know, has a trim, quick little pate of his own. Not so the bullfinch. *His* is a clumsy affair—in fact, he has a sort of "bull" head and neck; so, you see, he is well named. Besides, his body is nearly as black as a coal, and his throat is as red as if the coal were on fire. He is not naturally a singer, nor is he half so clever as our American mocking-bird. In fact, he seems rather stupid, but he is willing to learn; and so it happens that if you persevere long enough you can teach him to sing a tune.

HE HAS CAUGHT THE TUNE!

The country people of Germany have found this out. There the peasants take great delight in training bullfinches. Their pupils, not being very bright, as I said before, are stupidly hopping about their cages, when suddenly they hear a tune played upon a violin. They prick up their ears,—or would do so if they could,—and begin to listen, quite unconscious that that very same violin has been playing that very same tune for about a week without their noticing it. But it is something to catch their attention. Day after day, for months, the patient teacher goes over and over the same tune to the listening birds until human listeners begin to wonder which will get crazy first, the bullfinch or the player. But by and by the birds begin to pick up the air, piping the simple parts at first, and taking up note after note until, at last, they know the whole thing by heart. Sometimes a rustic father spends half his time all winter teaching one little patient bird, and

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the children look on with the greatest interest. Or a boy will undertake the task, and when he at last succeeds, his sisters look upon him as the most wonderful fellow in the world; and they cry in real earnest when the wonderful boy carries his pupil to town to be sold; for sold these bullfinches are sure to be as soon as they are taught, or else exhibited by their owners as street singers. Sometimes bird-teachers are known far and wide for their skill and success; and at Freiburg, in Baden, and small villages on the outskirts of the Black Forest, bullfinch-training is practiced as a regular business. In such cases a small hurdy-gurdy, or "bird organ" is used, as being less difficult and tiresome than the violin; and, instead of training one bird, they teach the same tune to a class of ten or a dozen.

Generally, the birds are sent to London or Paris, where, if they have learned their lessons thoroughly, they are bought by rich folk, put into beautiful cages and treated as pets, whilst other bullfinches, having trifled away their school-days and only half learned their tune, live a vagrant life around the markets, belonging to nobody, and picking up their dinner as best they can.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER X.

A MEETING ON THE ROAD.

SOME weeks before the little affair between Blinks and Holly, related in our last chapter, Harry and Kate took a ride over to the railroad station.

During the winter, Harry had frequently gone over on horseback to attend to the payments for his wood; and now that the roads were in fit condition for carriage travel, he was glad to have an opportunity to take the buggy and give Kate a ride.

For some days previously Crooked Creek had been "up;" that is, the spring rains had caused it to overflow, and all travel across it had been suspended. The bridges on such occasions,—and Crooked Creek had a bad habit of being "up" several times in the course of a year,—were covered, and the lowlands were under water for a considerable distance on each side of the stream. There were so few boats on the creek, and the current, in times of freshets, was so strong, that ferriage was seldom thought of. In consequence of this state of affairs Harry had not heard from his wood-cutters for more than a week, as they had not been able to cross the creek to their homes. It was, therefore, as much to see how they were getting along as to attend to financial matters that he took this trip.

It was a fine, bright day in very early spring, and old Selim trotted on quite gaily. Before very long they overtook Miles Jackson, jogging along on a little bay horse.

Miles was a black man; very sober and sedate, who, for years, had carried the mail twice a week from a station further up the railroad to the village. But he was not a mail-carrier now. His employer, a white man, who had the contract for carrying the mails, had also gone into another business which involved letter-carrying.

A few miles back from the village of Akeville, where the Loudons lived, was a mica mine, which had recently been bought, and was now worked by a company from the North. This mica (the semi-transparent substance that is set into stove doors), proved to be very plentiful and valuable, and the company had a great deal of business on their hands. It was frequently necessary to send messages and letters to the North, and these were always carried over to the station on the other side of Crooked Creek, where there was a daily mail and a telegraph office. The contract to carry these letters and messages to and from the mines had been given to Miles' employer, and the steady negro man had been taken off the mail-route to attend to this new business.

"Well, Miles," said Harry, as he overtook him. "How do you like riding on this road?"

"How d' y', Mah'sr Harry? How d' y', Miss Kate?" said the colored man, touching his hat and riding up on the side of the road to let them pass. "I do' know how I likes it yit, Mah'sr Harry. Don't seem 'xactly nat'ral after ridin' de oder road so long!"

"You have a pretty big letter-bag there," said Harry.

"Dat 's so," said Miles; "but 't aint dis big ebery day. Sence de creek 's been up I haint been able to git across, and dere 's piles o' letters to go ober to-day."

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"It must make it rather bad for the company when the creek rises in this way," said Harry.

"Dat 's so," answered Miles. "Dey gits in a heap o' trubble when dey can't send dere letters and git 'em. Though 't aint so many letters dey sends as telegraphs."

"It 's a pity they could n't have had their mine on the other side," remarked Kate.

"Dat 's so, Miss Kate," said Miles, gravely. "I reckon dey did n't know about de creek's gittin' up so often, or dey 'd dug dere mine on de oder side."

Harry and Kate laughed and drove on.

They soon reached Mr. Loudon's woods, but found no wood-cutters.

When they arrived at the station they saw Dick Ford and John Walker on the store-porch.

Harry soon discovered that no wood had been cut for several days, because the creek was up.

"What had that to do with it?" asked Harry.

"Why, you see, Mah'sr Harry," said John Walker, "de creek was mighty high, and dere was no knowin' how things ud turn out. So we thought we 'd jist wait and see."

"So you 've been here all the time?"

"Yes, sir; been h'yar all de time. Could n't go home, you know."

Harry was very sorry to hear of this lost time, for he knew that his wood-cutting would come to an end as soon as the season was sufficiently advanced to give the men an opportunity of hiring themselves for farm-work; but it was of no use to talk any more about it; and so, after depositing Kate at the post-office, where the post-mistress, who knew her well, gave her a nice little "snack" of buttermilk, cold fried chicken and "light-bread," he went to the station and transacted his business. He had not been there for some weeks, and he found quite a satisfactory sum of money due him, in spite of the holiday his men had taken. He then arranged with Dick and John to work on for a week or two longer,—if "nothing happened,"—and after attending to some commissions for the family, he and Kate set out for home.

But nothing they had done that day was of so much importance as their meeting with Miles turned out to be.

CHAPTER XI.

ROB.

BLINKS was not the only dog on the Loudon place. There was another one, a much larger fellow, named Rob.

Rob was a big puppy, in the first place, and then he grew up to be a tall, long-legged dog, who was not only very fond of Harry and Kate but of almost everybody else. In time he filled out and became rather more shapely, but he was always an ungainly dog,—"too big for his size," as Harry put it.

It was supposed that Rob was partly bloodhound, but how much of him was bloodhound it would have been very difficult to say. Kate thought it was only his ears. They resembled the ears of a picture of a beautiful African bloodhound that she had in a book. At all events Rob showed no signs of any fighting ancestry. He was as gentle as a calf. Even Blinks was a better watch-dog. But then, Rob was only a year old, and he might improve in time.

But, in spite of his general inutility, Rob was a capital companion on a country ramble.

And so it happened, one bright day towards the close of April, that he and Harry and Kate went out together into the woods, beyond Aunt Matilda's cabin. Kate's objects in taking the walk were wild flowers and general Spring investigations into the condition of the woods; but Harry had an eye to business, although to hear him talk you would have supposed that he thought as much about ferns and flowers as Kate did.

Harry had an idea that it might possibly be a good thing to hire negroes that year to pick sumac for him. He was not certain that he could make it pay, but it was on his mind to such a degree that he took a great interest in the sumac bushes, and hunted about the edges of the woods, where the bushes were generally found, to see what was the prospect for a large crop of leaves that year.

They were in the woods, about a mile from Aunt Matilda's cabin, and not very far from a road, when they separated for a short time. Harry went on ahead, continuing his investigations, while Kate remained in a little open glade, where she found some flowers that she determined to dig up by the roots and transplant into her garden at home.

While she was at work she heard a heavy step behind her, and, looking up, she saw a tall man standing by her. He had red hair, a red face, a red bristling moustache, and big red hands.

"How d' ye do?" said the man.

Kate stood up, with the plants, which she had just succeeded in getting out of the ground, in her apron.

"Good morning, sir," said she.

The man looked at her from head to foot, and then he said, "Shake hands!" holding out his big red hand.

But Kate did not offer to take it.

"Did n't you hear me?" said he. "I said, 'Shake hands.'"

"I heard you," said Kate.

"Well, why don't you do it, then?"

Kate did not answer, and the man repeated his question.

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"Well then, if I must tell you," said she; "in the first place, I don't know you; and, then, I 'd rather not shake hands with you, anyway, because your hands are so dirty."

This might not have been very polite in Kate, but she was a straightforward girl, and the man's hands were very dirty indeed, although water was to be had in such abundance.

"What 's your name?" said the man, with his face considerably redder than before.

"Kate Loudon," said the girl.

"Oh, ho! Loudon, is it? Well, Kate Loudon, if my hand 's too dirty to shake, you 'll find it is n't too dirty to box your ears."

Kate turned pale and shrank back against a tree. She gave a hurried glance into the woods, and then she called out, as loudly as she could:

"*Harry!*"

The man, who had made a step towards her, now stopped and looked around, as if he would like to know who Harry was, before going any further.

Just then, Harry, who had heard Kate's call, came running up.

When the man saw him he seemed relieved, and a curious smile stretched itself beneath his bristling red moustache.

"What 's the matter?" cried Harry.

"Oh, Harry!" Kate exclaimed, as she ran to him.

"Matter?" said the man. "The matter 's this, I 'm going to box her ears."

"Whose ears?"

"That girl's," replied the red-faced man, moving towards Kate.

"My sister! Not much!"

And Harry stepped between Kate and the man.

The man stood and looked at him, and he looked very angrily, too.

But Harry stood bravely before his sister. His face was flushed and his breath came quickly, though he was not frightened, not a whit!

And yet there was absolutely nothing that he could do. He had not his gun with him; he had not even a stick in his hand, and a stick would have been of little use against such a strong man as that, who could have taken Harry in his big red hands and have thrown him over the highest fence in the county.

But for all that, the boy stood boldly up before his sister.

The man looked at him without a word, and then he stepped aside towards a small dogwood bush.

For an instant, Harry thought that they might run away; but it was only for an instant. That long-legged man could catch them before they had gone a dozen yards,—at least he could catch Kate.

The man took out a knife and cut a long and tolerably thick switch from the bush. Then he cut off the smaller end and began to trim away the twigs and leaves.

While doing this he looked at Harry, and said:

"I think I 'll take you first."

Kate's heart almost stopped beating when she heard this, and Harry turned pale; but still the brave boy stood before his sister as stoutly as ever.

Kate tried to call for help, but she had no voice. What could *she* do? A boxing on the ears was nothing, she now thought; she wished she had not called out, for it was evident that Harry was going to get a terrible whipping.

She could not bear it! Her dear brother!

She trembled so much that she could not stand, and she sank down on her knees. Rob, the dog, who had been lying near by, snapping at flies, all this time, now came up to comfort her.

"Oh, Rob!" she whispered, "I wish you were a cross dog."

And Rob wagged his tail and lay down by her.

"I wonder," she thought to herself, "oh! I wonder if anyone could make him bite."

"Rob!" she whispered in the dog's ear, keeping her eyes fixed on the man, who had now nearly finished trimming his stick. "Rob! hiss-s-s-s!" and she patted his back.

Rob seemed to listen very attentively.

"Hiss-s-s!" she whispered again, her heart beating quick and hard.

Rob now raised his head, his big body began to quiver, and the hair on his back gradually rose on end.

"Hiss! Rob! Rob!" whispered Kate.

The man had shut up his knife, and was putting it in his pocket. He took the stick in his right hand.

All now depended on Rob.

"Oh! will he?" thought Kate, and then she sprang to her feet and clapped her hands.

"Catch him, Rob!" she screamed. "Catch him!"

With a rush, Rob hurled himself full at the breast of the man, and the tall fellow went over backwards, just like a ten-pin.

Then he was up and out into the road, Rob after him!

You ought to have seen the gravel fly!

Harry and Kate ran out into the road and cheered and shouted. Away went the man and away went the dog.

Up the road, into the brush, out again, and then into a field, down a hill, nip and tuck! At Tom Riley's fence, Rob got him by the leg, but the

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trowsers were old and the piece came out; and then the man dashed into Riley's old tobacco barn, and slammed the door almost on the dog's nose.

Rob ran around the house to see if there was an open window, and finding none, he went back to the door and lay down to wait.

Harry and Kate ran home as fast as they could, and after awhile Rob came too. He had waited a reasonable time at the door of the barn, but the man had not come out.

CHAPTER XII.

TONY ON THE WAR-PATH.

"SHE did it all," said Harry, when they had told the tale to half the village, on the store-porch.

"I!" exclaimed Kate. "Rob, you mean."

"That 's a good dog," said Mr. Darby, the store-keeper; "what 'll you take for him?"

"Not for sale," said Harry.

"Rob 's all very well," remarked Tony Kirk; "but it won't do to have a feller like that in the woods, a fright'nin' the children. I 'd like to know who he is."

Just at this moment Uncle Braddock made his appearance, hurrying along much faster than he usually walked, with his eyes and teeth glistening in the sunshine.

"I seed him!" he cried, as soon as he came up.

"Who 'd you see?" cried several persons.

"Oh! I seed de dog after him, and I come along as fas' as I could, but could n't come very fas'. De ole wrapper cotch de wind."

"Who was it?" asked Tony.

"I seed him a-runnin'. Bress my soul! de dog like to got him!"

"But who was he, Uncle Braddock?" said Mr. Loudon, who had just reached the store from his house, where Kate, who had run home, had told the story. "Do you know him?"

"Know him? Reckon I does!" said Uncle Braddock, "an' de dog ud a knowed him, too, ef he 'd a cotched him! Dat 's so, Mah'sr John."

"Well, tell us his name, if you know him," said Mr. Darby.

"Ob course, I knows him," said Uncle Braddock. "I 'se done knowed him fur twenty or fifty years. He 's George Mason."

The announcement of this name caused quite a sensation in the party.

"I thought he was down in Mississippi," said one man.

"So he was, I reckons," said Uncle Braddock, "but he 's done come back now. I 'se seed him afore to-day, and Aunt Matilda 's seed him, too. Yah, ha! Dat dere dog come mighty nigh cotchin' him!"

George Mason had been quite a noted character in that neighborhood five or six years before. He belonged to a good family, but was of a lawless disposition and was generally disliked by the decent people of the county. Just before he left for the extreme Southern States it was discovered that he had been concerned in a series of horse-thefts, for which he would have been arrested had he not taken his departure from the state.

Few people, excepting Mr. Loudon and one or two others, knew the extent of his misdemeanors; and out of regard to his family these had not been made public. But he had the reputation of being a wild, disorderly man, and now that it was known that he had contemplated boxing Kate Loudon's ears and whipping Harry, the indignation was very great.

Harry and Kate were favorites with everybody,—white and black.

"I tell ye what I 'm goin' to do," said Tony Kirk, "I 'm goin' after that feller."

At this, half a dozen men offered to go along with Tony.

"What will you do, if you find him?" asked Mr. Loudon.

"That depends on circumstances," replied Tony.

"I am willing to have you go," said Mr. Loudon, who was a magistrate and a gentleman of much influence in the village, "on condition that if you find him you offer him no violence. Tell him to leave the county, and say to him, from me, that if he is found here again he shall be arrested."

"All right," said Tony; and he proceeded to make up his party.

There were plenty of volunteers; and for awhile it was thought that Uncle Braddock intended to offer to go. But, if so, he must have changed his mind, for he soon left the village and went over to Aunt Matilda's and had a good talk with her. The old woman was furiously angry when she heard of the affair.

"I wish I 'd a been a little quicker," she said, "and dere would n't a been a red spot on him."

Uncle Braddock did n't know exactly what she meant; but he wished so, too.

Tony did n't want a large party. He chose four men who could be depended upon, and they started out that evening.

It was evident that Mason knew how to keep himself out of sight, for he had been in the vicinity a week or more,—as Tony discovered, after a visit to Aunt Matilda,—and no white person had seen him.

But Tony thought he knew the country quite as well as George Mason did, and he felt sure he should find him.

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His party searched the vicinity quite thoroughly that night, starting from Tom Riley's tobacco barn; but they saw nothing of their man; and in the morning they made the discovery that Mason had borrowed one of Riley's horses, without the knowledge of its owner, and had gone off, north of the mica mine. Some negroes had seen him riding away.

"IN SINGLE FILE, TONY IN THE LEAD."

So Tony and his men took horses and rode away after him. Each of them carried his gun, for they did not know in what company they might find Mason. A man who steals horses is generally considered, especially in the country, to be wicked enough to do anything.

At a little place called Jordan's cross-roads, they were sure they had come upon him. Tom Riley's horse was found at the blacksmith's shop at the cross-roads, and the blacksmith said that he had been left there to have a shoe put on, and that the man who had ridden him had gone on over the fields towards a house on the edge of the woods, about a mile away.

So Tony and his men rode up to within a half-mile of the house, and then they dismounted, tied their horses and proceeded on foot. They kept, as far as possible, under cover of the tall weeds and bushes, and hurried along silently and in single file, Tony in the lead. Thus they soon reached the house, when they quietly surrounded it.

But George Mason played them a pretty trick.

(To be continued.)

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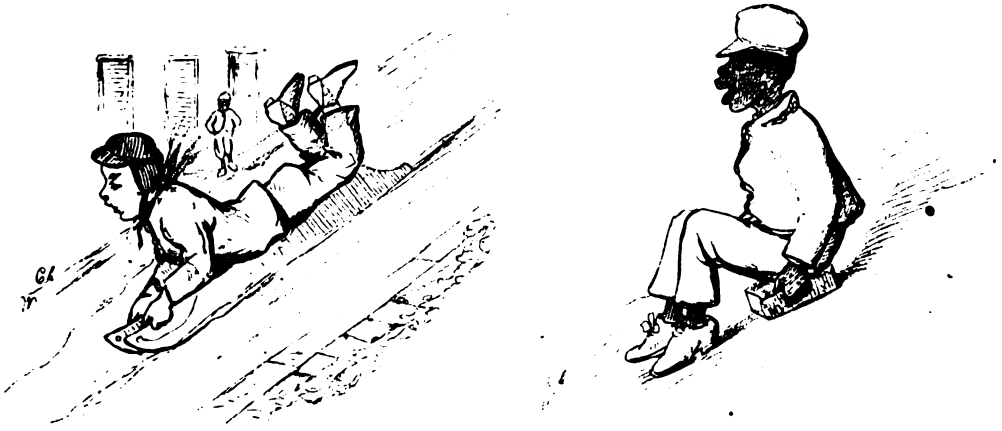

FOLLOWING A GOOD EXAMPLE.

THE GALLANT OUTRIDERS.

"WHERE have you been, my children,—
Where have you been, I pray?"
"Oh, but we've been a-riding,
A-riding the live-long day."

"And how did you ride, my darlings;
And where did all of you go?"
"We all of us went on horseback,
A-galloping in a row.

"Jack had the whole of the saddle;
I held on to the tail;
And Leslie, under the fore-feet,
Managed to ride the rail.

"Jacky galloped and cantered,—
Played he galloped, I mean;
For Les. and I did the rocking
And Jack just rode between.

"Oh, didn't our animal caper
As he hitched himself along!
We might have kept on forever,
If they'd only made him strong.

"But when I pitched on the carpet,
His tail so tight in my hand,
And Les. from the rail fell kicking,
Why, horsey came to a stand.

"If Les. had only kept quiet
We might have played we were dead;
I don't see the sense in yelling
Because you have bumped your head.

"Jacky held on like a good one,
And looked as fine as a fiddle,—
But it's nothing to ride a-horseback
If a fellow is on the middle."

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ROSES AND FORGET-ME-NOTS.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

I.

ROSES.

IT was a cold November storm, and everything looked forlorn. Even the pert sparrows were draggled-tailed and too much out of spirits to fight for crumbs with the fat pigeons who tripped through the mud with their little red boots as if in haste to get back to their cosy home in the dove-cot.

But the most forlorn creature out that day was a small errand girl, with a bonnet-box on each arm, and both hands struggling to hold a big, broken umbrella. A pair of worn-out boots let in the wet upon her tired feet; a thin cotton dress and an old shawl poorly protected her from the storm; and a faded hood covered her head.

The face that looked out from this hood was too pale and anxious for one so young; and when a sudden gust turned the old umbrella inside out with a crash, despair fell upon poor Lizzie, and she was so miserable she could have sat down in the rain and cried.

But there was no time for tears; so, dragging the dilapidated umbrella along, she spread her shawl over the bonnet-boxes and hurried down the broad street, eager to hide her misfortunes from a pretty young girl who stood at a window laughing at her.

She could not find the number of the house where one of the fine hats was to be left; and after hunting all down one side of the street she crossed over and came at last to the very house where the pretty girl lived. She was no longer to be seen; and, with a sigh of relief, Lizzie rang the bell, and was told to wait in the hall while Miss Belle tried the hat on.

Glad to rest, she warmed her feet, righted her umbrella, and then sat looking about her with eyes quick to see the beauty and the comfort that made the place so homelike and delightful. A small waiting-room opened from the hall, and in it stood many blooming plants, whose fragrance attracted Lizzie as irresistibly as if she had been a butterfly or bee.

Slipping in, she stood enjoying the lovely colors, sweet odors and delicate shapes of these household spirits; for Lizzie loved flowers passionately; and just then they possessed a peculiar charm for her.

One particularly captivating little rose won her heart, and made her long for it with a longing that became a temptation too strong to resist. It was so perfect; so like a rosy face smiling out from the green leaves, that Lizzie could *not* keep her hands off it, and having smelt, touched and kissed it, she suddenly broke the stem and hid it in her pocket. Then, frightened at what she had done, she crept back to her place in the hall and sat there burdened with remorse.

A servant came just then to lead her up stairs, for Miss Belle wished the hat altered and must give directions. With her heart in a flutter and pinker roses in her cheeks than the one in her pocket, Lizzie followed to a handsome room, where a pretty girl stood before a long mirror with the hat in her hand.

"Tell Madame Tifany that I don't like it at all, for she has n't put in the blue plume mamma ordered, and I won't have rose-buds; they are so common," said the young lady, in a dissatisfied tone, as she twirled the hat about.

"Yes, miss," was all Lizzie could say; for *she* considered that hat the loveliest thing a girl could possibly own.

"You had better ask your mamma about it, Miss Belle, before you give any orders. She will be up in a few moments, and the girl can wait," put in a maid, who was sewing in the anteroom.

"I suppose I must; but I *won't* have roses, answered Belle, crossly. Then she glanced at Lizzie and said more gently, "You look very cold; come and sit by the fire while you wait."

"I 'm afraid I 'll wet the pretty rug, miss; my feet are sopping," said Lizzie, gratefully, but timidly.

"So they are! Why did n't you wear rubber boots?"

"I have n't got any."

"I 'll give you mine, then, for I hate them; and as I never go out in wet weather, they are of no earthly use to me. Marie, bring them here; I shall be glad to get rid of them; and I 'm sure they 'll be useful to you."

"Oh, thank you, miss! I 'd like 'em ever so

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much, for I 'm out in the rain half the time and get bad colds because my boots are old," said Lizzie, smiling brightly at the thought of the welcome gift.

"I should think your mother would get you warmer things," began Belle, who found something rather interesting in the shabby girl, with shy, bright eyes, and curly hair bursting out of the old hood.

"I have n't got any mother," said Lizzie, with a pathetic glance at her poor clothes.

"I 'm so sorry! Have you brothers and sisters?" asked Belle, hoping to find something pleasant to talk about; for she was a kind little soul.

"No, miss; I 've got no folks at all."

"Oh, dear; how sad! Why, who takes care of you?" cried Belle, looking quite distressed.

"No one; I take care of myself. I work for Madame, and she pays me a dollar a week. I stay with Mrs. Brown and chore round to pay for my keep. My dollar don't get many clothes, so I can't be as neat as I 'd like." And the forlorn look came back to poor Lizzie's face.

Belle said nothing, but sat among the sofa cushions, where she had thrown herself, looking soberly at this other girl, no older than she was, who took care of herself and was all alone in the world. It was a new idea to Belle, who was loved and petted as an only child is apt to be. She often saw beggars and pitied them, but knew very little about their wants and lives; so it was like turning a new page in her happy life to be brought so near to poverty as this chance meeting with the milliner's girl.

"Are n't you afraid and lonely and unhappy?" she said slowly, trying to understand and put herself in Lizzie's place.

"Yes; but it 's no use. I can't help it, and may be things will get better by and by, and I 'll have my wish," answered Lizzie, more hopefully, because Belle's pity warmed her heart and made her troubles seem lighter.

"What is your wish?" asked Belle, hoping Mamma would n't come just yet, for she was getting interested in the stranger.

"To have a nice little room, and make flowers like a French girl I know. It 's such pretty work, and she gets lots of money, for everyone likes her flowers. She shows me how, sometimes, and I can do leaves first-rate; but ——"

There Lizzie stopped suddenly, and the color rushed up to her forehead; for she remembered the little rose in her pocket and it weighed upon her conscience like a stone.

Before Belle could ask what was the matter, Marie came in with a tray of cake and fruit, saying:

"Here 's your lunch, Miss Belle."

"Put it down, please; I 'm not ready for it yet." And Belle shook her head as she glanced at Lizzie, who was staring hard at the fire with such a troubled face that Belle could not bear to see it.

Jumping out of her nest of cushions, she heaped a plate with good things, and going to Lizzie, offered it, saying, with a gentle courtesy that made the act doubly sweet:

"Please have some; you must be tired of waiting."

But Lizzie could not take it; she could only cover her face and cry, for this kindness rent her heart and made the stolen flower a burden too heavy to be borne.

"Oh, don't cry so! Are you sick? Have I been rude? Tell me all about it; and if I can't do anything, mamma can," said Belle, surprised and troubled.

"No; I 'm not sick; I 'm bad, and I can't bear it when you are so good to me," sobbed Lizzie, quite overcome with penitence; and taking out the crumpled rose, she confessed her fault with many tears.

"Don't feel so much about such a little thing as that," began Belle, warmly, then checked herself and added more soberly, "It *was* wrong to take it without leave, but it 's all right now, and I 'll give you as many roses as you want, for I know you are a good girl."

"Thank you. I did n't want it only because it was pretty, but I wanted to copy it. I can't get any for myself, and so I can't do my make-believe ones well. Madame won't even lend me the old ones in the store, and Estelle has none to spare for me, because I can't pay her for teaching me. She gives me bits of muslin and wire and things, and shows me now and then. But I know if I had a real flower I could copy it; so she 'd see I did know something, for I try real hard. I 'm *so* tired of slopping round the streets I 'd do anything to earn my living some other way."

Lizzie had poured out her trouble rapidly, and the little story was quite affecting when one saw the tears on her cheeks, the poor clothes and the thin hands that held the stolen rose. Belle was much touched, and, in her impetuous way, set about mending matters as fast as possible.

"Put on those boots and that pair of dry stockings right away. Then tuck as much cake and fruit into your pocket as it will hold. I 'm going to get you some flowers and see if mamma is too busy to attend to me."

With a nod and a smile Belle flew about the room a minute, then vanished, leaving Lizzie to her comfortable task, feeling as if fairies still haunted the world as in the good old times.

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When Belle came back with a handful of roses, she found Lizzie absorbed in admiring contemplation of her new boots as she ate sponge-cake in a blissful sort of waking dream.

"Mamma can't come; but I don't care about the hat. It will do very well, and is n't worth fussing about. There, will those be of any use to you?" And she offered the nosegay with a much happier face than the one Lizzie first saw.

"Oh, miss, they're just lovely? I'll copy that pink rose as soon as ever I can, and when I've learned how to do 'em tip top I'd like to bring you some, if you don't mind," answered Lizzie, smiling all over her face as she buried her nose luxuriously in the fragrant mass.

"I'd like it very much, for I should think you'd have to be very clever to make such pretty things. I really quite fancy those rose-buds in my hat, now I know that you're going to learn how to make them. Put an orange in your pocket, and the flowers in water as soon as you can, so they'll be fresh when you want them. Good by. Bring home our hats every time and tell me how you get on."

With kind words like these Belle dismissed Lizzie, who ran down stairs, feeling as rich as if she had found a fortune. Away to the next place she hurried, anxious to get her errands done and the precious posy safely into fresh water. But Mrs. Turretville was not at home, and the bonnet could not be left till paid for. So Lizzie turned to go down the high steps, glad that she need not wait. She stopped one instant to take a delicious sniff at her flowers, and that was the last happy moment that poor Lizzie knew for many weary months.

The new boots were large for her, the steps slippery with sleet, and down went the little errand girl, from top to bottom, till she landed in the gutter directly upon Mrs. Turretville's costly bonnet.

"I've saved my posies, anyway," sighed Lizzie, as she picked herself up, bruised, wet and faint with pain; "but, oh, my heart! won't Madame scold when she sees that band-box smashed flat," groaned the poor child, sitting on the curbstone to get her breath and view the disaster.

The rain poured, the wind blew, the sparrows on the park railing chirped derisively, and no one came along to help Lizzie out of her troubles. Slowly she gathered up her burdens; painfully she limped away in the big boots, and the last the naughty sparrows saw of her was a shabby little figure going round the corner, with a pale, tearful face held lovingly over the bright bouquet that was her one treasure and her only comfort in the moment which brought to her the great misfortune of her life.

II.

FORGET-ME-NOTS.

"Oh, mamma, I am so relieved that the box has come at last! If it had not, I do believe I should have died of disappointment," cried pretty Belle, five years later, on the morning before her eighteenth birthday.

"It would have been a serious disappointment, darling, for I had set my heart on your wearing my gift to-morrow night, and when the steamers kept coming in without my trunk from Paris, I was very anxious. I hope you will like it, dear."

"Dear mamma, I know I shall like it; your taste is so good and you know what suits me so well. Make haste, Marie; I'm dying to see it," said Belle, dancing about the great trunk, as the maid carefully unfolded tissue papers and muslin wrappers.

A young girl's first ball-dress is a grand affair,—in her eyes, at least; and Belle soon stopped dancing to stand with clasped hands, eager eyes and parted lips before the snowy pile of illusion that was at last daintily lifted out upon the bed. Then, as Marie displayed its loveliness, little shrieks of delight were heard, and when the whole delicate dress was arranged to the best effect she threw herself upon her mother's neck and actually cried with pleasure.

"Mamma, it is too lovely! and you are very kind to do so much for me. How shall I ever thank you?"

"By putting it right on to see if it fits; and when you wear it look your happiest, that I may be proud of my pretty daughter."

Mamma got no further, for Marie uttered a French shriek, wrung her hands, and then began to burrow wildly in the trunk and among the papers, crying distractedly:

"Great heavens, madame! the wreath has been forgotten! *Ma foi!* what an affliction! Mademoiselle's enchanting toilette is destroyed without the wreath, and nowhere do I find it."

In vain they searched; in vain Marie wailed and Belle declared it must be somewhere; no wreath appeared. It was duly set down in the bill, and a fine sum charged for a head-dress to match the dainty forgot-me-nots that looped the fleecy skirts and ornamented the bosom of the dress. It had evidently been forgotten; and Mamma despatched Marie at once to try and match the flowers, for Belle would not hear of any other decoration for her beautiful blonde hair.

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The dress fitted to a charm, and was pronounced by all beholders the loveliest thing ever seen. Nothing was wanted but the wreath to make it quite perfect, and when Marie returned, after a long search, with no forget-me-nots, Belle was in despair.

"Wear natural ones," suggested a sympathizing friend.

But another hunt among greenhouses was as fruitless as that among the milliners' rooms. No forget-me-nots could be found, and Marie fell exhausted into a chair, desolated at what she felt to be an awful calamity.

"Let me have the carriage, and I 'll ransack the city till I find some," cried Belle, growing more resolute with each failure.

Mamma was deep in preparations for the ball, and could not help her afflicted daughter, though she was much disappointed at the mishap. So Belle drove off, resolved to have her flowers whether there were any or not.

Anyone who has ever tried to match a ribbon, find a certain fabric, or get anything done in a hurry, knows what a wearisome task it sometimes is, and can imagine Belle's state of mind after repeated disappointments. She was about to give up in despair when some one suggested that perhaps the Frenchwoman, Estelle Valnor, might make the desired wreath, if there was time.

Away drove Belle, and, on entering the room, gave a sigh of satisfaction, for a whole boxful of the loveliest forget-me-nots stood upon the table. As fast as possible, she told her tale and demanded the flowers, no matter what the price might be. Imagine her feelings when the Frenchwoman, with a shrug, announced that it was impossible to give mademoiselle a single spray. All were engaged to trim a bridesmaid's dress, and must be sent away at once.

It really was too bad! and Belle lost her temper entirely, for no persuasion or bribes would win a spray from Estelle. The provoking part of it was that the wedding would not come off for several days, and there was time enough to make more flowers for that dress, since Belle only wanted a few for her hair. Neither would Estelle make her any, as her hands were full, and so small an order was not worth deranging one's self for; but observing Belle's sorrowful face, she said, affably:

"Mademoiselle may, perhaps, find the flowers she desires at Miss Berton's. She has been helping me with these garlands, and may have some left. Here is her address."

Belle took the card with thanks, and hurried away with a last hope faintly stirring in her girlish heart, for Belle had an unusually ardent wish to look her best at this party, since Somebody was to be there, and Somebody considered forget-me-nots the sweetest flowers in the world. Mamma knew this, and the kiss Belle gave her when the dress came had a more tender meaning than gratified vanity or daughterly love.

Up many stairs she climbed, and came at last to a little room, very poor but very neat, where, at the one window, sat a young girl, with crutches by her side and her lap full of flower-leaves and petals. She rose slowly as Belle came in, and then stood looking at her, with such a wistful expression in her shy, bright eyes, that Belle's anxious face cleared involuntarily, and her voice lost its impatient tone.

As she spoke she glanced about the room, hoping to see some blue blossoms awaiting her. But none appeared; and she was about to despond again, when the girl said, gently:

"I have none by me now, but I may be able to find you some."

"Thank you very much; but I have been everywhere in vain. Still, if you do get any, please send them to me as soon as possible. Here is my card."

Miss Berton glanced at it, then cast a quick look at the sweet, anxious face before her, and smiled so brightly that Belle smiled also, and asked, wonderingly:

"What is it? What do you see?"

"I see the dear young lady who was so kind to me long ago. You don't remember me, and never knew my name; but I never have forgotten you all these years. I always hoped I could do something to show how grateful I was, and now I can, for you shall have your flowers if I sit up all night to make them."

But Belle still shook her head and watched the smiling face before her with wondering eyes, till the girl added, with sudden color in her cheeks:

"Ah, you 've done so many kind things in your life, you don't remember the little errand girl from Madame Tifany's who stole a rose in your hall, and how you gave her rubber boots and cake and flowers, and were so good to her she could n't forget it if she lived to be a hundred."

"But you are so changed," began Belle, who did faintly recollect that little incident in her happy life.

"Yes, I had a fall and hurt myself so that I shall always be lame."

And Lizzie went on to tell how Madame had dismissed her in a rage; how she lay ill till Mrs. Brown sent her to the hospital; and how for a year she had suffered much alone, in that great house of pain, before one of the kind visitors had befriended her.

While hearing the story of the five years, that had been so full of pleasure, ease and love for herself,

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Belle forgot her errand, and, sitting beside Lizzie, listened with pitying eyes to all she told of her endeavors to support herself by the delicate handiwork she loved.

"I 'm very happy now," ended Lizzie, looking about the little bare room with a face full of the sweetest content. "I get nearly work enough to pay my way, and Estelle sends me some when she has more than she can do. I 've learned to do it nicely, and it is so pleasant to sit here and make flowers instead of trudging about in the wet with other people's hats. Though I do sometimes wish I was able to trudge, one gets on so slowly with crutches."

"LIZZIE KNELT DOWN TO ARRANGE THE AIRY SKIRT."

A little sigh followed the words, and Belle put her own plump hand on the delicate one that held the crutch, saying, in her cordial young voice:

"I 'll come and take you to drive sometimes, for you are too pale, and you 'll get ill sitting here at work day after day. Please let me; I 'd love to; for I feel so idle and wicked when I see busy people like you that I reproach myself for neglecting my duty and having more than my share of happiness."

Lizzie thanked her with a look, and then said, in a tone of interest that was delightful to hear:

"Tell about the wreath you want; I should so love to do it for you, if I can."

Belle had forgotten all about it in listening to this sad little story of a girl's life. Now she felt half ashamed to talk of so frivolous a matter till she remembered that it would help Lizzie; and, resolving to pay for it as never garland was paid for before, she entered upon the subject with renewed interest.

"You shall have the flowers in time for your ball to-morrow night. I will engage to make a wreath that will please you, only it may take longer than I think. Don't be troubled if I don't send it till evening; it will surely come in time. I can work fast, and this will be the happiest job I ever did," said Lizzie, beginning to lay out mysterious little tools and bend delicate wires.

"You are altogether too grateful for the little I did. It makes me feel ashamed to think I did not find you out before and do something better worth thanks."

"Ah, it was n't the boots or the cake or the roses, dear Miss Belle. It was the kind looks, the gentle words, the way you did it all, that went right to my heart, and did me more good than a million of money. I never stole a pin after that day, for the little rose would n't let me forget how you forgave me so sweetly. I sometimes think it kept me from greater temptations, for I was a poor, forlorn child, with no one to keep me good."

Pretty Belle looked prettier than ever as she listened, and a bright tear stood in either eye like a drop of dew on a blue flower. It touched her very much to learn that her little act of childish charity had been so sweet and helpful to this lonely girl, and now lived so freshly in her grateful memory. It showed her, suddenly, how precious little deeds of love and sympathy are; how strong to bless, how easy to perform, how comfortable to recall. Her heart was very full and tender just then, and the lesson sunk deep into it never to be forgotten.

She sat a long time watching flowers bud and blossom under Lizzie's skillful fingers, and

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then hurried home to tell all her glad news to Mamma.

If the next day had not been full of most delightfully exciting events Belle might have felt some anxiety about her wreath, for hour after hour went by and nothing arrived from Lizzie.

Evening came, and all was ready. Belle was dressed and looked so lovely that Mamma declared she needed nothing more. But Marie insisted that the grand effect would be ruined without the garland among the sunshiny hair. Belle had time now to be anxious, and waited with growing impatience for the finishing touch to her charming toilette.

"I must be down stairs to receive, and can't wait another moment; so put in the blue pompon and let me go," she said at last, with a sigh of disappointment; for the desire to look beautiful that night in Somebody's eyes had increased four-fold.

With a tragic gesture, Marie was about to adjust the pompon when the quick tap of a crutch came down the hall, and Lizzie hurried in, flushed and breathless, but smiling happily as she uncovered the box she carried with a look of proud satisfaction.

A general "Ah!" of admiration arose as Belle, Mamma and Marie surveyed the lovely wreath that lay before them; and when it was carefully arranged on the bright head that was to wear it, Belle blushed with pleasure. Mamma said: "It is more beautiful than any Paris could have sent us;" and Marie clasped her hands theatrically, sighing, with her head on one side:

"Truly, yes; mademoiselle is now adorable!"

"I am so glad you like it. I did my very best and worked all night, but I had to beg one spray from Estelle, or, with all my haste, I could not have finished in time," said Lizzie, refreshing her weary eyes with a long, affectionate gaze at the pretty figure before her.

A fold of the airy skirt was caught on one of the blue clusters, and Lizzie knelt down to arrange it as she spoke. Belle leaned toward her and said softly: "Money alone can't pay you for this kindness; so tell me how I can best serve you. This is the happiest night of my life, and I want to make everyone feel glad also."

"Then don't talk of paying me, but promise that I may make the flowers you wear on your wedding-day," whispered Lizzie, kissing the kind hand held out to help her rise, for on it she saw a brilliant ring, and in the blooming, blushing face bent over her she read the tender little story that Somebody had told Belle that day.

"So you shall! and I 'll keep this wreath all my life for your sake, dear," answered Belle, as her full heart bubbled over with pitying affection for the poor girl who would never make a bridal garland for herself.

Belle kept her word, even when she was in a happy home of her own; for out of the dead roses bloomed a friendship that brightened Lizzie's life; and long after the blue garland was faded Belle remembered the helpful little lesson that taught her to read the faces poverty touches with a pathetic eloquence, which says to those who look, "Forget-me-not."

MARCH.

In the snowing and the blowing,
In the cruel sleet,—
Little flowers begin their growing
Far beneath our feet.
Softly taps the Spring, and cheerly,—
"Darlings, are you here?"
Till they answer: "We are nearly,
Nearly ready, dear."

"Where is Winter, with his snowing?
Tell us, Spring," they say;
Then she answers: "He is going,
Going on his way.
Poor old Winter does not love you,—
But his time is past;
Soon my birds shall sing above you,—
Set you free at last!"

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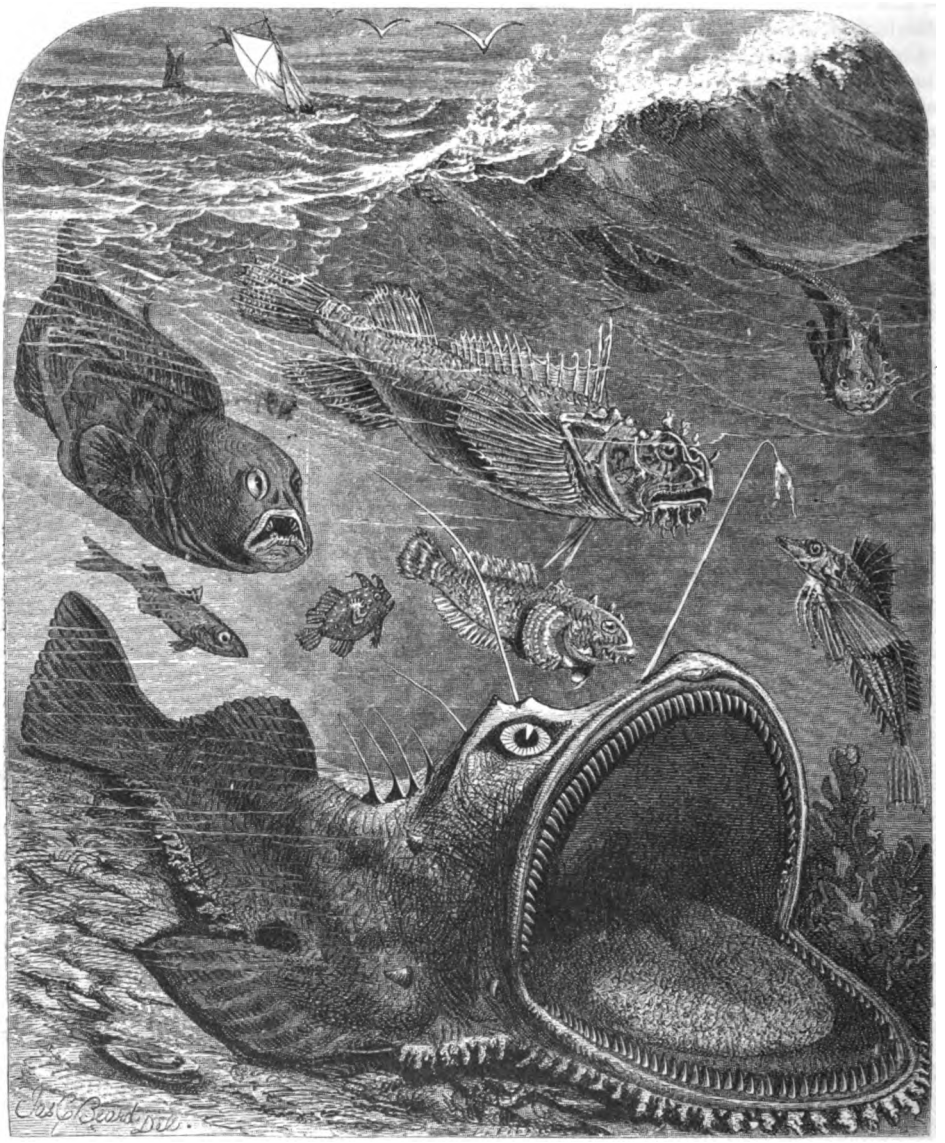
SOME CURIOUS FISHES.

IN this picture Mr. Beard has drawn for us some very remarkable fishes,—not fancy fishes either, but real ones, true to life and drawn without exaggeration. Now, instead of our describing the names and habits of these fishes, referring to them by their position in the picture. If you can only write about one fish, we shall be glad to have you do so. Send your letters as soon as you can, as



SOME CURIOUS FISHES.

picture to our readers, we would like them to describe it to us. We hope all boys and girls who take an interest in natural history will investigate this matter and tell us, as far as they can, the those received after March 15 are not likely to be examined. In the May number of ST. NICHOLAS we shall tell you what *we* know about these curious creatures.

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SNOWED IN.

An Incident of the Great Storm of the Winter of 1872.

By Martha M. Thomas.

"When will you be home, father?"

"The day after to-morrow. If I start immediately, I can be there by eight or nine o'clock. The snow looks as though it might be deep. I shall put Bob and Grey to the sleigh, and take Jack with me."

"It will be so lonely, and, somehow, I wish you were not going."

The girl stooped and opened the stove door, furtively wiping her eyes with her apron.

"So do I, Beckie, but I must go. I am Huston's principal witness, and should feel very sorry if, for want of my testimony, he lost his farm."

"I know it is right, and I should not care so much if Jack would be here, but ——"

"I shall stop at neighbor Giles' and get Aunt Lizzie to come over; she said she would do so. Joe is to bring her, and stay and milk and do the feeding while I am gone."

Beckie brightened up at this.

"Let Jack get ready, while I put some wood and coal in the shed to be handy, then I will take a bite and be off."

Mr. Wilson was a New England man, who, finding some difficulty in making a living out of his "stony potato patch," as he called the few acres he owned in his native state, had emigrated to the West and settled on one of the rich prairies that there abound. He had married a thrifty, active girl, the daughter of a neighboring farmer, and he now owned a large farm, with comfortable house and outhouses. His dwelling was rather isolated, being some distance from any traveled road.

His wife had died six months previous, leaving him with five children. Jack, the eldest, was turned of fourteen. Beckie was in her thirteenth year. James was ten; Will, eight; and the baby, a girl, was seven months old.

Since their mother's death, Beckie had tried to supply her place to the other children. She had taken all the care of the baby, and was, as her father called her, a "little mother." Mr. Wilson had been summoned to the county town, as witness on a trial involving the ownership of a friend's farm, and although the weather was stormy and cold, he felt that he must go.

"Keep up the fires, Beckie," he said, while eating his pie; "there is wood and coal enough in the shed to last until I get back, and take good care of Jamie and the baby."

"Yes," she replied; adding, "How it does snow, and it has grown colder!"

When they had started, Beckie stood until they drove out of the yard and the curtain of fast-falling snow almost hid them from her sight.

"I never did see it snow so," she said to Jamie. "I wish Joe would come,—he is such good company."

A silent hour passed, interrupted only by Will's laugh, as he lay on the floor playing with baby. Beckie began to feel uneasy, for the short winter day was drawing to a close, and neither Aunt Lizzie nor Joe had come.

"I have been watching the snow, Beckie. I cannot see the garden fence, the flakes fall so thick. I hope father and Jack will be safe," said Jamie, as she stepped into the sitting-room to get the broom. She had gone into the shed for something, and was surprised at the depth of the snow. She went to the window and looked out.

There was not a goose nor a duck to be seen. The chickens had been driven from under the lilac bushes, where they usually took refuge in a storm.

Again she wished Aunt Lizzie and Joe would come. She began to feel a sort of dread too, and was a little frightened at the aspect of things. Every moment the storm increased in violence. Outside things were buried in the snow; a gloom was creeping over the whole landscape. She could scarcely distinguish objects she knew to be only a few yards distant.

She opened the door again, and went out into the shed. As she did so, she heard the favorite cow, Crumpies, lowing, give a long, low bellow.

"She is at the cow-house door and wants to get in," she said to herself; "I will milk her, for Joe may not come, and baby must have her supper."

She took down an old coat of her father's and buttoned herself in it, drew on Jack's cow-hide boots, tied up her head and ears in a comforter, then, opening the door into the sitting-room, she told Jamie to stay in there and look after Will and the baby, took her milk pail and started. She stopped, aghast, when she reached the door of the shed, confounded at the depth of the snow. She plunged into it, but found she could not go on.

Beckie was a girl of courage, besides which she had a spirit of adventure. She did not think there was any especial danger. It was a dreadful storm,

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there was excitement in breasting it, and it would be something to tell of afterwards; besides, she must have the milk for baby—that was the paramount idea now. As she recovered from her first plunge she thought of a kind of snow-hoe her father had made, and she stepped back into the shed, and, with some difficulty, extricated it. It was a long stout stick, at the end of which was fastened a broad, flat piece of board, like a hoe, only many times larger. Cutting a piece of the clothes line that hung there, she tied her milk pail by it around her waist; then putting the handle of her snow-hoe against her breast, holding it with both hands, she pressed on, making a track for herself. As she went by the dog-kennel the animal barked and jumped towards her, and she stopped in the deep snow and unchained him.

The gloom had so increased, she could scarcely distinguish an object in the barn-yard. Reaching the gate between the two yards, she was tempted to go back, but again she heard Crumpies' lowing, and she pushed on, although it was hard work. The wind and snow came so violently she could scarcely stand up against it, and would have fallen but for the snow-hoe, which supported her.

At length she reached the cow-house. Crumpies and another cow stood there. Fortunately the snow had, in a measure, drifted away from the cow-house door, and was piled against a fence a few feet off. With two or three digs of her snow-hoe she cleared it away, so as to open the door sufficiently for the animals to go in. Passing in herself, she had to sit down a moment before she could do anything, although the gathering gloom there alarmed her.

In an excitement, and with a fierce anxiety about getting back, she went to work and milked both cows, threw them corn, ran into the barn for hay, and then she thought of the horses in the stable; she gave them oats, shook the hay in their mangers, and was hastening out, when she saw the milk cans which her father had left on a bench there. She seized them, and pouring the milk into them, put the tops on securely, and tied them around her waist. It was dark, almost, in the barn, and she got out as quickly as she could, fastened the cow-house door, and once more was amid the raging elements.

Confused, she stood, scarcely knowing which way to go. There was no sign of the path she had made. Could she fight her way back? The fury of the tempest had so increased, it seemed as though nothing could live in it. She was almost numb with cold;—but the children! the baby! With no spoken words, but with the spirit of Peter's "Save me, I perish," in her heart, she attempted to press on.

Blindly she went, staggering under the weight of the milk, which she clung to as life for baby, the flakes dashing in her face with a force that almost took her breath, and the wind rocking her as though she were a reed.

She was so cold she could not stand this much longer. She would soon drop. She would be frozen to death, she knew; but even as she thought this, she pushed on. She must be near the gate; she tried to see it, but there might as well have been a wall before her.

The wind swept by in a fearful gust that rocked her back and forth, although she was walled up, as it were, on each side. What was that it had bared just in her path? The roof of the dog-kennel? Yes, it was; and she was then inside the yard, only about thirty feet from the shed. She put her hands straight out before her, and, with all her strength, made her way forward. Would she never get there! She could not stand it much longer. Just then, her outstretched hands came with stinging force against the shed. She gave a cry of joy; staggered along, feeling for the opening; found it; and, for a second, stood there gasping.

Even in that instant it seemed as though she would be covered up. The storm shrieked and howled like an army of demons.

She never could tell how she reached the kitchen door, and got within. All she did know was that she was aroused by Jamie's crying; that she found herself upon the kitchen floor beside a mass of snow; her milk safe; and that it was quite dark.

She was not conscious that she, a girl of thirteen, had accomplished a feat that night which many strong, brave men had lost their lives in attempting,—the feat of going a dozen yards in that storm.

She was very weak, and her limbs ached, and she could not drag herself to the stove to renew the fire, now low. Jamie put in fuel, while she shivered and trembled. It seemed as though her blood had frozen in her veins. The baby was crying. She attempted to get up, but fell back, and burst into tears. Frightened at her appearance and manner, Jamie began to sob, and this aroused her.

"Get the baby's bottle, Jamie, and warm her some milk."

Jamie wiped his eyes, and did as she told him.

Jamie fed the baby, and she sat by the stove, leaning over it. The children must have their supper; but she felt herself totally unable to drag herself about. She remembered some highly spiced blackberry cordial her mother had made and kept for sickness. Jamie got her some. She drank almost a tea-cupful, then dragged herself to the settee, and laid down. She fell asleep, and was only awakened by Will's tugging at her dress.

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"Beckie! Beckie! I want some supper; and it is so dark!"

She got up so much revived, that she hastened to get a light, put the tea-kettle on, and set the table. When she tried to draw in the shutters she could not move them; the snow was banked up against the windows, and fell in on the floor. It was with difficulty she could close the window again.

Beckie was so very anxious that she could not eat any supper. Will had a good appetite; but Jamie complained of a headache, and said he did not want any. Beckie persuaded him to come to table and drink a cup of tea. She took the baby up, and sat there feeding it until they were done; then she laid it in its cradle, for it had gone to sleep.

After getting coal and wood for the night, from the shed,—and there was not much there,—she went up stairs to see if there was any fire. She slept up there with the baby, and the boys' bed was down in their father's room. Turning the damper in the stove, the room was soon warm. She told the boys to get into one of the beds in her room, heard Will say his prayers, undressed the baby, and went to bed herself.

Wearied with the day's exertions, she slept soundly. It was later than usual, and intensely cold, when she got up next morning. Her first glance out the window showed they were buried in snow. As far as her eye could reach, there was a trackless waste of white, unbroken by a single object. The barn appeared half buried, the coal-shed was not to be seen; but the storm had abated. Her first thought was of father and Jack. Had they reached H—— in safety? Her next thought, as she proceeded to make the fire, was, what should they do for fuel? There was only that little pile in the kitchen.

She went down stairs. Every window was blocked up. She made a fire to get breakfast, and then opened the door. A sheet of white faced her. She closed it quickly, fearing the snow would fall in upon her; and, utterly appalled, sat down and cried. What were they to do? No one could get to them. They had not more than enough fuel to last during the day.

Presently she dried her tears, and sat for a few moments thinking. Then she got up, lighted a lamp, and went about preparing breakfast, drawing the table as close to the stove as possible.

When she went up stairs the children were awake. Jamie fretted, and complained of his head and his throat; he coughed, and had fever. She told him to lie still and she would bring him some coffee; and she and Will went down to their meal.

She had determined what to do; and, after soothing Jamie, and telling him to lie still and try to sleep, and giving Will a picture book to amuse him, she began her preparations. She must move up stairs and keep but one fire. Besides the small quantity of coal, there was very little oil. All was darkness down stairs. The wind seemed to have blown the snow before it across the prairie, and walled them in.

She carried a bench up stairs, and set it in the hall, and on this she put her dishes and eatables; took the baby's cradle and a crock of milk up (how glad she was she had the milk!), moved a stand and trunk out of the room, and put a table in their place.

It was a dreadfully weary day; and she was glad when the time came to get dinner. The difficulties of cooking on the little chamber stove occupied her; and Will was immensely amused at the small table off which they had to eat. There was a noise at the door, and when they opened it Rover, the dog, walked in. He had been left down stairs, and forgotten. Will fed him, and he stretched himself beside the stove, wagging his tail whenever they spoke to him.

Jamie would eat nothing,—he was really ill. Beckie saw that, but she did not know what to give him. The baby and he occupied her attention all the afternoon.

She got supper ready early and put Will to bed. She was very much alarmed about Jamie, and frightened when she saw how little coal there was left; not more than enough to make a fire in the morning. What should she do? They must have fire. She went into the cellar and knocked a couple of barrels to pieces, and carried the staves up stairs.

She slept little, for Jamie tossed and threw his arms out over his head, and the cover off him, and called "water! water!" every few moments. She had to keep up the fire for fear he would get cold; and when daylight came, and she awoke from an uneasy sleep in which she had fallen, there was only a couple of barrel staves left.

She must keep the children warm, and she said to herself, "I will do it if I must burn up all the furniture in the house."

Dressing herself warmly, she again visited the cellar. There was an old barrel in the corner she had overlooked; on removing some bits of iron from it, she found about a bushel of coal. She carried this up stairs, and with the staves of the barrel, soon had a bright, warm fire, and a good breakfast set out for Will and herself. Jamie was so ill he did not notice anything; and the baby, who was always good, slept. From the window was to be seen only the same dreary waste of unbroken snow.

All her energies this day were taxed to keep the fire going. She dressed Will and the baby as

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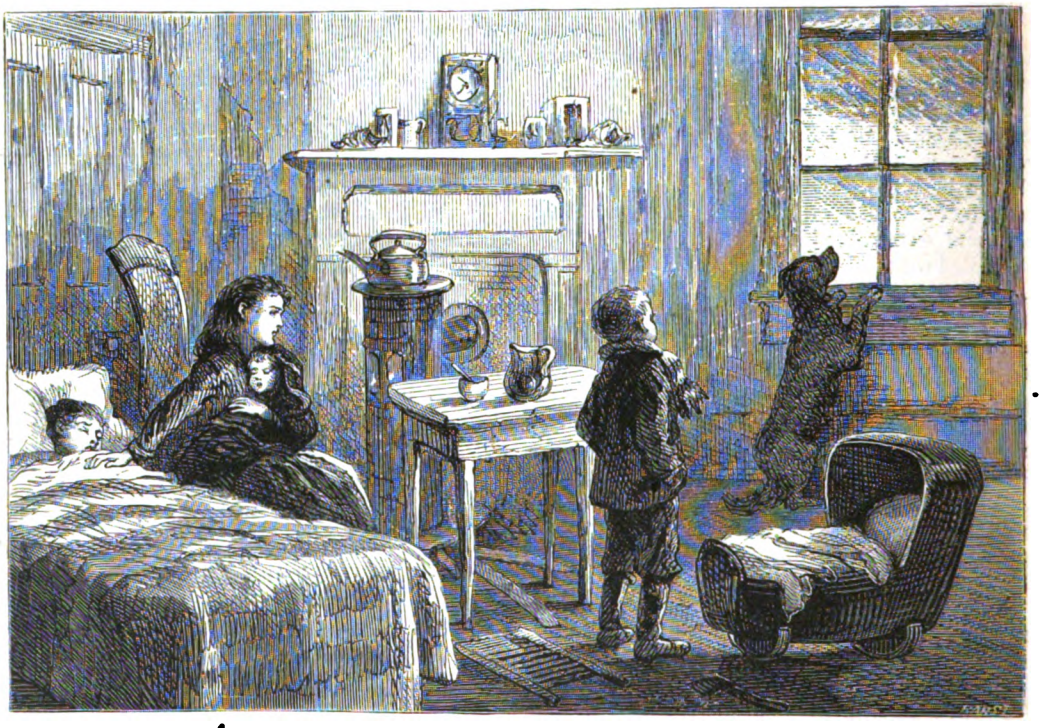
warmly as possible, and collected and burnt every available small article in the house. The potato masher, the wash-board, the tubs, the shelves in the cellar and the kitchen, the steps leading to the cellar, the clothes-horse, the bread-board and rolling-pin were all split in pieces, and carefully put in the stove, with bits of coal to make them last longer. Before dark they went to bed, for there was not more than enough oil in the house to last a couple of hours. Jamie did not any longer know her; he lay muttering in delirium.

The morning dawned, and it was the same as before. All night—although nearly overcome with drowsiness and fatigue—she had watched Jamie; bathed his hot head, and put water to his lips. It was all she could do. Help must come with the day. She would not give up.

She used the last of the fuel to make up the fire, and managed to make the kettle boil. After she had taken some coffee and Will had eaten his breakfast, she left him at play with Rover, and went below stairs; and there sitting down, had a hearty cry. She believed Jamie was dying. She did not know what to do for him. What should she do? Why did not father come? Was he dead? Then she thought, "He will come if he is alive. The children must not see me cry." She wiped her eyes. "I must split up this table to burn."

She lifted the axe and struck a piece off the edge—another—then she heard Rover bark; again and again he barked. "Will is making him, and he will disturb Jamie," she thought, and she dropped the axe and ran up stairs.

"Beckie! Beckie!" called Will, as she opened the door, "Rover is so funny, he jumped up at the window and keeps wagging his tail and barking."



SOME ONE IS COMING!

A look out the window showed her something moving over the prairie towards the house. She could not tell what it was for the showering of snow that accompanied it.

"Some one is coming! Some one is coming!" she exclaimed.

As it neared, the dog sprang up and down, resting his paws on the window sill, and barking louder and louder, and Will stood beside him, making little springs and screaming:

"It is father, Beckie! It is father!"

"We can see best now in the other room; wrap this shawl around you." Beckie darted through the door, and threw open a window in the adjoin-

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ing chamber. Rover sprang up, put his head and most of his body out—looked as though he wished to leap—then drew back, as though afraid, and barked more furiously than ever.

Now the barn hid the object—it was in the barn-yard. It seemed to move slowly and take time—a long time to the eager lookers-on—to advance. Rover barked frantically; and, as if in answer, a voice from the moving mass, in which they began to distinguish figures, called:

"Beckie! Beckie!"

"It is father! It is father! Yes, yes!"

She ran down and opened the kitchen door. Now she could hear but could not see them. She ran back again and called out, and then down into the kitchen. They were working outside. In a few moments something scattered the snow right and left—she was covered with it—and her father burst into the kitchen.

"Beckie! where are you all?"

"Here, father!" She was hanging on him.

"All safe?"

"Yes; but Jamie is so ill."

He made a step towards the sitting-room door.

"We have no fire;" she pointed to the table. "I have burnt up almost everything."

He had Will in his arms; he stepped to the door.

"Men! they have no fire; she was chopping up the table." He turned to her. "Where are Jamie and the baby? I was afraid you would all be frozen to death!"

He went up stairs, took up the baby and kissed it, looked at Jamie.

"Thank God it is no worse!" he said.

The men were building a fire in the kitchen, and there was soon another blazing in the sitting-room.

Mr. Wilson's first care was to attend to Jamie. He was accustomed to prescribe for his children when they were ill, and he had medicine in the house. Soon he was seated, with Will on his knee and Beckie close beside and leaning against him, the fire burning brightly, while she told her story.

He pressed her close to him, kissed her, patted her head, and called her a heroic little mother. O, how proud she was! Then he told her how he and Jack had been caught in the storm. They had lost the road and were unable to tell where they were, but kept on, on for their lives; at last he became so exhausted and cold, the reins dropped from his hands, and he fell to the bottom of the sleigh. Then Jack, who was warmly wrapped in an extra bear robe, seized the reins and drove, they could not tell whither. Night began to come on. After a time they heard some one calling, and answering, found they had approached a dwelling, the owner of which, lantern in hand, had come out to unloose his dog, and had heard Crumpies' bell, which was tied on one of the horses.

They were taken into the house. Mr. Wilson was so exhausted he had to be put to bed. Upon inquiry they discovered that instead of being near H——, as they supposed, they were not half way there; they had been going round and round in a circle.

The next morning they were appalled at the extent of the storm. Troubled and anxious concerning his children, Mr. Wilson had in vain endeavored to get help to go to their assistance. There was no one there to help him; and the day was spent in digging their way to the barns and outhouses, relieving the cattle and procuring fuel. The day after, they succeeded in putting together something that answered as a snow plough, and accompanied by Mr. Staines and his son, at whose house they had been sheltered, and joined by others whose homes they passed, had made all haste possible to the children's assistance. They were obliged to stop one night, but had started again at daylight next morning. Calling at Mr. Giles' he had learned that Joe and "Aunt Lizzie" had started, but, affrighted at the storm, had turned back. Then his anxiety was increased; for he knew, from the out-of-the-way situation of the house, there was scarcely a probability of any aid but his reaching them.

"I feared to find you all dead; and but for you, 'little mother,' it would have been so."

A few days afterwards, when Jack reached home, he gave an account of the suffering and loss of life which the storm had caused,

Long will they remember the great snow storm of the winter of 1872.

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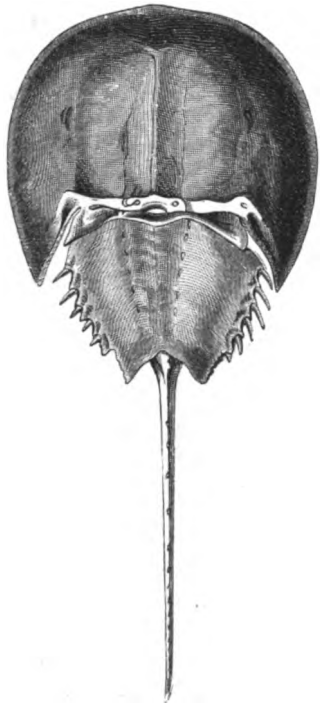
AN ODD FELLOW.

BY HARRIET M. MILLER.

ODD—I should think so! why, he carries his house on his back, and has his teeth on his legs!

That's a tough story, but—dear me!—it's nothing to what you'll have to believe when you come to study the curious creatures that live in the sea.

As to carrying his house about with him, that is nothing new, all crabs and turtles do that, but I must admit he's the only fellow I ever heard of who



HORSE-FOOT CRAB.

has teeth on his legs. If you and I are not acquainted with him, it is merely because we haven't been prying into the domestic manners of the crab family all these years, as some scientific gentlemen have. They have known about him these many years, and he has even got into the dictionary. Look in Webster's big dictionary, at the word Limulus, and you'll see a picture of him. Limulus, you must know, is his grand Latin name, which he doesn't wear at home in the sea. There he is called Horse-foot Crab, or King Crab.

And there's another droll thing about him,—he's just the shape of the bottom of a horse's foot, with a long sharp tail striking out at the heel. He's a funny sight when he is digging—and digging is his special delight, I can tell you. This shell is in two pieces; the front piece bends down and shovels up the dirt, the back piece bends down the other way, and the hard sharp tail braces against the ground, while all his feet—eight or ten there are—throw out the dirt on both sides. It doesn't take long for him to burrow into the mud out of sight.

But I haven't told you about those useful legs, which do the work of jaws, besides their regular business of carrying their owner about.

There are five pair of them, besides a short pair in front, called feelers, or antennæ, if you want the book name. The first four pair are furnished with sharp teeth—lots of them, sometimes as many as a hundred and fifty.

When this comical gentleman wants to eat, he seizes a soft worm, or some other sea delicacy, with his two hind feet, and holds it up to his mouth, which is conveniently placed among all these useful legs. Then the hundred and fifty sharp little teeth go to work, and rasp the food into bits, and the mouth takes it in.

How do you suppose all this was found out? A naturalist, who was curious to see what the horse-foot did with the food that he always pulled under his shell, waited till he was hard at work at his dinner, and then very coolly turned him over on his back. Mr. Limulus was too busy to mind, so he went on eating, and the naturalist saw the whole performance.

But I haven't told you half the wonderful things about him. When he is first hatched he is a quarter of an inch in diameter, has no tail, and has a shell just the right size for him, of course. When he gets bigger he outgrows the shell, as you youngsters do your clothes, and he has to get out of the old suit. It's a very droll sight to see him come out of himself in that way. He don't have so much trouble about it as lobsters and some other crabs do—he just splits open the front edge of his shell, and pulls himself out. But you know he has been growing some time since that baby suit fitted him, and the fact is, he has been very much crowded these last few days. So when he gets fairly out of the shell, he swells out an inch or two bigger than he was before, and in a short time he has another shell big enough for him, besides a little sharp tail.

So he goes on as long as he lives, throwing off his old shells and getting new ones.

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This interesting little fellow is well supplied with eyes, having two large ones up high on the shell, to see all about with, and two more in front.

I must tell you how Mamma Horse-foot makes her nursery. In May or June, when she has, perhaps, half a pint of eggs under her shell, and when the tide is in—that is, the water is up high on the shore —she comes up on the sand as far as she can without getting out of the water. She then digs a hole, and puts the eggs into it—and that's just all she does about it, and she never sees one of the babies.

The next wave covers these eggs up with sand, the hot sun hatches them out, and the little ones know everything belonging to a crab's education, and can take care of themselves the minute they come out of the shell. But the drollest part of the business is the behavior of Mr. Limulus. He wants to see that the eggs are properly laid in the sand, and he doesn't want the trouble of walking, so the lazy fellow jumps upon Mamma Limulus's shell, and lets her carry him up, and back again in the same way. That's most as lazy as our noble red men, who sit and smoke while their wives work for them.

While I am writing of crabs, I want to tell you a story about some cousins of the king crab family.

It is about the land crabs of St. Domingo. The Spanish had the town, and the English wanted to get it away. After some fighting, the English, who were in ships, sent a party ashore in the night to surprise the soldiers, and seize the town.

As they were forming on the shore, they heard a great clashing and clattering, and they thought the whole Spanish army was after them; so they ran to their boats and fled.

In the morning it turned out that the noise was made by the crabs, who come out of their burrows in the sand at night to seek their food.

In honor of this exploit, the people have every year a great feast, in which a solid gold crab is carried about the town in procession. It is called the Feast of the Crabs.

PETER PARROT.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

PETER in the window sits,
Turning round his cool, red eye,
Looking strange, and cross and shy,
As from ring to perch he flits,
Hanging there by claw or beak—
Sometimes looking up to speak.

"Pretty Polly," oft he says—
Half in question, half to see
If his simple vanity
Finds an echo in my praise;
Sometimes he will laugh and cry
At the people passing by.

Then he stops to sneeze or cough;
All his red, and green and gold
Cannot fright away the cold,
Cannot keep the winter off;
Ruffled feathers, rough and dim,
Tell Jack Frost hath bitten him.

Much I wonder if he thinks,
Sitting in the pallid sun,
Of that life, so long since done,
Where the long liana's links,
Swinging slow, from palm to palm,
Cradled him in tropic calm.

Does he hear the bell-bird's cry,
When we think him half asleep?
Or, do forest odors creep
Through his troubled memory,
Telling tales of happy hours,
'Mid a thousand gorgeous flowers?

Does he ever seem to see
Gayer brethren of his kind
Flying on the torrid wind—
Perched on every stately tree,—
Toucans, paroquets, macaws,
Chattering on without a pause?

Does he see the monkeys swinging
Here and yon along the vines;
Or, when cool the moonlight shines,
Hear the Indian shrilly singing,
On the river's gleaming breast,
Floating homeward to his rest?

Pretty Polly! homesick bird!
Or, is all my pity wasted?
Are these joys, that once you tasted,
Vanished like a song half heard?
Are you just as pleased to squall
From the window, "Pretty Poll?"

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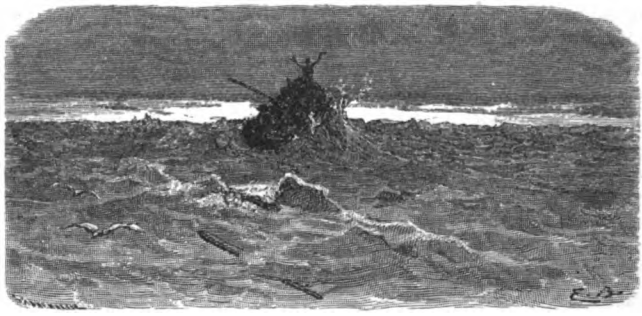
WRECKED AT HOME.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

THERE were ten of us. The amount of fun that ten hearty boys can get from common things has never been ciphered out. Arithmetic will not reach it. Fairport is a small and very old town on Penobscot Bay. In my day, the Fairport boys were said (by outsiders, mind) to be the very worst boys in the State of Maine. They were ever in mischief—or fun, which in those times was about the same thing. Still, it does not seem to me, even now, that we boys deserved the name for badness that we got. There was no malice nor dishonesty in the fun of the Fairport boys of Eighteen Hundred and Something—for this was a good while ago. Tying up door-knockers, ringing the door-bell at unseasonable hours of the day or night, firing the old cannon in the abandoned fort, nailing up the school-house door, or hoisting Farmer Gray's old horse into the hayloft, did not seem grave crimes.

Boating, fishing, going in swimming, hunting for clams, and general prancing about the wharves of the old town, and the shores of the sea-washed peninsula on which it sleeps, were the chief delights of the boys of that period. The boy who, at the mature age of twelve, could not row cross-handed, bait a cod-line, or steer a boat, was not of much account. When we could beg, borrow, or otherwise make off with a boat, we were happy. My heart aches as I think of the anxious mothers who worried, day after day, about the graceless scamps who disobeyed orders and went skylarking on the water. The same kind Providence that watches over the life of the sailor clinging to the icy rigging, far up aloft, and at sea, seems to hold a hand of safety under the seaside boy.

But when there were ten of us hungrily looking around for something uncommonly daring, you must guess that there was danger ahead. Ben Dennett was the eldest; fifteen years old in May, he thought himself fit to lead in all adventures. His plan was to go down to the Lower Fort and fire off one of the rusty old twenty-pounders that lay slumbering peacefully in the grass.



"AS WE MERRILY TUMBLED OVER THE RISING WAVES."

"Nice fun!" roared Rufe Parker. "Where 's your powder?"

"Where 's your money to buy it with?" yelped little Bill Keeler, who was known to have four-and-sixpence in bank.

Somebody else, Hal Stevens, I think, suggested Tilden's orchard; but it was notoriously early in the season, and Jerry Murch, who hated castor oil, said that green apples were not fit for a pig to eat.

"Then don't eat 'em, piggy," snapped in Dandy Blake,—a disagreeable little prig, who was always saying smart things.

Symptoms of a row were quelled at once by Ben Dennet, who, after turning two or three hand-springs to collect his thoughts, shouted, "I've got it! I've got it! Let's go over to Grampus Rock!"

Breathless at the boldness of this plan, nobody said a word, though everybody's eyes snapped at the bare idea of it.

How to get there:

Grampus Rock lies two miles off the mouth of the harbor, almost in sight of the town, and only partly hidden by a bend in the bay, which shuts in the rock from the houses on the hill-top.

But it is a great place for gulls' eggs in the early summer; and two or there of us had been there with our big brothers or other grown people.

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There were traditions, too, of the fragments of the wreck of the bark Grampus being found among the rocks; or there might be treasures in the clefts of the tall crag, which still bore the name of the old merchant bark, cast away there years ago; doubloons, perhaps, or Spanish dollars and pieces-of-eight, such as were dug up on Grindle's farm, upon the Doshen shore.

Delicious thought! But how to get there?

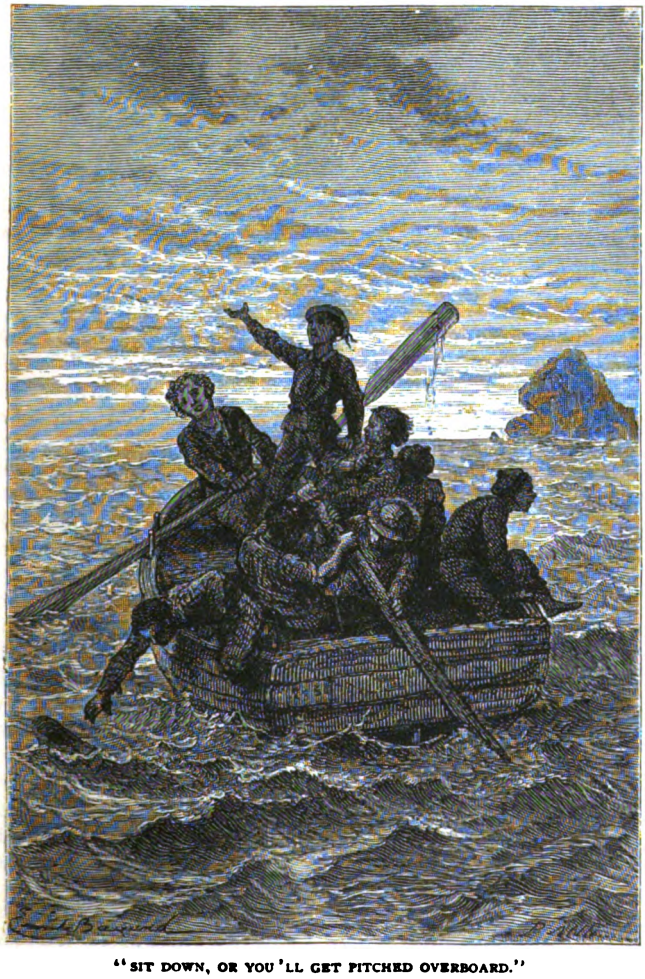
"My pa has gone off the Neck," piped little Sam Snowman; "we might take his boat."

Old Snowman's boat was a big, clumsy thing,—once a ship's jolly-boat,—and now rather rotten. We knew her well enough. More than once, led on by faithless little Sam, we had stolen away in the crazy old thing. But nobody was afraid; and we agreed to try her once more.

Separating into small squads, so as not to attract the notice of the few people who lounged in their store doors or sunned themselves on the wharves, these ten young scamps met under Stearns's wharf, where the boat lay fast to the steps. Stepping gingerly over the oozy planks, and well bedaubed with slime, we tumbled into the *Red Rover*,—as we there and then named her,—sculled her softly along from wharf to wharf, carefully keeping out of sight, until we reached the last pier, near Stevens' cooper-shop, then boldly pushed out into open water, secure from pursuit—if not from observation.

Was there ever such a lark!

There we were—ten of us—masters of the *Red Rover, of the Bloody Seas*, as Jem Conner, who had "The Pirate's Own Book" at his tongue's end, called our craft. We resolved to hoist the black flag; and Jerry Murch's jacket, which was "almost black," as well as very seedy, was held aloft on an oar; but that bit of wood being needed for rowing, we hauled down our colors. The tide ran out swiftly,—for it was still on the ebb,—and we got on famously, though the short, chopping waves bothered us somewhat. By hard tugging and much squabbling over the steering oar, we managed to keep the *Red Rover's* head against the wind, which blew freshly from the south. Ben Dennett insisted that he should steer, and, being the biggest boy, he managed to keep hold of the oar most of the time, while the rest of us took turns at rowing.



"SIT DOWN, OR YOU 'LL GET PITCHED OVERBOARD."

But little Sam Snowman thought he ought to steer; it was his father's boat; and if anything happened to her, he would "catch it."

"Yes; and you 'll catch it anyhow, you young monkey," growled Ben, who had quite a bass voice, and actually wore suspenders. The rest of us had trousers "buttoned on," which gave him a leading part; so he steered; and nice work he made of it.

It was jolly to see the sleepy old town grow dim and dimmer in the summer air as we merrily tumbled over the rising waves. Down past Hatch's wharf, where a lobster schooner lay reeking in the sun, past the white lighthouse at the point, past Otter Rock, brown with kelp and washed with the waves, we dropped, Jem Conner making a formal declaration of war against Weeks's salmon weir as we rowed by it.

Tommy Collins, who had never been so far from home, and whom we

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had vainly tried to run away from, had a sudden qualm of homesickness, and began to cry, much to the disgust and astonishment of all on board.

"Belay your deck-pumps there, youngster!" shouted Ben Dennett. "What did you come here for, you little beggar, if you wanted your ma?"

"Oh, avast heaving, skipper!" put in Jem Conner. "Don't you see Tommy's only making believe cry?"

This ingenious turn put all in good humor.

Tommy, comforted by a slate pencil and a piece of spruce gum, which generous Jack Adams produced from his trousers pocket, wiped away his tears, or, as Jack put it, "Stowed his brine;" for sailor talk was the rule now, as became a crew of pirate boys.

"Fellers!" said Jem Conner, flourishing a hatchet, the only loose piece of property found on board, "Fellers! be bloody, brave and desperate, and we shall be the terror of the seas. My Uncle Joe has gone to Long Island in the *Post Boy;* and if we catch him we 'll pour a broadside into him, and cut him down to the water's edge."

"Oh, blow your Uncle Joe!" said Jack Adams—whom we usually called, "The Bloody Mutineer," on account of his namesake of the mutineers of the ship *Bounty*,—"sit down and trim ship, or you 'll get pitched overboard." Jem sat down, abashed; for the *Red Rover* was rolling fearfully, and little Tommy Collins, deathly seasick, was whining and whooping over the side of the boat.

We would have put back, but the tide was still running out. Besides, the tall gray and white crags of Grampus Rock were now looming overhead. The sea grew smoother, but the current, which strikes the rock at low tide with great force, set us sharply toward the outer point of the reef that reaches out to the north-west.

"Hard a-starboard!" yelled Bill Keeler.

"WE WERE SHIPWRECKED"

"Helm a-lee!" screamed Rufe Parker.

"Down! down with your hellum!" said Jerry Murch.

Bewildered by these contradictory orders, and overpowered by the crowd of boys who rushed aft to take the steering-oar from him, Ben yawed the boat wildly around; the tide took her hard and fast on the rocks; she heeled over, went to pieces, and in a jiffy we were all overboard. Each boy scrambled among the weedy rocks, Ben Dennett swimming with Tommy Collins on his back, though the water was only knee-deep.

There was a rush of waves, a stifled scream or two, and ten boys were flung on the reef, very wet, and too astonished to laugh or cry.

We were shipwrecked.

Jack Adams was the first to speak, "Here's a go."

THE CASTAWAYS.

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Those are the very words he said. "I wish I had something to eat," whined Rufe Parker. Rufe was always stuffing himself. Then two or three of the smaller boys began to cry. But Tommy Collins, to our great surprise, took things very comfortably. He said he was glad to be ashore, anyhow. My private opinion was that he had n't been homesick at all. He was only sea-sick.

But we were in a bad fix. The town was two miles off, and only the lower edge of it in sight. We mites of boys could not possibly be seen on that great rock. Our boat was in fragments on the shore; and our hearts sank as we thought of Old Snowman's wrath. Poor little Sam whimpered when one of the boys reminded him how he would "catch it," now. Some of us began to think we might never get home where we could "catch it." And how lovely the far-off town looked as we gazed back at it. Sunning itself in the green and elm-covered peninsula, home never seemed so beautiful before. A great lump rose up in my throat as I looked on the dome of horse chestnut trees that hid my father's house. Would my little white bed be vacant to-night? Would I ever sleep in it again? Could Aunt Rachel, from her long, red house down by the wharf, see the poor little midget who sorrowfully roosted on the wet crags?

But what boy is long in the dumps about anything? We, at least, could climb to the tip-top of Grampus Rock; and climb we did. The exertion warmed us, and gave us new life. We danced about in the warm afternoon sunshine, and laid new plans. We were not Robinson Crusoes exactly, but ten Robinson Crusoes, which was much more jolly. True, our spirits sank when we reflected that there was no water on the rock, nor any game, not so much as a gull, nor an egg. We had been deceived. The rock, rough and splintered as it was, was as bare of eggs as the sea itself. Here and there were knots of dry sea-weed, packed in the crevices, ill-smelling bones which the fish-hawks had left; and around the base of the rocks were mussels and limpets in plenty.

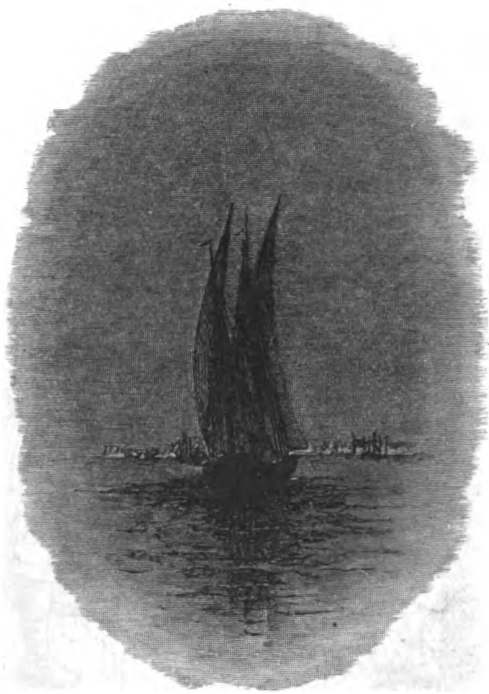
"Hurrah! boys!" shouted Jack Adams, "we can live on mussels—at least for a day or two," he added, somewhat sobered by the prospect.

A passing pinkey, beating against the tide, raised our hopes. As she neared our rock, we jumped up and down on the sloping summit, yelling to attract attention. On, on she came, cutting the green water as she luffed up to the wind. Our shrill cries were heard, and Captain Booden—how well we knew him—growled surlily back at us, put up his helm, fluttered the sails of the *Two Brothers* in the breeze, turned and sailed away, wondering what those young monkeys were up to now, sky-larking on Grampus. The next tack took him far below us, and the little craft soon stretched away into the dim blue depths of Somes' Sound.

The sun slowly sank behind the Camden Mountains. The rosy sky grew gray. Night was coming on faster than we had ever known before. It was no longer fun to scramble among the rocks. We were chained to our prison; and Bill Keeler, who, now that he is grown up, writes poetry for the magazines, said, looking up into the darkening sky, "I would I were yonder eagle; how I would fly me from hence!"

"'T aint an eagle; it 's a loon," growled Ben Dennett. But little Sam cried outright.

We crawled down to the water's edge again. It was less lonely to huddle together under the lee of the rocks and gaze at the distant town than to stay on the peak, where the night wind began to blow. Two of the boys got to fighting about a soft place in the rock, which both wanted. This roused us for a moment; but when Jem Conner had punched the heads of the quarrelers, and crawled into the coveted place himself, we grew silent again.



"IT 'S GITCHELL'S BOAT!"

Tommy Collins got on his knees, and repeated, "Now, I lay me," and several other little prayers. Though we said nothing, we all thought it was a good thing for us that somebody was not ashamed to pray.

But the rebellious little hearts on Grampus mostly

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thought it a very hard case that we should be forgotten so soon by the people on shore; for we believed we were forgotten; and many a hungry little rogue grew homesick, as he tried to guess what his folks at home had for supper as they gathered about the table, and wondered where the truant was.

The lights twinkled across the bay, mocking the poor little chaps huddled under the rocks, sore, weary and not well clad to endure the chilly breeze that comes breaking in from the sea.

The new moon swam lightly down in the west; the bay grew stiller yet, and the lapping of the tide on the reef was all the sound they heard.

"A sail! a sail, sail, sail, ahoy!" deliriously shouted Jerry Murch.

Sure enough; right in the wake of the glimmering lights of Fairport, was a large sail-boat. The little company of limp and languid boys was all alive in an instant; even Tommy Collins darted up in the dark shadow of the rock, and shouted, "Saved,—by golly!"

"It 's Gitchell's boat."

"'T aint; it 's Hatch's."

"*I* say it 's Morey's."

"Pooh! I tell you it 's Gitchell's."

In the midst of the dispute (for every boy had a natural pride in his marine knowledge), the boat, which had been standing directly for Grampus, glided along shore, sank into the uncertain shadows and was seen no more.

We were not saved after all; and we fell into great dismay.

(Concluded next month.)

MAKE-BELIEVE.

By S. S. H.

"We 'll play it 's Christmas, Bessie,
And we 'll have a Christmas tree,
And when it 's all, *all* ready,
We 'll call Mamma to see.

"Don't you remember Christmas?
That was the way, you know,—
We could n't see a single thing,
And we did want to so!

"'T was just to s'prise us, Bessie,
And, now, won't it be fun
To make Mamma a Christmas tree,
And call her, when it 's done!"

Then Amy stuck the duster-brush
Through the cane seat of a chair,
And she and Bessie went to work—
A merry little pair.

They hung its drooping branches
As full as they could hold;
Trimmed them with motto-papers,
Yellow and green and gold.

With many a gleeful whisper,
And many a cautious "hush!"
Did Bess and Amy make it gay—
That pretty duster-brush.

"Oh! oh!" cried Amy, at the last;
"I never did! Did you?
Just see the sp'endid little things,
And gold a-shinin' through!

"We have n't any candles,
But we 'll play the whole day-light
Is 'cause there 's lots of candles
All lit, and burning bright.

"Let 's call Mamma now, Bessie;
And, oh! how s'prised she 'll be
To see we 've got a Christmas,
And made a Christmas tree!"

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RASCALLY SANDY.

By Robert Dale Owen.

I am now more than seventy years old; but I remember very well that, in my earliest years, I was a self-willed youngster, and that I sometimes gave way to violent fits of passion. Perhaps you, my young friends who read St. Nicholas, would like to know what came of this when I was about seven years old. I have recently told the story for grown-up people in a book which I called, "Threading my Way," because it speaks of what I thought and did when like you. I had not been very long in the world, and so did not know much, and was groping about, as a traveler might who is not sure of the right road and is trying hard to find it.

I 'm going to tell you that story, not just as I told it there, but a little more as I think you would like to hear it. It is the same child, only, as it is going into younger company, it is somewhat differently dressed for the occasion.

I had an excellent father and mother.

We lived in those days, and for many years after, at a very pretty place called Braxfield House. It was on the banks of the Clyde, which, your geography will tell you, is one of the principal rivers of Scotland. The house stood on a piece of rolling land, with blue grass pastures, where many sheep fed; and the slope from the pasture to the river was covered with thick woods, through which gravel paths wound back and forth.

Our house was about half way between New Lanark—a village where my father had a large cotton factory, in which many children worked—and the ancient shire-town of Lanark. When you read about Sir William Wallace, in the history of Scotland, you will hear a good deal about Lanark. They used in old times, to have near by, on what was called "The Moor," *wappin schaws;* that means, "weapon shows," or reviews of armed soldiers.

Now, as there was no post-office in the village, one of our workmen, called James Dunn, an old spinner, who had lost an arm by its being caught in the machinery of the mill, was our letter-carrier —the bearer of a handsome leather bag, with gay brass padlock, which gave him a sort of official dignity with us young people.

If James Dunn had lost one arm, he made excellent use of the other; making bows and arrows and fifty other nice things for our amusement, and thus coming into distinguished favor. One day he gave me a clay pipe, showed me how to mix soap-water in due proportion, and then, for the first time in our lives, we children witnessed the marvelous rise, from the pipe-bowl, of the brightly variegated bubble; its slow, graceful ascent into upper air; and, alas! its sudden disappearance, at the very climax of our wonder. My delight was beyond all bounds; and so was my gratitude to the one-armed magician. I take credit for this last sentiment, to make up for the crime which was to follow.

We had in the house a sort of odd-job boy, who ran errands, helped now and then in the stables, carried coals to the fires, and whose early-morning duty it was to clean the boots and shoes of the household. His parents had named him, at the fount, after the Macedonian conqueror, the celebrated Alexander the Great, of whom you have read, or will read by and by; but their son, unlike King Philip's, was nick-named Sandy.

Sandy, according to my recollection of him, was the worst of bad boys. His chief pleasure seemed to consist in inventing modes of vexing and enraging us; and he was quite ingenious in his tricks of petty torture. Add to this that he was very jealous of James Dunn's popularity; especially when we told him, as we often did, that we hated *him.*

One day my brother William, a year younger than myself, and I had been out blowing soap-bubbles ("all by ourselves," as we were wont to boast, in proof that we were getting to be big boys), and had returned triumphant. In the courtyard we met Sandy, to whom, forgetting, for the moment, by-gone squabbles, we joyfully related our exploits, and broke out into praises of the pipe-giver as the nicest man that ever was. That nettled the young scamp, and he began to abuse our well-beloved post-carrier as a "lazy loun that hadna' but yin arm, and could do naething with the tither but cowp letters into the post-office and make up bairns' trashtrie" (by which he meant a lazy fellow, with one arm only, who could do nothing but empty letters into the post-office, and make up trash for children).

This made me angry, and I suppose I must have given him some bitter reply; whereupon Sandy snatched the richly prized pipe from my hand, broke off its stem close to the bowl, and threw the fragments into what we used to call the "shoe-hole:" not a very proper name for a small outhouse, hard by, where our tormentor discharged his duties as shoe-black.

We hated to be set down as tell-tales, so we did not say a word about this to father or mother. But

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when, an hour later, I burst into tears at the sight of James Dunn, I had to tell him our story. He made light of it, wisely remarking that there were more pipes in the world; and, shouldering his post-bag, went off to the "auld toun."

You may imagine my joyful surprise when, on his return, he gave me another pipe.

I took it up to an attic room of which I had the run when I wished to be alone; locked the door, with a vague feeling as if Sandy were at my heels; sat down and gazed on the new treasure. The very same as the pipe I had tearfully mourned! brand new, just from the shop. But the delight its first sight had given me faded when I thought of the sacrifices that dear, good man had been making for my sake. It was so generous of him to give me the first pipe! I had no idea whatever of its money value; to me it was beyond price. Then here his generosity had been taxed a second time. Again he had been spending for me out of his wages, which I supposed must be small, since he had only one arm to work with. And who had been the cause of all this woful sacrifice? That vile, cruel, rascally Sandy! To him it was due that James Dunn had felt compelled to make a second purchase,—to the stinting, perhaps, of his poor wife and children! And—who could tell?—the same cruel ill-turn might be repeated again and again. Ah! then my indignation rose, till I could hear the heart-beats.

I remember distinctly that no plans of revenge had arisen in my mind caused by the destruction of my first pipe, however enraged I was at the perpetrator of that outrage. It was only when I found one of my dearest friends thus plundered, on my account, that my wrath, roused to white heat, gave forth vapors of vengeance.

I brooded over the matter all day, so that I can't plead that what I did was on the spur of the moment. Toward evening my plans took shape; and, ere I slept, which was long after I went to bed, every detail had been arranged. My adversary was a large, stout, lubberly fellow, more than twice my age; and I had to make up in stratagem for my great inferiority in strength.

Next morning, before the nursery-maid awoke, I crept slyly from bed, dressed in silence, went down stairs to the courtyard, and armed myself with a broom: not one of your light, modern, broom-corn affairs, but a downright heavy thing, with a stout handle and heavy wooden cross-head, set with bristles. It was as much as I could do to wield it.

Then I took a look at the enemy's camp. No Sandy yet in the "shoe-hole!" I went in, set the door ajar, and took post, with uplifted weapon, behind it.

I had long to wait, Sandy being late that morning; but my wrath only boiled the more hotly for the delay. At last there was a step, and the door moved. Down with all the might of rage came the broom—the hard end of the cross-piece foremost—on the devoted head that entered. The foe sank on the ground. I sprang forward—but what was this? The head I had struck had on a beautiful white lace cap! It flashed on me in a moment; I had struck not the Sandy I hated, but our kind, good housekeeper, Miss Wilson!

Miss Wilson was a nice, orderly, painstaking, neatly-dressed lady, thirty-five or forty years old. She understood all about keeping house and managing servants; and she was very gentle too, and much inclined to make pets of the children around her. Next to James Dunn she was our greatest favorite. I am afraid one reason why we loved her was rather a selfish one, My mother had allowed her to have us children all to tea with her every Sunday evening, on condition that each cup was to be two-thirds of warm water; but nothing was said about how much sugar we might have.

Now, in that country, and in those days, young folk, both gentle and simple, were restricted to very frugal fare. For breakfast, porridge (that is, oatmeal mush) and milk; for supper, bread and milk only. At dinner we were helped once sparingly to animal food, and once only to pie or pudding; but we had as many vegetables and as much oatmeal cake as we chose. Scottish children under the age of fourteen were rarely allowed either tea or coffee; and such was the rule in our house. Till we were eight or ten years old we were not admitted to the evening meal in the parlor.

Miss Wilson's tea-table furnished the only peep we had of the Chinese luxury.

Thus the Sunday evening in the housekeeper's parlor (for Miss Wilson had her own nicely furnished parlor between the kitchen and the servants' dining-hall) was something to which we looked eagerly forward. On that occasion we had toast as well as tea; and the banquet sometimes ended with a well-filled plate of sugar-biscuit, a luxury dearly prized because it was so rare.

These weekly feastings gave rise among us to a somewhat singular name for the first day of the week. We took this, not from the sermons we heard, or the catechism we learnt on that day, but from the nice things on Miss Wilson's table; somewhat irreverently calling Sunday the *toast-biscuit-tea-day*. I am not certain whether this new name of ours ever reached my mother's ears; for Miss Wilson was too discreet to retail the confidential jokes which we permitted ourselves in the privacy of her little suppers.

Under the circumstances, one may judge of my

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horror when I saw on whom the broom-head had fallen. The sight stunned me almost as much as my blow had stunned the poor woman who lay before me. I have a dim recollection of people, called in by my screams, raising Miss Wilson and helping her to her room; and then I remember nothing more till I found myself, many hours later, in the library; my mother standing by with her eyes red, and my father looking at me more in sorrow than in anger.

"Would n't you be very sorry, Robert," he said at last, "if you were blind?"

I assented, as well as my sobs would allow.

"Well, when a boy or man is in such a rage as you were, he is little better than blind or half mad. He does n't stop to think or to look at anything. You did n't know Miss Wilson from Sandy."

My conscience told me that was true. I had struck without waiting to look.

"You may be very thankful," my father went on, "that it was n't Sandy. You might have killed the boy."

I thought it would have been no great harm if I had, but I did n't say so.

"Are you sorry for what you have done?"

I said that I was very, *very* sorry that I had hurt Miss Wilson, and that I wanted to tell her so. My father rang the bell and sent to inquire how she was.

"I am going to take you to ask her pardon. But it 's of no use to be sorry unless you do better. Remember this! *I have never struck you. You must never strike anybody.*"

It was true. I cannot call to mind that I ever, either before or since that time, received a blow from any human being; most thankful am I that I have been spared the knowledge of how one feels under such an insult. Nor, from that day forth, so far as I remember, did I ever give a blow in anger again.

The servant returned. "She has a sair head yet, sir; but she 's muckle better. She 's sittin' up in her chair, and would be fain to see the bairn." Then, in an undertone, looking at me: "It was a fell crunt, yon. I didna think the bit callan could hit sae snell."

I ought here to tell you that servants and other working people in Scotland generally speak in a curious dialect, called "broad Scotch," as you may have seen, or will some day see, in Walter Scott's novels. The servant meant to say that "Miss Wilson's head still pained her, but she was much better, and would be glad to see the child;" adding, "That was an awful blow on the head; I did n't think the slip of a boy could hit so hard."

When I saw Miss Wilson in her arm-chair, with pale cheeks and bandaged head, I could not say a single word. She held out her arms; I flung mine round her neck, kissed her again and again, and then fell to crying long and bitterly. The good soul's eyes were wet as she took me on her knee and soothed me. When my father offered to take me away I clung to her so closely that she begged to have me stay.

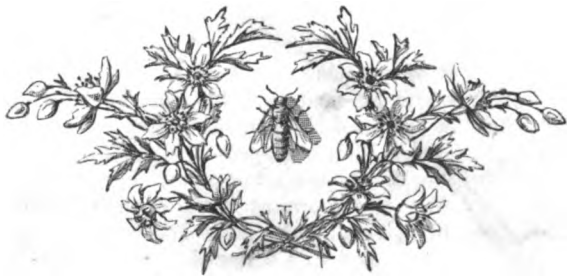
I think the next half hour, in her arms, had crowded into it more sincere repentance and more good resolves for the future than any other in my life. Then, at last, my sobs subsided, so that I could pour into her patient ear the whole story of my grievous wrongs: Sandy's unexampled wickedness in breaking the first pipe; James Dunn's unheard-of generosity in buying the second; the little chance I had if I did n't take the broom to such a big boy; and then—

"But, Miss Wilson," I said, when I came to that point, "what made *you* come to the shoe-hole, and not Sandy?"

"I wanted to see if the boy was attending to his work."

I then told her I would love her as long as she lived, and that she must n't be angry with me; and when she had promised to love me too, we parted.

It only remains to be said, that about a month afterwards, Sandy was quietly dismissed. We all breathed more freely when he was gone.



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ELFIN JACK, THE GIANT-KILLER.

By J. S. Stacy.

Do not think the story
Of the giant-killer's glory
Is only known and cherished by yourselves,
O, my dears;
For his deeds so daring,
And his trick of scaring
All his foes, are quite familiar to the elves,
It appears.

In the starlight, tender—
In the moonlight's splendor
Do they gather and recount every deed,
It is said;
How he met a hornet,
Who was playing on a cornet,
Out of tune, and he slew him with a reed,—
Slew him dead!

How, growing ever bolder,
With his reed upon his shoulder,
And an acorn-shield upon his little arm—
Well equipped—
He sought a mighty giant,
Who was known as "Worm, the pliant,"
And after giving battle, fierce and warm,
Left him whipped.

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How he saw a spider
With her victim, dead, inside her,
Told her, in a voice of fury, to begone
From his sight;
How he killed her when she 'd risen
To her cruel, fatal prison,
And nobly freed her captives, so forlorn,—
Gallant knight!

Ah, but the elves are proudest,
And ring his praises loudest,
When telling of a snail, grim and hoary,
In his mail.
With those fearful horns before him,
Jack gallantly upbore him,
And killed him with a thrust (to his glory)
In the tail!

List in the starlight, tender,—
List in the moonlight's splendor,—
For a whirring, like hurrahing, in the glen,
Far and near.
'T is the elves who, looking back
To their giant-killer, Jack,
Tell his story to each other, funny men!
With a cheer.

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MAKING SNOW.

BY JAMES RICHARDSON.

"OH, Kitty! come and see what a *nawful* heavy frost! It 's all over everything,—ever so thick."

"Why, you little goosey! That is n't frost,—it 's snow."

"*Snow?* What is snow?"

"Just think, papa, Tommy does n't know what snow is!"

"Tommy was a baby when the snow was here last winter, and he does n't remember it. You must tell him."

"Why snow is,—nothing but snow! Everybody knows what snow is, papa."

"Tommy does n't, you see. Tell him."

"I 'll get some for him. See, Tommy, this is snow."

"It 's white, like frost,—and cold,—and wet."

"But it is n't frost,—it 's snow. It came out of the sky last night."

"Did it? I did n't see any when I went to bed. And it is n't frost?"

"*No*, I tell you; can't you believe me?"

"It turns to water, like frost. See, it 's all melting."

"Just listen to him, papa! He won't believe a word I say."

"Do you know what frost is, Tommy?"

"Yes, I know. It 's fine ice, like you scraped for me the other day."

"Very well; now let us see if snow is anything like that. I will scrape some frost from the window, and Kitty will bring some snow from out-doors. Just a little, Kitty, on this piece of paper. That 's right; thank you. Now let us look at the two. Both are white; both are cold; and see! both are turned to water by the warmth of the stove. What is the difference?"

"There is n't any difference."

"Oh, yes, there is, Tommy. Snow falls out of the sky,—I 've seen it,—and frost does n't."

"What makes it?"

"It is n't made; it just comes."

"What makes it come?"

"Did you ever see such a boy to ask questions, papa?"

"A very good boy to ask questions, Kitty. I hope he will always ask them as sensibly. Let me try to make the matter clear to him. I think we 'll get on best down in the big kitchen, where they are boiling clothes for the wash and filling the place with steam."

"What has steam to do with snow, papa?"

"Very much, as I 'll show you presently. Here we are! Now, Tommy, can you tell us what we 've come for?"

"You 're going to show us about snow,—how it makes itself,—are n't you?"

"I 'll try. You see all this steam rising from the boiler. Do you know what it is?"

"It 's steam."

"Yes, but what *is* steam?".

"Tommy does n't know, papa; but I do. It 's water-vapor. You told me that a good while ago."

"See, Tommy; when I hold this cold shovel over the kettle it turns some of the steam back to water again. The shovel is all wet now."

"Where does the rest of the steam go to?"

"The air drinks it up,—dissolves it, just as your tea dissolves the sugar put into it,—and you can't see it any more. But the cold door-knob or the cold window-glass brings it out again; see how wet they are. That is from the steam in the air. You will remember, Kitty, what I told you about the dew that forms on the grass on cool summer evenings, and how in the fall, when it is colder, the dew freezes and makes frost. Here by the stove it is so warm that the dew cannot freeze on the windows and nails and door-hinges. Further away, a little frost forms around the cracks where the cold air comes in; and see! here in the corner, where it is very cold (it 's so far from the stove), all the nails have frost on them, and the window panes are covered with it."

"But how does the *snow* come?"

"Be patient, Tommy, and I 'll show you directly."

"You know, Kitty, that there 's a great deal of steam or water-vapor in this room, though you cannot see much of it. You know, too, that anything cold will turn the steam back to water again, and if it is very cold it will freeze the water and make frost of it.

"Now, suppose the cold thing would n't let the frost stick to it, the frost would have to fall to the floor and then it would be snow.

"Cold air acts that way; it freezes the vapor, but cannot hold the frost. On very cold days I 've seen a real little snow storm made in a hot, steamy room just by opening a window or a door.

"May be it 's cold enough for it to-day. We can try, anyhow, and if we fail we can try again some colder day.

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"Here, where the air is warm and steamy, I 'll open the window at the top so that the cold wind will blow in. Look sharp, now!"

"I can see them! I can see them! Real snow-flakes! Oh, Tommy, see! Is n't it funny to make a snow storm in the kitchen?"

"Look again. There 's no snow flying outside; but as soon as I open the window a little, and the cold air rushes in, the snow-flakes appear."

"What makes them go out so quick?"

"The warm air in the room melts them as soon as they fall into it."

"Is that the way the snow is made up in the sky?"

"Precisely. Yesterday it was warm and wet, you will remember. There was a great deal of water-vapor in the air. Last night it grew cold, suddenly. A cold wind blew down on the warm, wet wind that had come up from the sea and chilled it,—as the cold wind coming in at the window chilled the air in the room,—and froze its vapor into snow. That is what made the snow storm last night.

"You need n't look so wise, Tommy. You 'll understand it better when you 're bigger."

"I nunderstand it *now*, papa. The wind blowed and—and it made a nawful big frost; did n't it?"

"A very big frost, Tommy."

"That 's what I said!"

BROKEN!

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EMPRUNT DE PEINE.

Par J. S. S.

Il y a plus de deux cents ans vivaient en Castille un beau prince et une belle princesse qui possédaient tout ce qu'un bon cœur humain peut avoir—excepté de la peine. Il semblait qu'il ne pouvait leur en arriver. Ils étaient jeunes, pleins de santé, joyeux ; ils avaient des parents bons et très riches, et de plus ils comptaient des amis qui avaient pour eux une sincère affection, ce qui est un très rare bonheur pour les personnes de sang royal. Souvent la princesse disait :

"Ferdinand, qu'est-ce que la peine ? Comment la sent-on ?"

"COMMENT VOUS SENTEZ-VOUS, FERDINAND ?"

Et Ferdinand répondait : "Hélas ! Isabelle, je ne le sais pas."

"Demandons à nos parents de nous en donner, poursuivait Isabelle ; ils ne nous refusent jamais rien."

Mais le roi et la reine frémirent à leur demande :

"Non, non, chers enfants," s'écrièrent-ils, "vous ne savez pas ce que vous demandez. Priez que ces mauvais souhaits disparaissent de vos cœurs !"

Mais le prince et la princesse ne furent pas satisfaits de cette réponse. Ils s'adressèrent en secret au plus puissant de leurs courtisans et, à leur grand étonnement, essuyèrent un refus accompagné d'un sourire et d'une révérence cérémonieuse.

Ils se rendirent même auprès du bouffon de la cour.

"Ah ! c'est une très précieuse chose que la peine !" dit le bouffon. "On ne peut l'acheter, et elle ne peut s'obtenir par une simple demande. Mais vous pouvez l'emprunter."

"Bon !" s'écria le couple enchanté. "Nous en emprunterons pour le moment."

"Mais," ajouta le bouffon, "si vous en empruntez, il faudra rendre en même monnaie."

"Hélas !" soupirèrent le prince et la princesse, "comment pourrons-nous, si nous n'avons pas de peine qui soit à nous ?"

"Eh bien ! en voilà de la peine !" prononça le bouffon, et il s'esquiva.

"Qu'a-t-il voulu dire par ces paroles ?" dit le prince, presque à bout de patience ; "mais il ne faut pas s'en occuper, ce n'est qu'un fou."

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Puis, désespérés, les deux enfants allèrent trouver leur fidèle bonne qui était restée au palais depuis leur naissance :

"Chère Catherine," dirent-ils, "nous n'avons jamais eu de peine. Les prêtres disent que c'est le commun lot des mortels. Avez-vous eu le vôtre ?"

"Oh, oui ! mes mignons, j'ai toujours eu de la peine au delà de mes désirs !" répondit tristement la vieille femme en branlant la tête.

"Oh ! oh ! donnez-nous en, donnez-nous en, bonne Catherine," demandèrent à l'envi le prince et la princesse.

Mais Catherine leva les mains en signe d'horreur et s'éloigna en chancelant et en marmottant des prières.

Alors le prince et la princesse descendirent dans le jardin et s'assirent sur un banc de mousse.

"Personne ne nous donnera ce que nous avons demandé," dit Isabelle ; "c'est très dur."

"Oui, très dur," répéta Ferdinand en prenant la main de sa sœur.

"Nos parents ne nous avaient jamais rien refusé auparavant," reprit Isabelle.

"Jamais," répondit Ferdinand.

"Ni les courtisans," ajouta Isabelle.

"Ni les courtisans," répéta Ferdinand.

"Ni notre chère vieille bonne," dit Isabelle, avec un sentiment étrange dans les yeux.

"Ni notre chère bonne."

"C'est de la méchanceté."

"C'est de l'insolence."

"C'est de l'ingratitude."

"Une très grande ingratitude."

"C'est de la cruauté !" acheva Isabelle en sanglotant ; et mes yeux sont tout remplis de larmes ! "Comment vous sentez-vous, Ferdinand ?"

"Très mal, Isabelle. Je pense que mes yeux se mouillent aussi de larmes !"

A ce moment-là le jardinier en chef venait de leur côté. Il courut à eux.

"Mon cher prince et ma chère princesse !" s'écria-t-il en se mettant à genoux devant eux ; "vous pleurez ! Ciel ! Penser que ces nobles et beaux enfants pouvaient avoir de la peine !"

"De la peine !" répétèrent en chœur Ferdinand et Isabelle. "*Cela* est de la peine, Carlos !"

"Assurément, je pense," répondit Carlos, fort intrigué.

Alors le prince et la princesse se levèrent vivement en battant des mains et ils coururent au palais heureux comme deux oiseaux. Leur vœu était enfin exaucé.

[We shall be glad to see translations of this story from all of our young friends who are studying French. The best one received before March 15th shall be printed in our May number.]

NIMPO'S TROUBLES.

By Olive Thorne.

Chapter V.

THE FIRST SUNDAY.

The next day was Sunday, and Nimpo was up early, feeling the responsibility of getting the boys and herself ready for church and Sunday-school.

With all her desire for liberty, she never had so wild a dream as staying at home from church.

In fact, in that village, one who deliberately stayed at home when he was able to stand, was looked upon as a desperate sinner.

Nimpo did not feel prepared to face the public opinion of the whole town, especially as she was sure Mr. Binney,—the minister,—would notice her absence and speak about it.

Mr. Binney was a very good man, and very earnest in doing good ; but his ways were very odd, and he was a perpetual terror to Nimpo.

He was a tall, thin man, with reddish hair and whiskers. The whiskers began where the hair left off, and so his pale face was always framed in a sort of golden halo, which alone made it something awful. But this was nothing to his eyes. They were very large, and of that sharp kind that seem to look right through one.

Nimpo used to feel that they could spy out anything in her secret heart.

I said he had odd ways, and I'll tell you how he would do, that you may see why she was afraid of him. When he met her anywhere, he would fix those awful eyes on her, and say, in a loud, abrupt way, "Whose girl are you ?"

"Mr. Rievor's," Nimpo would say, trembling.

"What's your name ?"

"Nimpo."

"Nimpo !—a heathenish name ! Did your father give you that name ?"

"No, it's a nickname ; my real name is Helen."

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"Then, why did n't you say your name was Helen? Helen, how old are you?"

"Twelve years," Nimpo would say.

"Helen, have you given your heart to the Lord?" would come next.

"I don't know," poor Nimpo would say, almost wishing the earth would open and let her in, and feeling the most frantic desire to run away.

At this uncertain answer would come an awful look, and these solemn words:

"Twelve years old! and don't know whether you 're a Christian! I must pray for you."

And if it was in a house, down he would go on his knees and pray for her, till poor Nimpo would feel that she was the most wicked wretch in the world, and not know what to do about it either.

Now, this,—though meant, of course, in the greatest kindness,—was simply shocking to Nimpo, who felt that the deepest secrets of her soul were rudely torn out and held up to the view of the world.

You may be sure she always ran away when she saw him coming; crossed the street, dodged around a corner, or slipped out of the back door to avoid him, for he always asked the same questions.

Then his sermons,—an hour long, as they were,—had a strange fascination for her. One especially she remembered so well, that when she was grown up it seemed as if he had preached it a dozen times. It was on the parable of the two men, one of whom built his house upon a rock, and nothing could shake it, while the other built his on the sand, and the storms beat upon it and it fell.

The first time Nimpo heard it she went home feeling very anxious, and getting Rush to help, she dug a hole by the side of their house, to see if its foundation were on a rock.

Well, on the Sunday I 'm telling about, though she had to wear a clean gingham dress and her school shoes, she dressed Robbie, helped Rush put on his collar and tie his black neck-ribbon, and got ready herself.

As a last touch, after her hat was tied on, she took up her clean handkerchief by the middle fold, and shook it out so that the four corners hung together, and held it thus very carefully in her left hand.

Then she went to a corner of the garden and picked several bunches of green caraway or fennel, to keep her awake in church. These she held with her handkerchief, and taking Robbie's hand, she called to Rush to bring her Sunday-school book from the table, and away they went to the Sunday-school and church.

Sunday-school was at nine o'clock and church at half-past ten. So they did not get home till nearly one o'clock.

Then they ate a lunch of pie and doughnuts, with, perhaps, a glass of milk. And at half-past two they went to church again.

After that, the rest of the day was spent in reading Sunday-school books, getting next week's lesson, eating supper, and perhaps taking a nap.

Sometimes, when their mother was at home, if they were very quiet and would promise to walk slowly, they were allowed to take a walk to the graveyard.

But Mrs. Primkins thought that was wicked; so after they had read their thin little Sunday-school books twice through (Nimpo used to wonder if they were so thin because the children were so very good that there was n't much to say about them), and had looked at all the pictures in the big Bible, they were very glad to drag themselves off to bed at eight o'clock.

I tell you thus carefully about Nimpo's Sundays, because I want you to see how the world has become wiser since she was little, and how much more pleasant the blessed day is made for you.

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. PRIMKINS PUTS NIMPO TO WORK.

MONDAY morning came, and Rush got ready for school.

"I 'm not going to school to-day," said Nimpo.

"Well, I am," said Rush. "It 's awful dull here, and I can have some fun with the boys."

And off he started.

Now, Nimpo felt rather lonesome; but one of the things she thought her mother was especially cruel about, was making her go to school every day. So, of course, the only way to enjoy her liberty was to stay at home.

Mrs. Primkins saw what she intended to do, and resolved to take her in hand. So after breakfast she said, coolly:

"Nimpo, I expect you to do your own washing while you are here. I have enough of my own, without washing such a raft of things as that." And she pointed to the pile of clothes Nimpo had put out.

It was rather a formidable pile,—three or four dresses, three or four linen suits for Robbie, as many for Rush, besides under-clothes, and such things.

Nimpo looked at it in dismay; but Mrs. Primkins went on:

"There 's a pail you can take; here 's a piece of soap; and you 'll find hot water on the stove."

Now, Nimpo knew no more about washing than a butterfly; and her heart rebelled; but she did n't quite dare to say anything. So, gloomily she went to work. She filled the pail with water, seized a pair of Robbie's knickerbockers, and began.

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She rubbed and rubbed, and she soaped and soaped, and not a speck could she get out of these clothes. Her back ached; the skin seemed scalded from her hands; her dress was soaked from waist to hem.

But there was Augusta Primkins, not much older than she, up to her brown elbows in suds, and working away with ease. So Nimpo's pride helped her, and she endured as long as she could. At last, when the pain of her raw fingers became intolerable, and the perspiration ran off her face in big drops, and an extra swish of the knickerbockers sent half the pail of suds over her clothes, she blazed up.

Throwing down the garment with a tragical air, she burst out with:

"Mrs. Primkins! my mother does n't intend to educate me for a washerwoman. I will send my clothes to Mrs. Jackson!"

"I don't think your schoolin' is gitting much attention, since you come here," said Mrs. Primkins, dryly. "I don't think children git much good running around, trapesing all over the country, with nothing to do. Satan always finds some work for idle hands to do. So, if you don't go to school, why, you 'll have to work in my house. There 's no two ways about that. I 'll wash your clothes now; you can do up the dishes."

Nimpo stalked from the wash-room into the kitchen, feeling that minding her was intolerable, yet too well brought up to think of serious rebellion.

She washed the odious blue-edged dishes, feeling all the time an aching desire to pitch them out of the window. Then she went up stairs, threw herself on the bed and had a good cry.

After awhile, she felt better, and got up and changed her wet clothes.

"I guess I 'll go to school, if the mean old thing 's going to make me wash dishes," she said to herself.

So in the afternoon she went to school. Miss Osgood was glad to see her, and so were the girls; and, to her own surprise, she felt happier than she had since her mother went away.

While they were bending over their geographies, rocking back and forth and moving their lips, apparently studying with all their might, Anna Morris, who sat next to Nimpo, and was her "best friend," whispered softly:

"Do you know Helen Benson 's going to have her birthday party next Saturday?"

"Is she, truly?" asked Nimpo.

"Yes; true 's I live and breathe and draw the breath of life," said Anna; "and most all the girls are invited; I am."

"I wonder if she is n't going to invite me!" said Nimpo.

"Oh, of course she will, only you was n't here this morning. She is n't going to have any boys; her mother won't let her."

"I 'm glad of that," said Nimpo; "boys are so rude."

"I aint; I think it 's real mean."

At recess, the birthday party was the great subject of conversation; and as soon as she saw Helen Nimpo received her invitation.

The invitations were not much like those which young ladies of twelve years get now-a-days, engraved or written as ceremoniously as their mammas', enclosed in a dainty envelope, and sent by a servant.

Helen just said to Nimpo:

"O, Nimpo, I want you to come to my party, next Saturday."

"Well, I will," said Nimpo; and that was all.

The great question, "What are you going to wear?" came up next; and that was as important to these girls, with only one Sunday dress, as it is to you with your many.

Nimpo had no reply to make to the question. *Her* Sunday dress was ruined, and she did not know what she should do.

The girls pitied her, and had plenty of suggestions to make. One advised her to hunt up a white dress which she had outgrown, and let it down; and another offered to lend her a dress of her older sister's, which would only need tucking up and taking in under the arms. But Nimpo was too proud to accept any such offer.

"If mother was home," she sighed, as she walked slowly home, "she would get me a new dress; I know she would."

As she passed her father's store, she went in, partly to see if any letters had come from her mother, and partly because she always did go in. Cousin Will happened to be in a pleasant mood,—he was n't always,—and so Nimpo told him about the party and her spoilt dress.

"If mother was here, she 'd get me a new one," she ended.

"I dare say she would," said Cousin Will, pitying the unhappy face of his little cousin, "and I 'll tell you what I 'll do, Nimpo. If you can find anybody to make your dress, I 'll take the responsibility of letting you have one out of the store."

"Oh! will you?" cried Nimpo. "Oh, I 'll be so glad! But who can I get?" she added, soberly, a moment later. The ladies in that primitive town made their own dresses. They did n't have forty tucks or ruffles on them, I can tell you.

"Could n't Sarah make it?" suggested Cousin Will.

"I don't know; perhaps so; she does sew sometimes; and come to think of it, she told me she

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used to sew for her old mistress. But she is away off at her sister's."

"Not so very far,—only a mile through the woods. Rush knows where, for he and I went there once to get her."

"Well, I 'll go over and see her now," said Nimpo, excitedly. "Where 's Rush?"

"He 's out, behind the store!" said Cousin Will.

Nimpo soon found him. He was delighted with the proposal to go to Sarah's.

They started off at once, calling a moment at Mrs. Morris' to get Anna to go, too.

Of course, all you young people know how delightful are walks in the woods; so I need not describe that part of it, only to say that they stopped so often to gather flowers, moss and other treasures, that when they got to Mrs. Johnson's, their arms and pockets and aprons were full.

Mrs. Johnson,—Sarah's sister,—lived in a long, low cabin made of logs, in the woods. She had a husband and six or eight children, and the entire family had run away from the South a few years before.

Sarah was busy, helping her sister spin, and was quite surprised to see Nimpo.

"How do you git on, boarding?" was her first question.

"Not very well," said Nimpo; "but, Sarah, I 've come to see if you can't make me a new dress to go to Helen Benson's party?"

"La sakes now!" exclaimed Sarah. "Whar 's that new blue frock y'r ma done made fur ye?"

"I spoiled it,—fell in the creek," said Nimpo.

"Go 'long, now! What ye s'pose y'r ma 'll say?"

"I don't know," said Nimpo, penitently; "but will you make the dress? Cousin Will says I may have one, if you 'll make it."

"Lor'! ye oughten ter spile y'r cloze so. I don't see how I kin do it, no ways."

"Yes, Sarah," spoke up her sister; "make it fur the po' child. I kin help ye."

Nimpo turned gratefully to the speaker,—a big woman, with a fat black baby in her lap.

"Oh, thank you!"

And so it was settled that Sarah would make the dress; and Nimpo agreed to "bring the stuff aroun'," the next day.

"Sarah!" said Rush, "now let 's have a story."

"Oh, oh, do!" cried Nimpo and Anna, in a breath; for Sarah was a famous story-teller.

"You say you 'll come over, some day, and tell me 'bout the party," said Sarah, "an' I 'll tell ye a story, that 'll make y'r ha'r stan' up."

"Oh, yes; we 'll promise *sure*," said Nimpo, eagerly, "if you only will tell us the story right off."

CHAPTER VII.

SARAH'S STORY.

SARAH'S stories were wonderful things. To be sure, they were apt to be a little startling, and generally ended by scaring her listeners half out of their wits; but that only made them more delightfully exciting.

By this time the Johnson children, getting a hint of the coming treat, began to crowd around, and Sarah began:

"Now, all you young uns must sit 'mazin' still if I 'm gwine to tell a story."

Nimpo and Anna were already occupying the only spare chairs. Rush sat on the wood-box, and the biggest Johnson girl on a keg, while the rest of the children squatted around on the floor, making a close semicircle about Sarah.

Sarah's virtue as a story-teller was in her face and manner. She was very black, with large rolling eyes, a very long face, a monstrous mouth, great white teeth, and long thin hands, which had an uncanny white look on the inside, as though the color were coming off.

Perhaps you don't think hands have much to do with story-telling, but they had with Sarah's, I can tell you.

Quieting her audience with threats of "claring 'em all out the house," she began in a low, solemn voice:

"Onct upon a time, way down in Ole Kentuck', there lived a MAN! He was a-w-f-u-l rich, and had heaps an' heaps o' nice things in his dark cellar. Bottles an' bottles o' wine, bar'ls an' bar'ls o' cider, an' lots an' lots o' hams, bar'ls and bar'ls o' bacon, an' bins an' bins o' apples, an' jars an' jars o' sweetmeats, an' boxes an' boxes o' raisins, an' O! piles o' good things to eat, in that dark cellar."

Sarah paused to see the effect. Rush smacked his lips, and the eyes of the whole Johnson family rolled in ecstasy at the delightful picture.

"But he was a-w-f-u-l stingy! Not a speck of all these yer goodies would he guv to a-n-y body. Lor'! he al'us kep the key in his own pocket, an' if he wanted ham for dinner, he went down in that yer d-a-r-k cellar, an' cut a slice, nuff fur hisself. An' if he wanted wine, he jes went down an' fotched a bottle, an' al'us locked the do' arter him, an' n-e-v-e-r guv Sam the fustest speck!"

"Who 's dat ar?" asked one of the children.

"You shet up! I 'll crack ye over the head, if ye don't stop cuttin' up sich shines!" Sarah replied.

The interrupter shrunk behind his mother, and felt snubbed.

"Well, now," Sarah went on, rolling her eyes,

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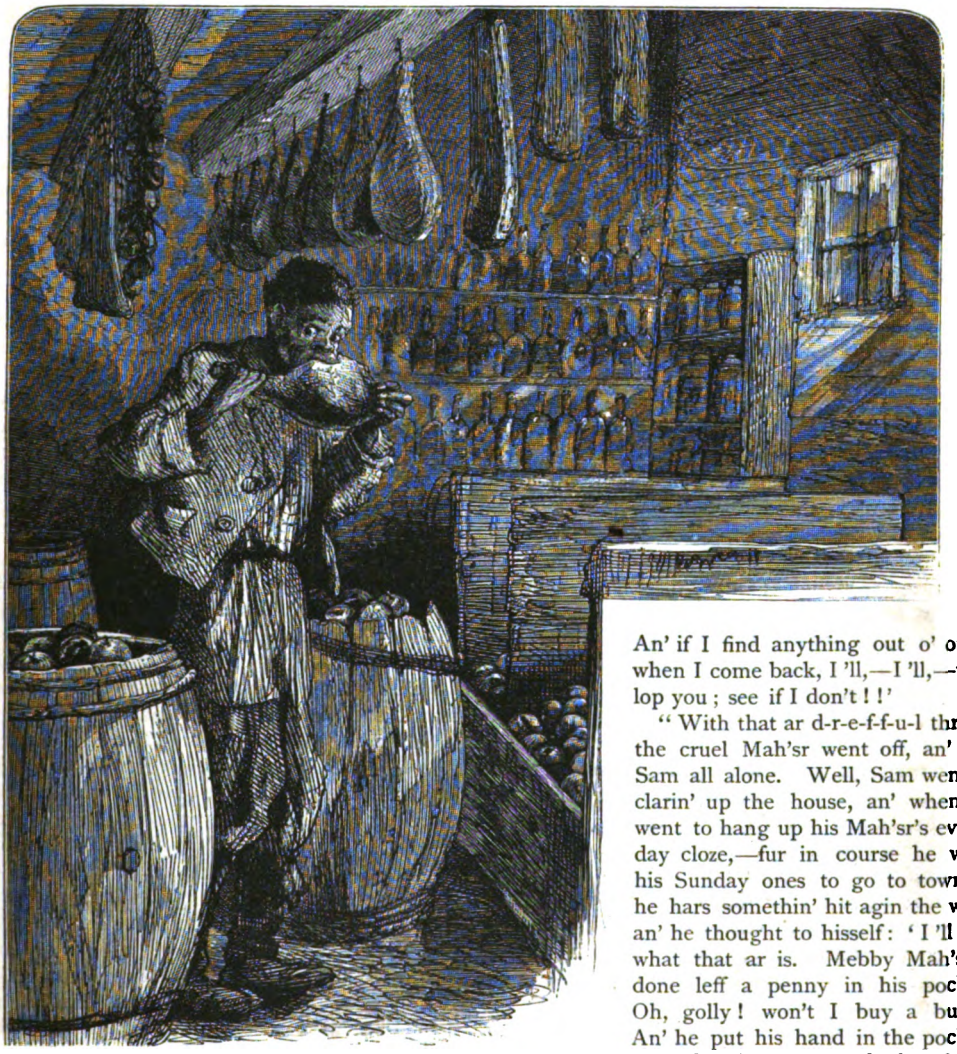
"that ar Sam was a po' nigga,—the only nigga the stingy man had; an' he was that stingy he never half fed him no way. He guv him a leetle corn-meal fur hoe cakes, an' onct in a g-r-e-a-t while a leetle teeny bit uv a thin slice o' bacon. So Sam got thinner an' thinner, till he was near a shadder, an' his fingers were l-o-n-g and b-o-n-y."

And Sarah held up hers and clawed them in the air, till the children could almost see Sam and his bony hands.

"Well, one day this bad man had to go 'way off to the big city, an' he had n't got nobody to leave in the house but jes Sam. So he done measured out jes so much corn-meal, an' he said: 'Now Sam, I shall be gone away three days, an' that 'll have to last ye till I get back. I 'll warrant ye 'd like to jes eat it every ·ap the fust day, an' ax fur mo',—it 's jes like ye,—but not a snojen do you get till I come back, fur I 've locked everything up. An' if I find anything out o' order when I come back, I 'll,—I 'll,—wallop you; see if I don't!!'



SAM IN THE CELLAR.

"With that ar d-r-e-f-f-u-l threat, the cruel Mah'sr went off, an' left Sam all alone. Well, Sam went to clarin' up the house, an' when he went to hang up his Mah'sr's every-day cloze,—fur in course he wore his Sunday ones to go to town,—he hars somethin' hit agin the wall, an' he thought to hisself: 'I 'll see what that ar is. Mebby Mah'sr 's done leff a penny in his pocket. Oh, golly! won't I buy a bun!' An' he put his hand in the pocket, an' *what do you s'pose he found?*

"THE CELLAR KEY!!!"

Sarah, looking wildly at her listeners, said these thrilling words in an awful whisper, with a roll of the eyes and a dropping of the jaw, that made it still more horrible.

"'Oh, Lor'! here 's the key!' said Sam to hisself; 'what s-h-a-l-l I do?' An' then he thought awhile. But, sakes! chillen, 'pears like the Debil is

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al'us waitin' fur chances, an' so he popped into Sam's head to jes go an' *look* at the good things. 'I won't touch ary bit,' said Sam, 'fur Ole Mah'sr 'd find out if one apple stem 's gone,—but I 'll look.' That was the fust wrong step, chillen. Ye know how hard it is to defrain, if ye look at the things ye oughten ter. Well, this yer onreverent nigga c-r-e-p-t down stairs an' unlocked the do', an' p-e-e-p-e-d in,—trem'lin', fit to drop. He more spected to see Ole Mah'sr behind a bar'l. But it was as s-t-i-l-l as the grave, so he c-r-e-p-t in. There hung the l-o-n-g rows o' hams,—so juicy an' sweet; and Sam went up an' thought to hisself, 'Now, I 'll jes smell of one.' So he smelled of it, an' it was so nice seems like he could n't help jes touch it with his finger an' clap his finger in his mouf, an' then he did it agin. Ye know, chillen, how the ole Debil stan's side o' ye an' helps ye on. Arter Sam had tasted onct or twice, he seen a t-e-e-n-y bit of a ham, way off in the fur corner, an' he said to hisself, 'I don't b'lieve Ole Mah'sr 'll ever miss that ar one,—'t aint much 'count no way.' An', chillen, he was that hungry he could n't help it, I do b'lieve. He snatched that ham, an' he eat an' eat an' eat till he could n't stuff another moufful, an' hid the rest behind a bar'l. Then he went on an' went on till he come to the apples,—bins an' bins o' b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l red apples! And he smelt of 'em, an' then he eat an' eat an' eat till he could n't stuff another moufful. Then he went on an' went on till he came to the shelf o' sweetmeats, an' he looked at 'em an' smelt of 'em, and finally he snatched a jar, tore off the cover, an' eat an' eat an' eat till he could n't stuff another moufful.

"An' then he could n't eat any more, sure nuff, an' he went out an' locked the do'. But he never had so much to eat in his life, an' 'pears like he was stuffed so full he sort o' lost his reasons. He went out an' laid down on a bench in the sun, an' he said to hisself, 'Lor'! aint it nice to have nuff to eat fur onct; there 's poor Jim, I don't s'pose he ever had nuff in his life.' An' then a w-e-r-y wicked idea come into his head. So, byem by he got up an' went over to Jim's,—he lived next do',—an' he tole him soon 's it was night to come over, an' he tole him to fotch Sally. Sally was the house gal, a likely wench, an' Sam liked her. An' then he went to Tom's and tole him to come too; and finally, chillen, he 'vited quite a 'spectable company. Then he went home, an' he went into the woodshed an' fotched in big sticks o' wood, an' he made up a mose won'erful fire, an' swept out the big kitchen clean an' nice, tho' he was n't extra neat now, Sam was n't. 'Bout ten o'clock his company 'gan to come, the ladies all dressed up fine in some of their Missis' things,—low neck an' short sleeves, an' ribbins an' white gloves. O, go 'way! yer don't see no sich things up har! An' the gemmen! Lor', chillen, if ye could see the fine long-tailed blue coats, with buttons shinin' like marygolds, ye'd laff fit to split y'r sides.

"Arter the company was all there, an' talked a little 'bout the weather an' sich topics o' conversation, he axed 'em, 'Would n't they like a little defreshment?' They was very polite, an' said, 'No, thank ye,' an' 'I 'd ruther be 'xcused.' But he went to the cellar, an' he took'd out g-r-e-a-t plates o' apples an' g-r-e-a-t pitchers o' cider, an' Tom helped him; an' they fotched out Ole Mah'sr's tum'lers, an' he filled 'em all up; an' he fotched out a w-h-o-l-e jar o' sweetmeats, an' a g-r-e-a-t dish o' honey, an' pickles,—oh, Lor'! such heaps o' things! An' all the time Sam said, so polite, 'Ladies an' gemmen, hep you'self, there 's mo' in Mah'sr's cellar!'

"An' they did hep theirselves, an' they eat an' eat an' eat till they could n't stuff another moufful. An' while they was all stuffin', an' Sam was gwine round with a bottle o' wine in each hand, sayin' so polite, 'Ladies and gemmen, hep you'self, there 's mo' in Mah'sr's cellar,' he happened to look up!

"THERE WAS HIS MAH'SR!!!"

As Sarah said this she gave a horrible yell, and sprang forward, clutching in the air, as though to seize them; and her spell-bound listeners screamed, and some of them fell over backwards.

Delighted with the effect of her tragedy, she waited till they gathered themselves up, with awe-struck faces, to listen to the end.

She lowered her voice to a ghostly whisper.

"The Mah'sr sprang to get Sam, but Sam let out a screech nuff to raise the dead, an' clared out thro' the do' 's tho' the Debil was arter him. The rest of the company slunk out 'thout axin' to be 'xcused, an' was in bed every soul of 'em in two minutes, an' snorin' fit to raise the roof. Sam's mah'sr run till he got done tired out, an' then he dragged hisself home."

Sarah stopped. After waiting a few minutes, Rush asked, in a scared sort of a voice, what became of Sam.

Sarah rolled her eyes, shook her head, dropped her jaw, and said, slowly:

"He n-e-v-e-r was heard of agin."

"Run away?" suggested Rush.

"S'pose so. Mebby up Norf this very day, f'r all I know." And Sarah turned to her work.

Her audience drew long breaths, and tried to resume their usual feelings, as though it were a common day.

But Sarah's stories invariably lasted longer than other people's. They seemed to do away with

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common everyday life, and the children could n't get over them.

But they were all the more delightful for that; and Nimpo, Anna and Rush took their leave at once, and walked home very quickly through the woods, which were now rather dusky, looking around nervously at every sound, half expecting to see the bony, half-starved Sam, or his fierce master.

But they were not afraid! Of course not,—they laughed at the idea of such a thing,—only Sarah's stories always seemed so real.

(To be continued.)

THE TRIO.

By Mary A. Lathbury.

Nannie Clover! Nannie Clover!
Mind the leaf to turn it over.
Don't be careless, Billy, don't!
You can sing well, but you won't.
Don't keep time with *all* your feet;
Softer, mind! when you repeat.
Ready now! and let it ring,
One,—two,—three,—sing:

'Mary had a little lamb,
Mary had a little lamb,
Mary had a little l-a-a-mb,
It's fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went,
And everywhere that Mary went,
And everywhere that Mary we-ent,
The lamb was sure to go."

Silly creatures, what a bother!
Making eyes at one another.
Mind your notes, and look at *me*,—
I 'm the leader, don't you see?
Faster, Billy! Louder, Nan!
Wake the echoes if you can.
Let us make this trio ring,—
One,—two,—three,—sing:

"Bah! bah! black sheep,
Got any wool?
O yes! master,
Three bags full:
One for the master,
One for the dame,
And one for the little boy
That cries in the lane."

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WHAT THE STORK SAW.

By Hetta Lord Hayes Ward.

It is a serious thing to be the head of a family, said the stork mother, as she sat brooding over her three yellow eggs in the big nest on the top of one of the tall chimneys of Strasburg.

"It would be more serious if there were no family. Something may happen to the eggs, after all," said the stork father, as he stood on one leg and looked at his wife earnestly.

"You must not speak of such a thing now, and don't stare at me so, dear. It distracts my mind," said Mrs. Stork, settling herself more carefully over the eggs.

"Suppose," said the stork father, uneasily, "suppose a storm should come and blow off the nest, or suppose some one should tear it down; suppose the chimney should fall, or—or suppose the eggs should prove addled!"

"They certainly will, if you disturb me at this rate," interrupted the mother.

The stork father said nothing more, just then, but changed his leg soberly, and looked at his wife as before.

He was very tall, and had dark circles round his eyes, and such a high forehead! You would have known he was uncommonly wise, though he said nothing.

"How can you have the heart to stand there stone-still, staring away, when you know I wish for some fresh meat? At home, before I was married, such toads and such snakes as we used to have! O, if I only had a snake now!" said the mother; and she snapped her beak as if she already tasted one.

"Don't think about it, dear. It will make your stomach uneasy," said the stork father, soothingly. "Perhaps I may find a rat somewhere." And he rose in the air, gave one great flap with his wings, and sailed on over the roofs toward the cathedral that rose tall and grand above the big and little houses of the queer old city.

It was still and cool inside the cathedral always. The beautiful round window in front caught the white sunbeams without, and changed them to strange, lovely colors, and then scattered them, all the year round, like summer flowers, on the floor below. Kings and queens, nobles and grand ladies, walked there with bowed heads, and forgot, for a little while, their crowns and kingdoms, their titles and brave attire, in thinking of the heavenly kingdom and the white robes of saints.

The tired kitchen-maid and the poor beggar knelt in the light of the colored windows, as if on banks of heavenly flowers, and forgot hunger and thirst, pain and labor.

No wonder the white stork flew towards the cathedral. On and on he sailed; then slowly swept in great circles above the tall spire, and, at last, dropped gently down.

The people came in crowds from the open doors. The stork raised his long neck, at last, and looked.

"I thought as much," said he; and slowly lifted himself on his great wings, and dropped down on a neighboring roof, where he perched himself gravely on one leg, like a crippled soldier. One would have thought him asleep, he stood so still; but, suddenly he gave a hop, flapped his wings, and sailed away from the cathedral back towards the nest on the chimney.

"You have been gone so long," said the stork mother, peevishly.

"But I found a rat on my way home, my dear."

"That may be very well; but will it keep my legs from aching? Besides, you knew I wanted a snake." Yet she rose from her nest and swallowed the rat, at once.

"Pray, don't get excited. Remember the children's dispositions, my dear," said the stork father, soothingly, as he seated himself on the nest; "I saw something to-day."

"Saw something? That rat was really very refreshing; and my legs feel much better after stretching them a little. I think I can sit down again soon. You saw?"

"I saw our Dr. Felix."

"That is nothing; he sits at the window, always!"

"Is he there now?" asked the stork father.

"Why, no!" answered the mother, stretching her long neck and looking over the side of the nest down to a little window in the roof "but he has not returned from the lectures."

"Lectures!" said he. "I have been to the cathedral!"

"You always go to the cathedral," said his wife, reproachfully.

"It is elevating," answered the stork, gravely; "besides, I saw Felix, and he carried a rose."

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"A rose!" cried Mrs. Stork, eagerly. "Where did he get it?"

"That is the question," answered the stork father, slowly.

"You are very provoking," said she; "you know I can't leave the nest now; and I see so little of the world at this season." And her brown eyes had a liquid look, and the circles under them grew darker than ever.

"Don't, dear," said the stork father. "One never knows surely about such matters, so don't speak of it; but he followed the gardener's daughter. She came from the cathedral with a basket on her arm, when the great clock struck twelve. There was a pink kerchief around her throat, and the throat was white as a lotus flower. Her hair was yellow as the pyramid sands, but her eyes were blue as the sea."

"A vain, foolish thing, most likely. Poor Felix!" said the stork mother.

"A good child and pure. Happy Felix!" said the wise stork father.

"Something may happen," said she.

"You are too anxious, altogether. Nothing can happen, my dear; love is everlasting," said the stork father, solemnly; and he looked at his wife, who was very still and modest, though she was sure the father had said something wise and sweet, which she, as a wife, might well be proud of, if she chose.

"You may tell me more to-morrow; now I will go back to the eggs and think about it," and she spread her great soft wings over the pale yellow eggs in the nest.

The stork father stood close by. It was quite enough for him to look at the mother. In spite of his serious air he was very happy and contented.

By and by Dr. Felix came home and looked from his little window in the roof up toward the nest. The mother covered the eggs with her warm feathers, while the stork father stood guard on one leg, with his head curved back to his wing. It was a pretty picture in the moonlight.

THE STRASBURG HOME OF THE STORK FAMILY.

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"One of these days I will have a nest," said Dr. Felix.

The days grew warmer and longer in Strasburg. The great cathedral stood in the yellow sunshine like a golden stair climbing up to heaven; only, at night, when the moon shone, the steps were silver instead of gold.

A whole month passed by, and one day the mother said, "Hark! surely I hear something under my wings."

"The children!" gasped the father, breathlessly; and when they looked, two of the shells were broken. The third egg was whole.

"No doubt it will hatch if I keep it warm to-day," said Mr. Stork.

"No," said the stork mother, decidedly, "it is addled; I was sure it would be that day with all your supposing. One must never suppose in hatching-time. It is addled, my dear; it will never hatch." And it never did, though the stork father sat on the nest one whole day.

"It is not worth while to fret. Four make a very good family," said Mrs. Stork, comfortingly, as she looked at the father and the two young ones; "a very fine family, indeed, my dear, to be educated and provided for."

After that the old birds had a great deal to do, as is always the way with all good fathers and mothers.

Mr. Stork took long journeys for food, while the stork mother taught her children beautifully at home. At first she sang to them a lovely note, "Breke-ke-kex-ko-ax ko-ax," over and over again, just like the voice of the frogs in spring. She had eaten so many by the cataracts of the Nile, that it was easy to sing that tune. The song was very useful, for, besides soothing the children, it taught them all the stork lore about frogs and snakes. When they grew older, and their legs and morals needed training, they took gymnastics every day, and learned the ten plagues of Egypt by heart, giving great attention to the second.

"They are a credit to you, mother," said Mr. Stork, one day, proudly, "to say nothing of their standing on one leg and their morals; only see how red their stockings and beaks are growing."

"They do very well at their gymnastics, considering their age," said Mrs. Stork, "only they must use their beaks less. Children should be seen and not heard. They will learn in time to give a stronger flap, more like their father's, my dear," and the mother sat down on the nest while the stork father balanced himself, as usual, and the two young storks stood one on each side of the mother.

The cathedral rose dimly behind them. Dr. Felix, at his window below, looked out into the soft sunshine, with a very fresh pink rose in his button-hole. He always wore pink roses now.

"One of these days,—one of these days," said

THE FATHER-STORK AND THE LITTLE GIRL.

Dr. Felix, and he nodded to the old storks, gaily, as if he were telling them a secret, and the stork father and mother looked at each other and understood all about it.

"It is old as the sphinx: love is everlasting," said the stork father. Then the mother and the stork children all nodded gravely.

The summer grew warmer and warmer in Strasburg, and one day there were great clouds of smoke and dust beyond the city.

"We must be moving soon," said the father, "for the north wind begins to blow. The children are well grown and must see the world. See that they practice well to-day, my dear," and he raised himself slowly, poked forward his head, stretched his long red legs well out behind him, and flew away beyond the city.

His plan was to get a fine young snake for his children, but he searched a long time in the fields before he found any. Once, after taking a few turns in the air, he alighted close by a bright-eyed little girl. The little girl had her child in her arms, and the stork father, rejoicing that he understood her feelings so well, tried to stand as politely before

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her as Dr. Felix would have done. But the little mother, after looking at him shyly for an instant, hugged her doll with both arms and ran skipping away.

That day the people ran up and down the streets with troubled faces; "The Prussians! we are besieged!" they cried to each other.

"Besieged!" said the stork mother, sneeringly. "We have wings as well as legs, and can fly over walls and guns," and she clapped with her beak like the snapping of a Frenchman's pistol. The stork father said nothing, which was safe. He had seen a great deal that day and did not care to talk.

"We will go to-morrow," said he the next morning, as he flew away. "To-morrow, remember!" and he was gone.

The stork mother sat on the nest while the two young storks stood tall and straight beside her. She was very proud of them. Their red stockings were clean, their great beaks sharp and long, their breasts were round and snowy, their white wings, trimmed with black, were strong, and they flew with a great flap like their father.

There was a strange rumbling and crackling around the city.

"It is thunder," said the stork mother, and she at once began talking to the children to calm their minds.

"To-morrow," said she, "to-morrow we will leave the old nest, fly over the cathedral and over the walls of the city. Then we will join our brothers and cousins, and fly together over the cold mountains yonder, home—home to Egypt, the old land of your fathers—the land of the great Nile. On its banks, among the tall reeds, we shall find thousands of snakes and frogs—big fat frogs, long sweet snakes;" and the stork mother stretched her long neck forward, as if she were making room for one.

"To-morrow," said she, "to-morrow," but she said nothing more, for at that moment there came a sudden roar and rumble, with a sharp stinging *whiz*, a line of fire ran through the air, and when the dazed mother stork looked about her, the nest was gone. It had fallen on the roof, and the two tall children lay still beside its torn and ragged edge.

"They are asleep," murmured the mother, and she stood patiently and watched them all day long.

"They are asleep," said she again, when the stork father came home at night; so they both stood and watched all through the darkness.

"Such a long sleep!" said the stork mother in the morning, and she stroked them with her smooth red beak; but the young storks slept on quietly. Then the father moved them with his foot, but they never ruffled a feather.

They slept soundly, poor stork children. All that day, all the next day, the stork father and mother stood motionless by the broken nest.

That night Dr. Felix came for a moment to the little window in the roof—he wore a uniform now—but the rose was blood-red and it drooped.

"What ails the storks?" said Dr. Felix, and he climbed up over the roof and looked into the nest. "Poor things! they must have been dead a long time," and he took away the lifeless children and buried them in the little court below, while the two storks watched, hovering about the tall chimney. "This is only the beginning—there will be worse than this," said Dr. Felix.

Worse! That very night deep thunders rolled and crashed when the sun went down, while heavy walls and houses fell. Women and children shivered in dark cellars underground, and even the great cathedral trembled.

When morning came the storks were gone. The mother came back at night, flew around the tall chimney, alighted gravely at last, and looked long at the empty nest, then rose slowly on her great wings and sailed away

Spring came again and with it the storks to Strasburg. The old nest was gone, so was the tall chimney, and the pointed roof with its little window, and the face that had looked from it.

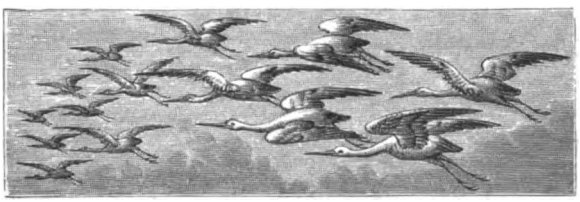
The two storks stood on the chimney of a cottage near a garden. It was the garden of the dead, "God's Acre." There were little children in the garden planting bright flowers on the graves.

"He shall have the brightest," said the boy, "for he died fighting for Strasburg."

"And she, too," said the girl, "for she loved him, and she died."

"Poor Felix!" said the stork mother from the roof of the cottage.

"Love is everlasting! Happy Felix!" said the stork father. And the stork was right.



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SOME COSSACK RIDERS.

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COSSACK HORSEMEN.

AMONG the Cossacks, a warlike tribe of Southern Russia, are found some of the finest horsemen in the world. From early youth most of the males of this nation are accustomed to riding; so that in time, a seat in a saddle becomes as familiar to them as a seat in a chair is to us. The feats which are related of some of them, especially those in the army, where expert horsemanship is more highly appreciated than elsewhere, are marvelous, and they sometimes give daring exhibitions of their skill in riding which quite put to shame the feats of horsemanship we see at the circus. In our performances the trained horses gallop evenly around the smooth surface of a ring, covered with sawdust or tan-bark, and there is a riding-master with a long whip, whose duty it is to see that the horse never falters or swerves, but keeps steadily on at an even pace, while the rider performs his feats upon the back of the animal, frequently standing on a large flat board which takes the place of a saddle. Of course, it is by no means an easy thing to stand on such a board while a horse is galloping around a ring, much less to turn somersaults and jump through hoops; for these feats demand years of patient practice, and few persons become skillful circus-riders without plenty of falls and hard bumps.

But this riding is nothing to that of the Cossack, who springs to his feet on the saddle of his horse, and then urges him at full speed over the rough roads and fields,—here, there, away in a straight line, around in a circle, cracking his whip and waving his arms, while the horse gallops as freely as though his master were firmly seated on his back with his feet in stirrups.

It must be a splendid way to ride, especially when several of these Cossacks are in the field together, dashing across each other's courses, racing and chasing and flying along with their heads so high up in the air that they must feel almost like birds on the wing.

But it is to be feared that there is not an American boy in the land, let him try as hard as he may, who could ever learn to ride like that. At any rate, if there were one who thought he could do it, his mother would be to be pitied if she should happen to be standing at the back-door where she could see him galloping, Cossack fashion, over the fields.

FAST FRIENDS.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Author of the "Jack Hazard" Stories.

CHAPTER VIII.

GEORGE OPENS HIS HEART AND HIS TRUNK.

"HOW do you expect to find your relations? You have no clue," said George.

"No," replied Jack, "but I must have been advertised, and had a reward offered for me, when Mother Hazard was taking me up the river. I mean to hunt through the newspapers of a dozen or thirteen years ago, and if I find the advertisement of a lost child with yellow curls, pink frock, and so forth, I shall be pretty sure I am that child. That 's my business. Nothing else could have sent me away from so good a home at such a time."

"You 'll be better off than I, if you find your relations," said George, almost enviously; "they 'll give you money if you need it."

"That 's just what I meant to avoid," said Jack; "I 'm not going on this expedition for any selfish purpose. I took all the money I could raise, so as to be independent of my relations, if I should find them. I felt that I ought to hunt them up. Think what grief and anxiety they must have suffered on my account,—lost in the streets of a great city and never heard from! Besides, I wish to satisfy myself and know who my relations are. Now think of my landing in New York without a shilling in my pocket!"

Again Jack gave vent to his wrath against the thieves who had robbed them. Then, turning suddenly, he looked George full in the face.

"Come! now tell me *your* plans."

"Mine? Oh!—I—" George stammered and blushed again.

"Yes. You 've something in view. It 's one of

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those things that float in the air," said Jack; "I feel it. You need n't try to make me think you have n't some scheme you hope to put through."

"But it 's so uncertain," hesitated George.

"No matter. So is my business. So is almost everything in this world. But don't tell me, if you don't want to. I thought perhaps you would like to have me know of it, since we 've got to work together,—fast friends, you know."

George drummed on the deck with his foot, and cast down his eyes like a guilty wretch, as he said, still blushing:

"I 've,—got,—some,—poems,—in my trunk."

"Books?" queried Jack.

"N-o-o. Y-yes. I 've got some books of poetry. You 've seen some of them. But I don't mean those. I mean verses,—manuscripts."

"Copied?" said Jack.

"No." George gained courage and looked his companion in the face, with trustful, deep blue eyes, full of truth. "Some I composed myself."

"You! A poet?"

"I hope so; at any rate I make verses enough," replied George, with a smile of singular sweetness, and a certain inspired look, which gave Jack a new insight into his character.

Jack was hugely astonished. "There was something about you,—I wondered what it was. I see now! A poet! Why did n't I think of that?"

"Don't speak so loud," said George, in a low tone.

"You must show me your poetry," Jack continued.

"I will, some time."

"But what are you going to do with it in New York?"

"I will tell *you* what I have never breathed to a living soul! not even to Vinnie!" said George. "It 's only a vague idea in my mind, and I think, very likely, it will come to nothing; for I 'm not a very big fool! I shall try to have my poetry printed in a volume."

"And get some money for it?"

George was almost ashamed to own that his muse was so sordid; "but even a poet must have bread," he explained.

"But can you sell verses in that way?" said Jack. "Won't you be obliged to wait till the book sells before you get your money for it?"

"If I do," George answered, "I hope, in the meanwhile, to print in the newspapers something I may get pay for. I know some writers are paid."

"Have you ever printed anything?"

"O, yes; pieces in the *Vanguard*,—our county newspaper."

Jack looked with awe and admiration upon a young poet whose verses had actually seen the light of print.

"Show me some of those pieces!"

"I had them cut out; they were in my pocket-book. I wonder if the thieves will read them!" said George. "I 'll get some of the pieces out of my trunk, if you like," he proposed, encouraged by Jack's interest and sympathy.

Jack accompanied his friend, to help him get at his trunk. A mass of manuscript was soon unearthed from under a pile of books and shirts.

"You won't want to read many of these now," said George. "Here is 'Golboda: a Romance of the African Coast.' You might begin with that. It 's in the style of the 'Lady of the Lake.' Then, here is 'Mo-da-wee-kah: an Indian Tale,' in irregular metre, something like Byron's 'Siege of Corinth' and 'Parisina.' I have n't decided which I shall make the leading poem of my volume; I should like your opinion. Then, here are 'Fugitive Leaves,'—songs and ballads and fragments."

"And did you write all these?" said Jack, wonderingly, as he turned the pages. "How could you ever do it?"

"O, it 's the easiest thing in the world. I composed the whole of 'Mo-da-wee-kah' while plowing our summer fallow, and wrote down, each night, before going to bed, the lines I had made during the day. I can't read a poem that I like, but a burning desire seizes me to go and write something in the same style. For that reason, I 'm afraid some of these pieces will sound like imitations. For instance, here 's a fragment,—'Isabel,'—which reads so much like Coleridge's 'Christabel,' that I shall be afraid to include it in the volume."

Jack read a little of "Golboda," and was surprised to find the lines so smooth, and the rhymes so musical. But he could n't keep his mind on it very long; and, without suspecting that the fault might be in the poem, he accused himself of being over-anxious about their situation. Besides, a thought had suddenly struck him.

"It 's good!" he said. "George, you are a poet! It does sound like the 'Lady of the Lake,'—and I don't see but it 's almost as good."

George, who had been watching him with keen anxiety, and had felt his heart sink at the reader's first symptoms of weariness and inattention, smiled at this doubtful compliment.

"But, George, I 've an idea!"

"What?" said George, with a nervous tremor.

"You 've got some things in your trunk, here, which you can shove up."

"Shove up?" George stared.

"Yes," said Jack, confidently; "up the spout."

"The spout? What 's that?"

"Don't you know? There are pawnbrokers' shops in all large cities; where you can borrow

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money on anything,—from a key-bugle to a jack-knife; from a pocket Bible to a suit of clothes."

"I had n't thought of that! And can you always get your things again?"

"Yes; by paying back the money, within a certain time, with interest. What else have you? What can you spare the best?"

"I shall hate to part with my books!" said George, "or my clothes, or—I don't know; perhaps I can *shove up*, as you call it, this flute, as well as anything."

"A flute! Do you play the flute?" said Jack, with joyful surprise.

"Yes, a little."

"Oh! Forrest Felton plays the flute, and I have begun to learn. I wish you could keep that. There 's nothing like a little music to comfort a fellow, when he gets lonesome. Can you play dancing tunes?"

George modestly confessed to some slight skill of touch. Then, suddenly, Jack exclaimed, "By gracious!"

"What now?" George inquired.

"Another idea! Shut your trunk, and bring along your flute, and I 'll tell you!"

CHAPTER IX.

HEAD AND HEELS.

GEORGE followed with some curiosity, while Jack led the way back to their favorite nook at the bow.

"Now let me hear you play a few tunes."

George, after some hesitation, blushingly put the flute to his lips, and played *Mrs. Macdonald*, with much grace and sweetness. Encouraged by Jack's applause, he then played the *Copenhagen Waltz*, and *Fisher's Hornpipe*. Jack was delighted; and, during the performance of the last piece, sprang to his feet, in a little open space of the deck, before the capstan, threw himself into a jaunty attitude, and began to dance, keeping perfect time to the music, with his shoes, upon the smooth floor. A crowd was beginning to gather about them, when Jack finished with a surprising flourish and shuffle and whirl, and tumbled himself down on the ropes by his friend's side.

"That 's complete!" exclaimed George, whose eye and ear had been charmed by the rhythmical sound and movement of the dance. "Where did you learn so much?"

"On the canal, when I was a little shaver. I used to amuse the boatmen and stable-keepers with my dancing tricks. I learned them of the drivers," said Jack, a little out of breath.

"I've seen drivers dance; but I never saw anything quite so neat!" his friend declared.

"I could do such things *once*, very well," said Jack, wiping his forehead. "But I've been mostly out of practice since I left the canal. Last fall, I danced a little to Forrest Felton's playing. Moses Chatford found it out, and, at noontimes, last winter, I did a double-shuffle, once in a while, in the school-house entry. Lucky for us!"

George did not quite comprehend the force of the remark.

"Don't you see? There 's money in it!" And, to his friend's astonishment, Jack proceeded to unfold his idea. "We can draw a crowd, easy enough! We 'll go up on the passenger-deck, and I 'll dance to your playing, and then pass round the hat for pennies."

"I never could do it in the world!" said George, abashed at the bare suggestion.

"But you must!" urged Jack. "It 's our only chance. I don't fancy it any more than you do; but it will be evening by the time we reach New York, and we may be too late for the pawnbrokers' shops, and to-morrow is Sunday, and any honest business is better than starvation or beggary."

"But this is only a kind of beggary," George objected, while the sweat started out on his face at the thought of making a public spectacle of himself.

"We have a good excuse for doing it," Jack argued. "I shall have the hardest part. And I 'll pass round the hat. Playing the flute won't be bad."

George remembered that the poet Goldsmith once gained the means of subsistence, on a foot journey through Germany and Switzerland, by playing the flute at the doors of peasants, who lodged and fed him for his music; and after much bashful hesitation, he consented to Jack's plan.

"We 'll wait till after dinner," said Jack. "Passengers will be better-natured when they have been fed, and more inclined to give their pennies. Besides, they will begin to be tired of the boat later in the day, and want some amusement."

George, who would not have thought so far as that, gave his companion credit for wonderful sagacity.

They had a few crackers in their coat pockets, and of these they made a frugal repast, while their fellow-passengers (except those who had likewise brought provisions aboard), in answer to the steward's bell, thronged to the steamboat table. As the two friends ate, they discussed the probable success of their scheme, and arranged their programme.

The day was fine and not too cool, though so early in the season. The Catskill mountains were long since passed, and the celebrated scenery of the Hudson was growing a little monotonous, when our two youthful adventurers, at just the right

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moment, made their appearance on the upper deck. It was thronged with passengers, occupying stools and benches, or walking up and down.

Jack found a clear space on one side, and said to his friend, "This will do. Put your back against that pillar. Now, don't think of anything but me and the music."

George's cheeks were a-fire with blushes, and his heart was beating violently. It took him some time to gain confidence and breath to begin. He was also greatly embarrassed by the conspicuous shortness of his sleeves, as he put up his arms, holding the flute to his lips. He had never felt so awkward in his life. But resolution, which he did not lack, overcame self-distrust and bashfulness, and he blew a few wildly sweet premonitory notes. Then he struck into the *Fisher's Hornpipe*, while Jack, standing near, nodded approvingly, and beat time with his finger. Then Jack began his part.

In a minute there was a ring of spectators around the two performers, and a crowd pressing up from behind. On one side stood George, flute to lips, his back against the pillar; and in the midst was Jack, his head thrown back, now a little on one side and now on the other, his face animated, his hands on his hips, one of them holding his hat, his whole body lithe and agile, feet flying, and heels and toes striking the floor with surprising rapidity and precision. The old spirit of the canal driver seemed to have come back upon him, and there was something almost saucy in his appearance.

The end of the dance was greeted with a murmur of satisfaction, and Jack immediately passed around his hat.

"Gentlemen," said he, "this is n't exactly our trade, but we 're driven to it by necessity. We had our pockets picked when we came aboard at Albany, as some of you noticed; and we 're trying to raise a little money to pay for our supper and lodging."

The gentlemen, pretty generally, put their hands into their pockets, and a good many pennies, together with a few small silver pieces, fell into Jack's hat. He did not confine himself to the ring, but, breaking through it, gave everybody within sound of the flute a chance to contribute.

GEORGE WITH HIS FIFE, AND JACK WITH HIS HEELS

In the meanwhile George, finding the public attention directed from him, gained confidence, and played *Sweet Home*, and one or two tender Scotch airs, with much beauty and feeling. What he lacked in brilliancy of execution,—and he was by no means a brilliant player,—he more than made up in expression. He was surprised to find himself playing so well; his audience inspired him; a feeling of triumph filled his heart.

In a little while, Jack returned, with a joyful countenance, and dropped at his friend's feet a hat well ballasted with clinking coin.

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"Now, my friends," said he, gaily, "if you will be so obliging as to stand back a little, and make a larger ring, you can all see and hear just as well, and others will be accommodated. Besides, some of you are standing before the ladies, on those benches; and I am sure you are too polite to wish to do that."

George struck up a lively air, to which Jack danced a "double-shuffle," putting in his most difficult and astonishing touches. By this time it had become noised around that these were the lads who had had their pockets picked, and the curiosity excited by their novel situation drew, perhaps, quite as many spectators as the skill of the performance. The next time Jack, with glowing face and sparkling eyes, passed round the hat, he was greeted with many a kind question and pleasant joke, and, what was more to his purpose, a generous contribution of small coins. At the same time, the remarks he heard about himself amused him.

"That boy will make his way in the world!"

"Smart as lightning!"

"If his head 's as good as his heels, he 'll do!"

A lady, dressed in black, seated on one of the benches, dropped, with trembling fingers, a York shilling into his hat, and questioned him, with motherly eyes full of affectionate interest.

"Did you never dance for money before?"

Jack felt that he could honestly say no, though he remembered that when he was a canal-driver and danced for the boatmen, they sometimes tossed him a penny.

"How much money did you lose by the pickpockets?"

"I lost forty dollars, and my friend lost almost as much."

"And you are poor boys?"

"That was all the money we had in the world."

The lady felt in her pocket, and dropped another shilling into his hat. As she was plainly clad, and had not at all the air of a rich person, Jack remonstrated.

"Don't give us anything because we are poor boys," he said, blushingly. "Though that is true enough, we are not beggars. We only ask pay for our entertainment, if anybody has been entertained."

"I have n't half paid you for my entertainment," the lady replied, with a tender smile. "You interest me. How long have you two been traveling together?"

"Only two or three days. I fell in with him by the way."

"Have you parents? Is your mother living?"

"I 'm alone in the world," was Jack's reply, as he passed on.

Near by stood the old gentleman who had befriended the two boys; and he now shook Jack cordially by the hand.

"I want to pay you back the money you lent us, and thank you again for your kindness," said Jack, with grateful emotion. "We 're in luck, you see."

"I see,—and glad I am!" said the old gentleman. "But never mind about the money just now. You may need it, after all. You have n't got through your troubles yet."

And he firmly refused to receive back the loan.

"I knew they were honest boys!" Jack heard him say, as again he passed on.

CHAPTER X.

MR. FITZ DINGLE'S GENEROUS OFFER.

"THIS will do for the present," Jack said, returning to his friend. "We don't want to make nuisances of ourselves."

They withdrew from the crowd, and, returning to the nook in the bow, sat down to count their money. It was all in copper cents, York sixpences and shillings (old-fashioned six and a-quarter and twelve and a-half cent silver pieces, called fourpences and ninepences in New England), dimes and half-dimes, which, carefully counted, and placed in separate piles, were found to amount to the snug little sum of four dollars and eighty cents.

"Now, what do you say?" said the exultant Jack. "Two dollars and forty cents apiece! Not a bad job, hey?"

"I never would have believed it!" exclaimed George, gleefully. "It seems too good a joke! I thought I should burst with laughter once, when I thought of it, in the middle of a tune! Did n't you notice I almost broke down? What would Vinnie say?"

And he shook with merriment, while he tried to keep a sober face, and pulled down his coat-sleeves.

The boys were observed by two or three passengers and boat-hands; and presently they saw a portly gentleman, in bright kid gloves and a white waistcoat, with a hooked nose, a florid face, and a defect in his left eye, moving somewhat pompously toward them.

"Good pile, eh?" he said in a hoarse bass voice, with a leer of pleasantry. "Ha! ha! pretty well!"

He winked knowingly at them; and the boys noticed that the lids of the defective eye stuck together after the operation, remained so for a second or two, then peeled slowly apart, and came open in a most comical fashion. Indeed, the man's whole appearance, with his red face, his leer, his light kids and his white waistcoat,—out of season, and giving him an air of coarse gentility,—struck the boys as grotesque and absurd.

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"We have several piles," replied Jack, coldly,—for he did not greatly fancy the man's acquaintance.

"I see! And you've got something better; did ye know it?" He winked again shrewdly, and added, while the comical eye was slowly coming open as before, "You've got a fortune in your heels!"

"Have I?" said Jack, interested. "I did n't know it."

"I know it," replied the man. "And shall I tell you how I know it?"

"If you please," said Jack, puzzled and curious.

"Because I've a professional eye!" the man answered, with another extraordinary leer and wink.

Jack had a mind to ask, "Which eye?" as if uncertain whether it was the twinkler, or the one which happened just then to be glued up again; but he thought he would not be saucy; so he simply asked, "What's that?"

"I'm professional," said the man. "You understand!"

"Indeed!" said Jack, though he did n't understand in the least.

"Certainly," with a flourish of the gloved hands, while the white waistcoat swelled prodigiously. "In the artistic line. I could give you an opening. I am proprietor of a troupe."

"IT'S JUST THE PLACE FOR YOU, YOUNG MAN."

"A troop of what?" asked Jack, watching with a sort of fascination the peeling open of the comical eye. "Horses?"

"Artists!" said the man, impressively.

"Oh! Painters?" said Jack, whose idea of an artist was somewhat old-fashioned. As this suggestion was met by a violent leer and puffing of the waistcoat, he added, "What sort of artists?"

"Well," said the man, strutting to and fro before the boys, with his gloved thumbs hooked into the arm-holes of his waistcoat,—"'hem!—at the present time,"—he paused, and turned his good eye on Jack again—"to be plain,—nigger minstrels."

"Negroes?" said Jack; for the colored minstrel business was rather a new thing in those days.

"Not the genuine article,—ha, ha!" said the man, resuming his walk. "No! Imitations. Genuine art, if not the genuine article!" and he laughed at his own joke. "One of the most elegant places of amusement in the metropolis. I've the best bones in the country,—I don't hesitate to say in the whole world."

"The best bones?" queried Jack, who could n't see how this man's bones differed from those of any other person possessing a sound constitution.

"The best bones; the man who plays the bones,—you understand; and certainly the best low comedy tenor in New York; and now I want a person for the clog dance. It's just the place for you, young man. Good pay to begin with, and a fortune in your heels—as I said before—after I have developed you into a great artist."

"What do you call good pay?" asked Jack.

"Two dollars a week is good pay at first. Here is my card."

It was a bit of enameled pasteboard, on which Jack read, in fancy letters, which seemed affectedly fine, for the name of so coarse a man:

LUCIUS FITZ DINGLE,
COLORED ARTIST TROUPE,
BOWERY HALL.

"What should I have to do?" inquired Jack.

"Black your face and hands, dress in character,—plantation darkey,—dandified colored gemman,—and dance three or four dances in the course of the evening. I warrant you a big success!" And

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the good eye twinkled with professional delight at anticipated audiences, while the other struggled vainly to get open.

Jack exchanged glances with George, who looked dismayed at the thought of parting with his friend; then answered quietly and firmly:

"Thank you, sir; I don't think I 'll black my face and sell my heels for two dollars a week, just now."

"I 'll say three dollars, if you 'll engage for the season," added Fitz Dingle. "You 're a mere boy, you know."

Jack still shook his head.

"Very well; three dollars for the first week; then, if you like to stay, an increase of a quarter a week."

But Jack had made up his mind.

"Well, come and see my show, anyway. You 'll find it extremely popular and attractive. And bring your friend."

So saying, he handed Jack a couple of red tickets, each bearing the inscription:

COMPLIMENTARY.

FITZ DINGLE'S COLORED MINSTRELS.

ADMIT ONE.

And, urging his "young friend" to think of it, with a flourish of the kids, and a persuasive leer and wink, the professional gentleman stepped gracefully from the stage,—his bad eye having already retired behind the curtain.

The boys laughed; and Jack, who had, during the scene, mechanically divided the little piles of coin into two equal portions, now pushed one of them towards George, with one of Fitz Dingle's red tickets.

"There 's your share," said he.

"It 's more than my share," George declared. "We should n't have a penny, if it had n't been for you."

"But half is yours; you remember our agreement," Jack insisted.

"Well, keep it all for the present, and pay expenses," said George, who hated to have anything to do with matters of money.

"Carry all these coppers? They would tear my pockets out!" said Jack.

"Well, I 'll help you bear the load."

George took up the ticket and looked at it.

"Shall we go and see Fitz Dingle's elegant entertainment?"

"Some time—may be. And who knows," added Jack, "but I shall be glad to take up with his offer? We 've already seen that when a fellow breaks down, a pair of heels aint bad to fall back on!"

(To be continued.)

A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.

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ABOUT SOME QUEER LITTLE PEOPLE.

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL.

A HUNDRED and fifty years ago, or thereabout, while George the First was still King of Great Britain, there was a story of some voyages printed in England which everybody read with a great deal of wonder.

There never had been such voyages made before; there never had been such people seen as this voyager had seen.

A man, who said his name was Richard Sympson, sent the story of these voyages to the printer or publisher, and told him, and told the public, that he knew the man who wrote the story, and that he was living in Nottinghamshire, in England, and that he was a friend of his, and connected with him, on the mother's side. And, besides this, he said that he was a truthful man, and that his neighbors believed what he said. He knew the house in which he had lived, too, and knew who his father was,—which was not very strange, since he was connected with him, as I said, on the mother's side.

The name of this voyager was Lemuel Gulliver; and he was so much thought of among his neighbors (Mr. Sympson said), that it came to be a proverb among them, when anyone told a thing that was very, *very* true, to add—"It 's as true as if Mr. Gulliver had said it."

Well, this Mr. Gulliver said he studied physic in Leyden, and married Mary Burton, who lived in Newgate street, and that he got four hundred pounds in money by his wife. I don't see any reason to doubt this. He went as surgeon on a good many ships, but nothing happened to him very extraordinary, until he sailed in May, 1699, in the Antelope, for the South Seas. (I knew a ship, once, called the Antelope.) This Antelope was commanded by Captain William Prichard; but that does n't matter much, since Mr. Gulliver does n't refer to Captain Prichard once again.

They had a very hard time of it, a good many of the sailors dying off, and on the 5th of November—a little while before Thanksgiving Day, in New England—the ship drove on a rock, and split.

Ships do so very often when they drive on rocks.

Six of the men got clear, with Gulliver, and rowed, until the wind upset the boat. The six men were drowned; but Gulliver touched bottom, and walked a mile through the water, till he reached land. Then, being very tired, and, as he says, "Having taken half a pint of brandy aboard ship," he was very sleepy, and lay down to doze. This, about the brandy, is, I dare say, not more than half true.

He says he must have slept about nine hours, and when he waked he felt stiff, and could n't turn over. He tried to lift his arm, but he could n't. Presently he found out that there was a cord across his breast, and another across the middle of his body; and then he found that his legs were tied, and his arms; and it seemed to him,—though he could n't tell certainly,—that his hair was fastened to the ground. This was all strange enough; but it was stranger yet when he felt something walk up over his left leg, and come on, across his body, almost to his chin, so that by turning his eyes down, he could see a little fellow, about six inches high, formed just like a man, with a bow and arrows in his hand. One would have been enough; but when he felt forty more walking over his legs and arms, and pulling themselves up by his hair, he roared out,—as I think you and I would have done.

At this, they all scampered; and some of them hurt themselves badly by tumbling off his body, though this Mr. Gulliver did not know until some time afterward. The poor voyager, who was thus lying on his back, struggled a little, and so he came to get his left arm loose, which was very lucky for him, because these little people, who were much frightened, began to shoot arrows at him, and would most certainly have put out his eyes, if he had not covered them with his hand.

But, by little and little, he was able to look about him, and saw there were thousands and thousands of these queer small people in the fields around.

Afterward, when he had made signs that he was hungry and thirsty, they brought him food, a wagon load at a time, which he took up between his thumb and finger; and their casks of wine,—no bigger than a teacup,—he emptied in a way that made them wonder. (Of course, if these people were only six inches high their wine-casks must have been small in proportion; every one must see the truth of that.) But these little people had put drugs in the wine, so that Mr. Gulliver slept very soundly after it,—so soundly that he did n't know at all when they brought an immense cart or truck (which they used for dragging vessels), and slung him upon it, and with fifteen hundred of the king's horses drew him to town. There they chained him by one leg, near to the entrance of an immense temple, with a door four feet high—so that he was able to crawl under cover when he awoke.

Of course, all the little people round about came to see Mr. Gulliver, whom they called "The Man-

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LILLIPUTIANS EXAMINING THE MAN-MOUNTAIN'S POSSESSIONS.

Mountain;" and the king, who had a majestic figure, since he was taller by half an inch than any of his subjects, appointed officers to show the Man-Mountain, and the officers in this way made a great deal of money out of Mr. Gulliver. Officers almost always make money out of somebody.

He caught their language after a time, though they could n't have spoken louder than our crickets,

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—if as loud. The name of this strange country was Lilliput; and Mr. Gulliver was introduced to all the distinguished people there,—at least he says so,—and has a good deal to say about the queen and the princesses, and how he amused them. Travelers are apt to. He helped them, too, very much; and when a people living upon a neighboring island called Blefuscu threatened war, and collected a great fleet of vessels to attack the Lilliputians, Mr. Gulliver kindly waded over one morning, and, tying a cord to all the ships' bows, drew them along after him, and gave them up to his imperial majesty of Lilliput. He had to put on his spectacles, however, while he was in the water, to keep the Blefuscudian soldiers—who were collected on the shores by thousands—from shooting out his eyes.

The King of Lilliput was, of course, delighted with this service of Mr. Gulliver, and made him a prince on the spot; he also thought it would be a good thing if Mr. Gulliver should, some day, wade across again, and drag over the rest of the enemy's ships; but the Englishman did not think very well of this, and I suspect this difference led to a little coolness between him and the king. It is certain that a good many of the high officers took up a dislike of Mr. Gulliver, as well as some of the ladies of the court. The long and the short of it was, that he found himself out of place among the Lilliputians, and so went over afoot to the island of Blefuscu, where he soon was on very good terms with the emperor of that empire, though he had drawn away his ships.

One day, however, Mr. Gulliver espied in the offing an English boat bottom side up, and by dint of wading and tugging, with the aid of several Blefuscan men-of-war, he brought it to land. There he repaired the boat, the emperor kindly consenting, and furnishing a few hundred mechanics to aid him. Then he stocked the boat with provisions, taking some live sheep and cattle, and set off homeward. He ran great danger of being wrecked; but, finally, fell in with an English merchant vessel, Capt. John Biddel, commander, who kindly took him on board, and asked him how he happened to be at sea in a yawl?

Mr. Gulliver told him, and described the people he had been with. Capt. Biddel did n't believe him, and thought him crazy. Whereupon Mr. Gulliver pulled some of the Blefuscan sheep and cattle out of his pocket, and showed them to him.

Capt. Biddel could n't say anything more. Mr. Gulliver arrived home safely; found his wife well, and his boy Johnny (named after his uncle, who had left him some land at Epping) at the grammar school.

This same Mr. Gulliver made three or four more voyages, and always had the luck to fall in with most extraordinary people,—some of them being ninety feet high; and he was for a considerable time in the waistcoat pocket of a farmer. Fortunately, he kept a journal, or else wrote out the account of his travels when they were fresh in his mind. But his friend, Mr. Sympson, did not print his travels until a good many years after. When they were printed, people in England were very much astonished; and some curious ones went so far as to go down into Nottinghamshire to have an interview with Mr. Gulliver. But, bless you, he was n't there. He was n't anywhere, the Nottingham people said. And some went so far as to say there was no Mr. Sympson.

Who then?

There can't be travels unless there 's a traveler,—that 's certain. If Mr. Gulliver did n't bring away those small cattle in his pocket from Blefuscu,—which Capt. Biddel saw, and Capt. Biddel's mate saw,—where did he bring them from? or if Mr. Gulliver did n't fetch them himself, who did?

Everybody asked, and for a good while nobody knew. At last it all came out. There was no Gulliver, and there was no Sympson,—only Dean Swift, a queer sort of Irish clergyman, who saw, in his own library, everything that Gulliver professed to have seen. And this Dean Swift was as strange a creature as any that Mr. Gulliver saw.

He was a child of English parents, though he was born in Ireland, and lived most all of his life in Ireland.

Sir William Temple had married a relative of Swift's mother, and therefore he was befriended by Sir William Temple, and through him came to know a great many distinguished people of England,—the king among the rest. He had a university education, and a powerful and acute mind, and enormous ambition. These things would have made him a distinguished man, even if he had never known Sir William Temple and never known the king.

But he was an utterly selfish man, and though he was admired by thousands, he was loved by very few.

That queer story of Gulliver, I have told you of, was written by him,—not so much to amuse his readers as to ridicule the people he had met about the court of England. He loved dearly to ridicule people whom he disliked; and I think he disliked nearly the whole human race.

He wanted to be a bishop; but Archbishop Sharp told the queen that he was unfit to be a bishop; and I think Sharp was right.

A man who is doing his best only when he is saying (or writing) harsh, witty things of other people, is not the man for bishop, or clergyman either.

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He loved (or professed to love) two accomplished ladies. He married one of them privately, but would not declare his marriage. Both of them died broken-hearted before Dean Swift died.

Remorse, I think, overtook him afterward. He grew so petulant and irritable, that no one wanted to live in the same house with him. Then came moodiness and melancholy. For a year he said never a word to anyone. At last that great mind of his,—which was joined with no heart at all,—broke down, and went out, at his death, in gloom and silence. He will always be remembered for the great intellect he had, and for the pure English which he wrote; and always he will be remembered for the badness of his heart.

If he were alive to-day, we might like to have him make our dictionaries for us, or go to Washington for us; but of a certainty—knowing him as we do—we should never want him to preach Christianity for us, or to sit down with us at our firesides.

THE KINDERGARTEN CROW.

By Charles Barnard.

Nobody knew how it happened. Every morning the floor of the school-house entry was wet, as if some one had been carrying water in a very leaky dipper. Nobody did it. Not one of the scholars could tell anything about it. There it was every morning. A wet place on the floor.

Then something else happened. The tin dipper that hung by the water pitcher was found in the stove nearly melted away. At any rate, no one could ever drink a drop out of it again.

Who did that? The teacher asked every one and nobody could tell anything about it, and really it was all very strange indeed.

It was a Kindergarten School. A Kindergarten School is the best place in the world. They have games there, and they tell stories about birds and trees and animals of every kind. Now, the teacher in this school could tell "the very primest kind of stories," and on the day the drinking dipper was found in the stove, she called all the scholars into the school-room and said that she had something to tell them. Of course, it must be a story. Every one sat still and prepared to hear something very wonderful.

And so it was—very wonderful indeed. The teacher said she had a crow in the house! A crow! A real, live crow? Yes, a regular crow. What is a crow? A bird. What color is he? Black, with black eyes and a great beak. Did you ever see a crow? Yes, in the woods, but never in the house.

Sometimes they tame crows, but they are not pleasant pets. Why not? Because they love to pick up things, bits of thread, or a thimble, or even a spoon, and anything else they can find. How very queer! What ever can a crow do with a spoon or a thimble? No, a crow does not really want the things he finds, but he always picks them up and carries them away, and he hides them in the top of a tree, or in some dark corner, where no one can find them; and as he cannot tell any-

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one where they are, the things are lost. Crows always are likely to be at such mischief; and, in fact, they make very unpleasant companions.

"But what do they do so for? Nobody knows. It must be only for mischief and to make trouble. Now, this crow I have is full of mischief, and I don't know what I shall do with him. To-day he stole the dipper and hid it in the stove."

"Ho! ho! It is n't a real, truly real, crow! Say, teacher, now, it is n't a real crow? Is it?"

"Well, I don't know," resumed the teacher. "It acts like a crow. Every day it spills water in the entry-way. Nobody but a crow would do that. Crows like to make trouble, and I think there really must be a black crow in the school-house. I have not found him yet, but I expect every morning to see him hopping up the stairs, or to find him perched on the top of the door, and winking his black eyes at the scholars."

"Say, teacher. I guess I saw him."

"You! Johnny! Did you see him?"

Johnny felt pretty badly, but he said he did n't mean to do any harm, and he would n't do it again —no, never. And he did n't.

So they never found the crow in the Kindergarten after all.

MAMIE'S LECTURE.

"ITTY dirl! what oo doin' in my papa's d'essin' tase? Don't oo know it 's welly naughty for itty dirls to det into d'essin' tases? Itty chil'ren sood be seen, not heard. I 'll tell my mamma 'bout how you went an' dot into my papa's d'essin' tase. Tissent no bizness for itty dirls. I 's'amed of oo!"

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HOW THE SNOW CAME.

By Annie R. Annan.

Dainty sheets and spread all crumpled,
Brown and yellow locks all rumpled,—
Boys, you know!
Bolster rolled up like a billow,—
Poppies smothered in a pillow
Might look so.

One plump leg out for an airing,
Always heedless in its daring
Where it goes;
Moonbeams through the frost-panes trickle,
And with stealthy fingers tickle
Five pink toes.

What do sleepy poppies dream of?
Why, of course, they take the cream of
Day-time joys;
Things first thought of when they wake up,—
Sleds, for instance, are what make up
Dreams of boys.

Out of doors the trees, beseeching,
All their naked arms are reaching
To the stars.
"Cover us, dear snow, all over,
For we miss the warm sweet clover,"
Pray the flowers.

"Not a night-cap when we 're freezing,—
Bless us! we shall soon be sneezing,"
Cry the pumps;
"And hereby we give you warning,
You will find us by the morning
In the dumps."

Midnight only! What is ailing
All the stars that they are paling
From the sight?
And the dim moon needs a snuffing;
May be a great wind is puffing
Out her light.

Ah! this snow-flake tells the story!
Now the spoiler of her glory
Is confessed.
Thickly now the flakes are dropping,
Like white doves that, never stopping,
Seek their nest.

Heigh-ho, laddies! leave your dreaming;
Here 's a world with sunshine teeming,
Waiting you.
All the pine trees have on mittens,
And the posts have milk-white kittens
On them, too;
And the pump, who looks half crazy,—
Night-cap sidewise,—tips a lazy
"How d' ye do?"

Winter roses for your getting;
Fields of white for sower setting
Gleaming near,—
Oh, a fair new world of beauty!—
Preaching: Gladness is a duty
God holds dear.

THE LAST PIE.

By Alice Chadbourne.

"Aunt Delia, do tell me some more about the funny times you had when you were a little girl. You were always getting into such scrapes!"

"Scrapes!" repeated Aunt Delia, in a solemn voice, but with laughing eyes. "How can you talk so? But, Puss, I believe you have had the whole story of my pranks (as you call them), big and little, at least, half a dozen times."

"Oh, no, I hope not. I 'm sure there 's *one* left. You were always doing something; and it takes little girls so long to grow!" Aunt Delia went on sewing. Pretty soon she looked up with a smile.

"Did I ever tell you about my last pie, Annie?"

"Your last pie? No, auntie. I *knew* there was something!"

"Well, when I was a child, I thought nobody could make pumpkin pies equal to my mother's; and, indeed, now I 'm a woman, I cannot say that I think very differently. Perhaps the pumpkins were

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better in those days than they are now. Perhaps it was that grand old brick oven. Perhaps it was my mother's skillful fingers; or, it may have been all three together; but certain it is, try as hard as I may, I cannot make my pumpkin pies look or taste like your grandmother's. What a great store of these dainties used to come out of that generous oven! spicy and sweet, shining and golden; but we all were very fond of them, and though there were always so many, they were sure to disappear in a discouragingly short space of time.

"One day I happened to be alone in the kitchen, just after the whole ovenful of pies had been put on the table. All at once, I had an idea. I thought how glad mother always was when she had a nice lot of things baked up for us to eat, and how nice it would be, when she thought the pies were all gone, if I could bring out one and put it on the supper-table. I might do this if I could only hide one away somewhere. But where could I put it, without mother's seeing it? At last I thought of a place,—a grand place, I fancied. 'Way up on the highest shelf in the pantry, stood an old-fashioned tin-baker, in which mother sometimes baked biscuit for tea. She used it only once in a while; so there was n't much danger of her finding my pie there.

"It was a difficult matter to mount up so high with my savory treasure, and to do it without discovery; but I was quick of hand, and light of foot, and with the aid of a chair, a tall stool, a table and a box, I succeeded. The delicious pie was safely hidden away in the innocent-looking baker, and everything was in order again before mother came back to the kitchen, and began to carry the rest of the baking into the pantry. I helped, thinking, gleefully, of the surprise in store for her. There were so many pies, she did not notice that one was gone.

"Some time after this, I came home from school one afternoon, to meet a surprise, myself. Running into the sitting-room to give mother a kiss, I found her sitting close to a strange gentleman on the sofa, and looking so overjoyed, I instantly made up my mind that the visitor must be my uncle, who had gone away to sea, a good many years before, and had never been heard from since. I was a romantic little body then, and, though there had been no reasonable ground for hope, I had dreamed so many extravagant dreams over my uncle and his return, that I found it very easy to believe I was looking at him now, and waited in breathless eagerness for my mother to tell me all about him. I did not wait long; but was greatly disappointed to find it was not Uncle Sewall, after all, though, oddly enough, it was my mother's cousin, who had lived in her home, and been just as dear to her as Uncle Sewall himself. He had exactly the same names, too, first and last, as her brother; and mother had n't seen *him*, either, for a long, long time, and did n't know that he was alive. So, on the whole, it was almost as nice, for me, as I had hoped. I called him 'uncle,' and learned to love him very dearly after that; but the first day I felt a little shy with him, and, when mother went out to get tea ready, I went, too.

"How mother's eyes shone that night, and how briskly she stepped about! Dear mother! everybody loved her, she was so bright and genial.

"We put on the finest table-cloth, and mother brought out the pretty china tea-set that father brought home from sea. Then she made a raspberry short-cake, because her cousin Sewall was always so fond of it.

"'But the pumpkin pies are all gone, Delia,' she said, regretfully. 'I am so sorry! There never was anything Cousin Sewall enjoyed more, in the way of eating, than one of my pumpkin pies; and the last batch was unusually good. I wish he had come a little earlier in the week.'

"I did n't say a word, but I felt exultant enough, I can assure you. How wise I had been! I had provided for this grand occasion, as well as if I had foreseen it! And, when mother went into the sitting-room again, while the tea was drawing and the cake was baking, I just got my chair and stool and table and box, climbed up a second time, made my descent, pie in hand, without accident, and had the satisfaction of seeing it safely landed on the tea-table, concealed from view by a clean white napkin, for I did not wish the important secret to be found out till the very last moment.

"By this time it was pretty dark, and we were obliged to eat by lamplight. I always liked to have the curtains drawn and the lamp lighted, when we ate supper. It was cosier.

"Cousin Sewall praised the tea and the short-cake; said it tasted exactly as mother's short-cake used to taste when he was a boy, and mother told him how sorry she was that her pumpkin pies were all gone, she knew he liked them so much.

"That was a triumphant moment for me. I don't suppose I shall ever feel just the same again, if I live to be ever so old.

"'No, mother, there is one left,' I said, trying to speak as if the matter were common-place enough, but not succeeding. '*This* is the last one!'

"'I should hope it was, if the rest of them were like that!' cried Tom, as I carefully lifted the napkin from my precious pie.

"Certainly I never wish to feel again just as I did at that particular instant. There was the pumpkin pie, to be sure, conspicuous on the dainty tea-table, but covered, *every bit of it*, with snow-white mould!

"'That 's frosting I don't like,' said Tom.

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"'Why, Delia!' exclaimed mother, in astonishment, 'what does all this mean?'

"'I hid it away. I thought you would be so glad. I was in such a hurry, and it was so dark I did n't see it was spoiled. Oh, dear!' and dropping my head in an agony of shame and disappointment, I burst into tears.

"I believe they all, even teasing Tom, tried to be sober, out of pity to me, but it was impossible not to laugh; and supper ended in a tempest of glee, in which I, at last, joined with the rest. Cousin Sewall consolingly said that he would very cheerfully take the will for the deed; but he was a dear lover of fun; and, to the end of his days, I never saw him without his asking after the welfare of my *last pie!*"

HANS RYITZAR'S BREAKFAST.

(Translation of German Story in February Number.)

THERE was once a man whose name was Hans Ryitzar. He was so absent-minded a man, that he would ring at the door-bell of his own house and ask if Mr. Ryitzar was at home; and he often did many other things equally ridiculous.

One day he was standing on the sidewalk, earnestly considering the subject of his breakfast. Where was he to get anything to eat? He was very hungry, and he had not a cent in his pocket. He had started out in the morning for a long walk, and it was too far for him to go home now.

The more he thought of his unfortunate condition the more doleful he became; and he looked so miserable, that one of his friends, who was passing on the other side of the street, came over to ask him what was the matter.

Hans looked up and said, in a mournful voice:

"I am hungry. I have no money, and it is too far to go home for my breakfast. Is not that enough to make me sad?"

At that moment the friend caught sight of a big sausage sticking out of Hans' coat-tail pocket.

"Oh!" said he, "I understand; you forgot to bring any breakfast with you?"

"Yes," said Hans; "I knew I should be away all day, but I never thought of breakfast."

"That's very bad," said his friend, who was a merry fellow, "and I am sorry that I can't help you, for I have no money with me."

"Yes, that makes things worse," said Hans, thoughtfully. "I suppose I shall be sick."

"There is only one thing that I can think of to advise you to do," said his friend.

"And what is that?"

"Perhaps you will not like to do it," said the other.

"If it is right and just, and will not bring shame to an honest man, I will do it," said Hans, "for I am very hungry."

"I think the action will be strictly virtuous," said his friend; "but you may not wish to perform it."

"Why not?" asked Hans.

"Because you have not done so before," answered his friend. "It is a very easy thing. All you have to do is to put your hand into your coat-tail pocket and pull out a big sausage which I see there, and which is, no doubt, accompanied by some bread, for I notice the pocket is stuffed very full."

Hans looked up in amazement, and then he put both hands to his pocket, and, with some trouble, pulled out a great sausage and half a loaf of brown bread.

With one of these in each hand, he stood confounded, while his friend went away, laughing heartily.

Hans now fell into another reverie, and while wondering how all this could have happened, he entirely forgot all about his breakfast until it was near evening. Then he thought he might as well go home and get a warm supper, instead of eating that cold bread and sausage, which he would give to the dogs, a large number of which, attracted by the food Hans had been holding in his hands so long, were now jumping and barking around him.

But he forgot to do this, and walked home with the bread and sausage in his hands and all the dogs following him.

When he reached his house, the supper-bell was ringing; but happening just then to look at the food that he carried in his hands, Hans forgot everything else in the world, and seating himself on the door-step, he ate every morsel of his sausage and bread.

TRANSLATIONS OF FRENCH STORY IN JANUARY NUMBER,—"JOHN MARTIN'S SNOWBALL,"—were sent in by Bessie Maud McLean, Nora A. Bradbury, Mary H. Stockwell, Elaine Goodale, Rachel Patterson Gregory, Gracie Hitchcock, Anna W. Olcott, Astley Atkins, Ella Truesdell, Annie Mabel Harris, "Juanita," Hattie E. Angell, "St. Mark's," Thisbe Bronson, Irene Hooper, and Sallie W. Butler.

TRANSLATIONS OF GERMAN STORY IN FEBRUARY NUMBER were received from Ellis W. Hedges, Mary L. A. Price, and Walter Jordan.

***— L. Bridgman sends a translation of "Half a Loaf is Better than No Bread," in December Number.

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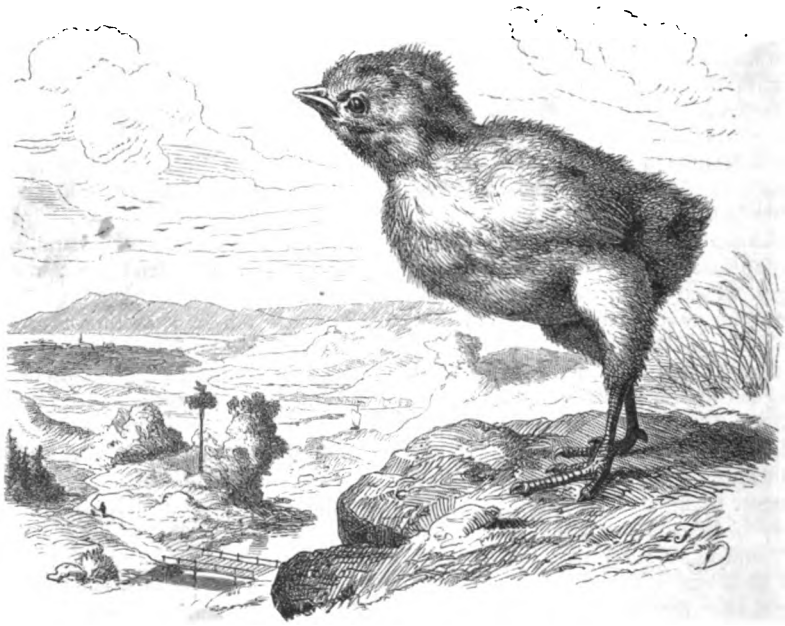
RED-TOP SEEING THE WORLD.

"PEEP! peep!" cried poor little Red-top. "I ran away from my mamma, and now I am lost—peep! p-e-e-p! What shall I do?

"And—peep, p-e-e-p!—a bad boy came at me with a stick, to kill me all dead; and I had to squeeze through SUCH a small hole in a fence! A brown toad lived there. He tried to bite my nose off, but he could not find it—peep, peep! And—peep, peep!—a dog, who had a long tail, made fun of mine. He said, 'Bow, wow, wow! what a tail! why, it 's no tail at all!'—peep, p-e-e-p!



"Then I ran up here, where I can see the whole world. Dear me, how big it is! I am so cold, and I want to eat a worm! My mamma knows how to scratch for them—I don't. Oh! where is she?—peep! Mamma, mam-ma—peep! Oh, if I could find her, I would never, NEVER run away again—peep! p-e-e-e-e-p!"

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GOOD OLD SAM.

IN WORDS OF FOUR LETTERS.

"Come, dear old Sam," said Will, "you gave me a fine trot down the lane; now I will give you as much to eat as you want."

Two big ears went up in the air at this; for Sam was just as fond of oats and hay as you are of cake and pie. Then Mrs. Duck ran to the pond and said to Mr. Duck, "Oh, what a nice boy that is! Sam was good to him, and now he, in his turn, is good to Sam. I want to be good too; so I have come to tell you, that if we run, we may be in time to pick up all the nice bits that Sam lets fall."

Now just look at them all! Sam, Will, and Mr. and Mrs. Duck! all kind and good! Will you try to be kind and good too? I am sure you will. It is the best way to live.

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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

My dear friends and fellow-citizens: Delighted to see you. These March winds make such a blustering time of it, starting as they always do right out of the middle of February, that I hardly can hear myself think. After all said and done, March is a sort of rocket, that shoots into the year with a whizzing, "I am Spring!" and when you kneel in the grass to look for her, you find only the dry stick. But, to business. What do you want to hear about this time? All sorts of things, eh? Well, we 'll start off with

BUTTER, FROM A CLASSICAL POINT OF VIEW.

The school-teacher says that the word butter is derived from the Greek, "buturon," which comes from "bous," a cow, and "turos," cheese; so, according to him, "butter" is broken Greek for cow-cheese. Like as not. I always did think there was something Greece-y about butter.

THE GEOLOGIST AND THE FARMER.

There lately lived in England a judge, who also was an enthusiastic geologist. His great delight, when he was not obliged to preside at court, was to go into the country and dig for fossils; petrified things, you must know, plants, shells and animals, that, in the course of ages, have had such a hard time of it that they 've turned to stone. Well, one day, a farmer, who had once seen the judge presiding at the bench (meaning in court), happened to find him seated by the roadside on a heap of stones, which he was busily breaking in search of fossils. The farmer reined up his horse, gazed at him for a minute, shook his head, and exclaimed, in mingled tones of pity and surprise, "What, Doctor! be *you* come to this a'ready?"

Somebody told this story in my hearing the other day. A pretty good one, I think. If it is n't, it 's old enough to know better.

A VERY BIG LEAF AND FLOWER.

I suppose thousands of my young friends read in the December number of St. Nicholas an account of the Talipat Palm. Well, a very knowing bird has been telling me some interesting facts about the Talipat. He says a single leaf of this wonderful tree sometimes measures forty feet around the edge. Think of that! He insisted that on the Malabar coast, where storms are fierce and sudden, one may often see ten or fifteen men finding shelter in a boat, over which is spread a single palm leaf, that effectually protects them all from wind and rain. And when the storm is over, the precious leaf can be folded up like a lady's fan, and is so light as to be easily carried by a man under one arm. The tree often reaches the height of two hundred feet. It lives from eighty to a hundred years, but blossoms only once during the whole period of its existence. The flower, *thirty feet in length*, bursts at maturity, with a loud explosion that may be heard miles away, and in dying scatters the seeds that are to produce the next generation of trees. Jack don't ask you to believe this without looking into the matter. The books *do* say that it is true, but the best way is to go and measure this big flower for yourselves; but you need n't bring it back for Jack to wear in his button-hole.

LEARN FROM BABY.

Jack heard a very strong young farmer say one day that his baby brother had taught him a capital lesson,—that was to *stretch* himself often. Baby did it for some wise reason, he knew; so he had followed the example. Stretching makes you grow, makes you supple and active, and is altogether a good thing. Follow the baby's plan, my dears; stretch your arms, legs, neck and body for a few moments, morning, noon and night, until further notice.

THEIRS BY RIGHT.

I gave a peacock a good talking to the other day for being so vain. But he made me understand that vanity was his principal merit. "For," said he, "how in the world would we peacocks look if we did n't strut? What kind of an air would our tail feathers have if we did n't spread them?" I gave in. A meek peacock would be an absurdity. Vanity evidently was meant specially for peacocks.

CHARCOAL AND DIAMONDS.

I know a chimney swallow who has gone pretty deeply into things,—and what *do* you think? He says charcoal is carbon and diamonds are carbon, and that they 're just the same, chemically! Think of it! ugly black charcoal and beautiful, flashing diamonds! Inquire about this, please.

TAKE IT BACK.

See here! I have been intending for some time to set you young folks straight on the goose question; "As silly as a goose," indeed!

Why, a goose is n't a silly bird at all; not half so silly as your ostrich, who puts his head under his wing, and then thinks nobody can see him.

Geese are as sensible, steady-going birds as I'd wish to see. Yes, and grateful, too; they like kindness as well as you do.

There 's a true story told in Germany, that shows they can be depended on if they 're well treated; and, I dare say, if feathered geese would stoop to writing their own autobiographies, we'd know of more such instances. Here is the story;

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An old, blind woman was led every Sunday to church by a gander, which she had been in the habit of feeding. Taking hold of her gown with its bill, it led her through the village and across the fields, into the church, and when she had seated herself it retired to feed in the churchyard until service was over, when it led her home.

One day the clergyman called at her house, and during a conversation with her daughter expressed his astonishment at her allowing her mother—so old, blind and frail—to venture abroad.

"Oh, sir!" she exclaimed, "we are not afraid of trusting mother out of sight as long as the old gander is with her!"

A NEW RIDDLE.

HERE is a new riddle from J. S. T. Who can guess it?

I see with every man a thing
No man on earth has ever seen;
Yet calm reflection still would bring
It face to face with him—I ween
'T would be before him plain as day,
Yet not be what he saw, I say.

LOOKING AND SEEING.

IT is n't everybody who looks at a thing that knows how to see it. A young fellow who lives near our meadow has traveled around the world. He says he did it in six months, and saw everything that there was to be seen. Dear me! Why, once a wise man said it would take him years to look thoroughly at a square foot of grass field. There are great odds in folks. Don't you think so, my dears? Think about these two "lookers" and how differently they did their seeing.

THE REASON WHY.

LITTLE MAY lives near our creek, and often she comes down to the meadow to talk with her big brother, when he 's at work. He 's a very knowing man, I can tell you, for the reason that he keeps his eyes and ears open when he 's out of doors, and when he is indoors he fills all his odd moments with reading.

Well, May came crying to him, the other day, to tell him how she had broken her mother's beautiful china vase. The vase was very cold, and May poured hot water into it. The poor child could not see how so simple a thing should have broken the delicate china into pieces. He tried to explain to her how all the tiny particles of the china had drawn closer together with the cold, while, if the vase had been standing by the fire they would have moved a little bit farther apart from each other; for cold contracts, while heat expands. (This you littlest folk will read about in your Natural Philosophy, some time.) Now I, being a Jack-in-the-Pulpit, could see that the vase was ever so little smaller by standing in the cold, and that pouring in the hot water would make it expand too quickly, or cause unequal expansion by the boiling water expanding the inner surface before the outside had caught the idea, thus causing it to break. But May, being only a little girl, did not have eyes sharp enough to see this, though they are as bright as bright can be; the difference in the size of the vase in the cold or in the heat is so very, very small! But she will remember now not to pour hot water into cold china or glass, or cold water into hot china or glass, unless (now this is the great secret the big brother told to little May) she first puts into the vase, or whatever it may be, a silver spoon. The metal, he said, draws the first shock of the heat or cold to itself, and thus the glass will not be broken. Was he right?

SOMETHING JACK HAS NOTICED.

AS to that last paragram, I 've often noticed something that the big brother did n't mention, which is, that in cold weather little folk, and big folk too, are apt to huddle closer together (especially in sleigh-riding times) and in warm weather they 're not so likely to do it. So I suppose it would be safe to say of a crowd, that heat expands it and cold contracts it. Don't take this for an up-and-down scientific fact, my dears, until I 've had a talk with the owls about it.

MEN-FASHIONS.

DO you know that some of the most striking fashions of the ladies were at first worn by gentlemen? A raven friend of mine, who spent three years in a baron's library, and ought to know, says that *muffs* were originally carried by gentlemen; also that *hoops* under the skirt were first worn by them. He says the encyclopedias all say so. Look it up, little girls. My friend Raven may be mistaken, but I 'm afraid he is right.

A WISE LAW FOR JUDGES.

HERE is a little story from history:

One day the Abbé of Muncy came and presented to Saint Louis, king of France, two magnificent palfreys,—one for himself, the other for the queen.

When he had presented them he said to the king:

"Sire, I will come to-morrow to speak to you of my affairs."

The next day the Abbé came again, and the king listened to him, attentively, a long time.

When the Abbé had gone away, Joinville, the king's adviser, came to him and said:

"Sire, with your permission, I would ask you if you have listened more graciously to the Abbé of Muncy, because of the two palfreys he gave you yesterday?"

The king reflected a long time, and then said:

"In truth, yes."

"Sire," said Joinville, "do you know why I asked you this question?"

"Why?" inquired the king.

"Because I would counsel you to forbid all your judges to receive gifts from those who must plead before them, for it is certain if they accept gifts they will listen more willingly and with more kindness to those who bestow them, since even you have so listened to the Abbé of Muncy."

On his return to Paris, the king made a law forbidding judges to receive any presents.

SPECIAL DESPATCH.

I FORGOT to mention a moment ago that the answer to that new riddle is (whisper): *His own face.*

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THE LETTER BOX.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., January 17, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy only eight years old; but I think I must write and tell you how much I am pleased with you. I wish you would come every week. My sister and I had to laugh about Bertie pulling the cat's tail. And then about the boys making a pond in the garret. I like that story ever so much;—it is real funny to see the water running down on the baby's head. Is it true about the Brighton cats? We have a nice big cat, named Tom. I wish I could send you his likeness to put in ST. NICHOLAS, so that all the boys and girls could see how pretty he is.

From your friend,

HARRY YOHE.

Very glad to hear from you, Harry; and from E. M. W., Georgie M. R., W. C. F., "Busy Bee," Nora A. B., and all the other friends, young and old, who have written to us about ST. NICHOLAS. Yes, Harry, the Brighton cats are really alive; and they stood for their portraits just as you see them in ST. NICHOLAS.

ELAINE'S mother sends a poem from her little girl, who, she says, is "barely ten years old." It opens with this verse:

"How enchanting 't is to ride
With my mother by my side,
Underneath the evening skies of June,
Shining with a myriad stars,—
Silvery Saturn, glowing Mars,—
And the gleaming,—golden gleaming of the moon,
How it puts my heart and voice in tune!"

Dear little Elaine! don't write verses yet, cleverly as you do them for one of your age. There is time enough for that. Put your "heart and voice in tune," dear, by frolicking in the open air; by enjoying your dolls and playmates, and by being a sweet, merry, good little girl,—and not by leaning over your desk writing verses. You 'll be all the better poet for it by and by.

CLARA HANNUM writes: Is it correct to call the spectators of a pantomime *the audience?*

We think it is not. Although an assembly of persons drawn together to enjoy any public amusement is commonly called an audience, there is no authority for such a use of the word when the performance is to be seen and not heard, as in the case of a pantomime The word audience (from the Latin, *audio*, to hear) implies that those who compose it have assembled to hear something. If they attend merely to look on, they are spectators.

ELLA MARVIN.—The editor cannot give you the information you ask for concerning the authorship of the Saxe Holm stories.

HENRY T. W.—Yes, if you assume the part of a monitor in your school, under the teacher's orders, and with the full knowledge of your schoolmates, you should do your duty and report "even your best friend," if he break the rules. But ST. NICHOLAS feels sorry for you and for every right-minded boy or girl who is ever put in such an unpleasant position.

TOM AND CLARKE MCE. (brothers) write that they have resolved to keep a careful list of all the books they read through. Fortunately, as they are very young they can remember at least the names of those they have finished up to this date. They think the list will be very interesting to them if they live to be men, and keep it written up faithfully, especially if they always put down what they "*think* about the book as well as its title." They are right. Many a grown person, now-a-days, would be glad to have such a record of his or her reading. We hope that many of our girls and boys will follow Tom and Clarke's example, and that they will, every Christmas, send ST. NICHOLAS a copy of their year's list. ST. NICHOLAS has a particular reason for making this suggestion.

MINNIE L. G. says that she has made ninety-seven nouns out of the letters of the word "ILLUSTRATION," and asks the boys and girls of ST. NICHOLAS to try what they can do.

WILLIAM G. H.—If you wish to cut India rubber for the little machine you are making, you will find it is very easily done if you wet your knife-blade.

J. R. KNOX.—Common proverbs have frequently been set in very humorous rhymes. Those you send us are good, but we think you can make them better. Suppose you try. As an example of what can be done in this line, we give the following from *London Punch:*

"Observe yon plumed biped fine!
To effect his captivation,
Deposit particles saline
Upon his termination."

"Cryptogamous concretion never grows
On mineral fragments that decline repose."

"The earliest winged songster soonest sees
And first appropriates the annelides."

TIMOTHY P. writes to ST. NICHOLAS: I find in the Letter Box of the last volume of *Our Young Folks*, p. 381, this editorial reply to M. Caro Whittemore:

"The authorship of the line, 'Though lost to sight, to memory dear,' is not known."

Now, it occurs to me that M. Caro Whittemore may be a reader of ST. NICHOLAS and may still desire to have her question answered. To the best of my knowledge and belief, the oft-quoted line alluded to originated with Ruthven Jenkyns, and was first published in the *Greenwich Magazine for Marines* in 1701 or 1702. The *Machias Republican* (1873) asserts this as a fact, and quotes Jenkyns' entire poem, as follows:

Sweetheart, good by! the fluttering sail
Is spread to waft me far from thee,
And soon, before the fav'ring gale,
My ship shall bound upon the sea.
Perchance, all desolate and forlorn,
These eyes shall miss thee many a year;
But unforgotten in every charm—
Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear.

Sweetheart, good by! one last embrace!
O, cruel fate! two souls to sever;
Yet in this heart's most sacred place
Thou, thou alone shalt dwell forever.
And still shall recollection trace
In fancy's mirror, ever near,
Each smile, each tear, that frown, that face—
Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear.

Many thanks, Mr Timothy; but who originated the *Greenwich Magazine for Marines?*

HELEN E. S. writes: I lately had occasion to "hunt up" some facts for a composition; and, as the other girls in our class were very much interested in them, I

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take them out of my composition again and offer them to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS.

Nearly all Yankee boys and girls, I suppose, know that in France the people say: "*Comment vous portez-vous?*" for, "How do you do?" and that this means, word for word, "How do you carry yourself?"

The Germans, when they wish to be very polite, use the third person plural, and for "How do you do?" they ask, "How do *they* find themselves?" The Dutch, who think much of good eating, often on meeting an acquaintance say, "How do you fare?"

The Swedes say, "How can you?" which must make people blush who have been guilty of bad deeds. The Poles have several ways of greeting a friend. Sometimes they ask, "Art thou gay?" "How hast thou thyself?" The Russians, too, are not confined to one form, and often say, "How do you live on?"

The Persians, Arabs and Turks use very polite phrases; and the Persians will ask, "Is thy exalted high condition good?" "May thy shadow never be less." The Arabs say, "May your morning be good." In Egypt, they say, "How goes the perspiration?'

"TWO COUNTRY GIRLS" want ST. NICHOLAS to offer dolls for premiums,—elegant dolls, with full outfits, beautiful dresses, furs, bonnets, parasols, fans, lockets, bridal costume, and everything perfect. "Thousands of little girls would try for it," they add. That might be. But we should be very sorry to see the publishers of ST. NICHOLAS doing such a shocking—we were going to say *wicked*—thing as to send out to our little girls any of these horrid puppets in full dress, that are now-a-days sold in the fashionable shops as dolls. Dolls they may be, but not doll-babies; not something to love and fondle and take care of in true mother style, or even to punish and subdue as naughty little Mary Anns or willful Sabina Janes, when occasion demands. No real, motherly, doll-loving little girls—unless their heads are turned by the folly of their elders—wish to have for their doll-baby a stiff little figure of a full-dressed fashionable lady, flounced and curled, with perfume on her little *real* lace pocket handkerchief and a miniature eye-glass dangling from her absurd little belt. Now, do they? We have seen such dollies borne stark and stiff in the arms of misguided little girls; but we think it always a pitiful sight.

HALF A LOAF IS BETTER THAN NO BREAD.

(A metrical translation of the French story in the December Number of ST. NICHOLAS.)

BY LUCY C. BULL.

BUT few young people of our day
The true source of this proverb know
Which I will tell in verse below,—
'T was full seven hundred years ago.
Now list to what I say:

In ancient and heroic days
There lived the subject of my praise,
A duchess,—noble, pure and bland,
The wisest lady in the land,—
Fair Caroline Van Swing.
Four noble children clustered round
Her parent knee, sedate and fond,
A hungry little ring.

So, to the castle kitchen large,
The noble mother led her charge;
And she, herself, the duchess grand,
Prepared the meal with her own hand.
For oft she said, with sense:
'I am a duchess, it is true,
But am I not a mother, too?"
To which the four, by hunger pressed,
Impatient, crowding round, distressed,
Respond with eloquence.

But in that dark and early time
The children of that distant clime
Had ne'er experienced
Nor known the sweet, delicious taste
Of milk condensed,—a modern waste,—
So dear to childish hearts and lips,
That now the child of luxury sips:
But they had bread condensed.

Then took the loaf the noble dame;
The children crowded round to claim,
With eager looks, their share.
She seized the knife with which her sire
Had made so many brave expire,
Then brandished it above her head,
And cut in halves the tempting bread
With firm, determined air.

But instantly, how sad to tell,
The half upon the carpet fell,
And from his corner near the flame,
The hungry dog, who watched the dame
Meanwhile with anxious eyes,
Sprang out and seized it in his jaws,
And trotted off on stealthy paws
Amid the children's cries.

For say,—what hungry set would want to
Have such a dog as Athelponto
Before their very faces steal
A portion of their favorite meal?
An outrage, to be sure.
Fearing to see her bread no more,
The dame slipped quickly to the door,
And at the dog, with rage inflamed,
She threw the portion that remained,
His wicked fault to cure.

Then Athelponto turned his head,
And dropped from out his mouth the bread,
While uttering plaintive howls.
And at that moment chanced to pass
Along the road an idle ass.
His greedy eye the bread espies;
He quickly gobbles up the prize,
In spite of cries and scowls.

Unto the house the dog returns;
His guilty conscience pricks and burns.
He, with his tail between his legs,
The pardon of his mistress begs.
A humble dog is he.
She sees her children's frowns and tears;
Their disappointed sobs she hears.
"Alas! my dears," the duchess said,
"The wretch has stolen all our bread,
And nothing left have we!

"But still console yourselves, my dears,
And cease your sobs and dry your tears,
Though we have nothing left.
For had I kept the other part,—
Although to lose it breaks your heart,—
I could not then have thrown it on to
The head of wicked Athelponto
To punish thus his theft.

"For surely, dears, you all must own
The half is better far than none!"
"Oh, yes, mamma, we truly feel
Quite glad to go without our meal
For such a righteous cause."
What children, in this later day,
Who read my words, can safely say
That they their ease would sacrifice
To truth and principle so wise
Without parental laws?

The saying of the duchess grand—
From year to year, from land to land
Has passed; but changed the sense.
The world is not so brave and good
As in the days of noble blood,
The days of Caroline Van Swing,
The noble dame of whom I sing,—
A dame without pretence.

The above is by a girl only twelve years old; and although we are not in favor of urging children into the literary field, still when we ask merely for prose translations and get such a remarkably good poetical one from a little girl, we can but print it.

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BOOKS AND MUSIC.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Jas. R. Osgood & Co. *Doing His Best*, by Trowbridge; and *Lucy Maria*, by Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

From Scribner, Armstrong & Company, New York. *Saxe Holm's Stories; Diamonds and Precious Stones*, a Popular Account of Gems, translated from the French of Louis Dieulafait by Fanchon Sanford, with 126 illustrations; *From the Earth to the Moon, and a Trip Round it*, from the French of Jules Verne; *My Kalulu*, by Henry M. Stanley.

From the Am. Tract Society, New York City. *Very Little Tales* and *Four Cousins*, both by S. Annie Frost; also, *Little Margery*, by Mrs. H. M. Miller; and *The Hard Problem*.

The Magic Spectacles, from E. H. Swinney, New York.

Seven Historic Ages, by Arthur Gilman. Hurd & Houghton.

Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag, by Louisa M. Alcott. Roberts Bros., Boston.

Young People's History of Maine, by George J. Varney. Dresser, McLellan & Co., Portland, Maine.

Work and Reward, by Mrs. Holt. Published by Nat. Temp. Pub. Society, City; also, from the same house, *Zoa Rodman*, by Mrs. E. J. Richardson.

MUSIC RECEIVED.

S. T. Gordon & Son send the following pieces of new music, all extremely simple, effective and suitable for young players. *A Collection of Standard Gems*, simplified for Piano-forte, without octaves, by Henry Maylath; *Amaryllis*, Air du Roi Louis XIII.; *Heimweh* (Jungmann); *Vienna Bloods Waltz* (Strauss); *Pique dame Gallop* (Suppé); *Hunyady Laszio*, Hungarian March (Erkel); *The Happy Children*, Six Easy Dances for Piano-forte, Valse, Polka, Polka-Mazurka, Tyrolienne, Galop, Schottische, by Jos. Rummel; *A Collection of Standard Marches*, arranged for the Piano in an easy style and without octaves, including Mendelssohn's Wedding March, Meyerbeer's Coronation March, and March from Tannhaüser; also, *Spring, Gentle Spring, Waltz*, the twenty-first of a Collection of Popular Pieces for the Piano-forte (*Friendship's Gift*) simplified by E. Mack.

THE RIDDLE BOX.

A RIDDLE.

I 'M green and still, and take my ease
  In thickest shadows lying;
I 'm fixed as fate, and yet a breeze
  Will always set me flying.

I 'm deep as ocean; dark as sin;
  I 'm treacherous and gloomy;
And still so airy, light and thin,
  A body can see through me.

I 'm made of silk; I 'm lined with grass;
  It is my pleasant duty
To wait on many a laughing lass,
  And press the cheek of beauty.

SOPHIE MAY.

LITERARY ELLIPSES.

(Blanks to be filled by English authors.)

I.

A LITTLE child, —— —— and full of grace,
Threw back her —— and showed her smiling face;
Meek as the —— she by a ribbon led,
As o'er the —— in the —— dawn see fled
Fleet as the —— when to the —— the ——
Called, and the sportsman —— not at morn;
Against her —— —— more than paltry gold,
I could not —— my heart, however cold.

II.

YOU need not —— my inquiring friend,
If, asking me if I am on the mend,
You find me still in no —— frame;
Upon an —— lay all the blame;
And though it may not —— seem, to mope,
I could not —— my pain to please the ——.

J. P. B.

WORD SQUARE.

AH! thou wert deemed *my first*, Cassandra, fair,
When with dishevelled hair,
In dark habiliments of woe attired,
And by *my next* inspired,
Thou didst, in vain, to Troy reiterate
Her swift impending fate.
No prouder walls than hers henceforth shall rise
'Neath oriental skies;
No citizens more true in act and word,
No royal race *my third*.
Troy was; her towering walls of massive stone
All into dust have gone,
Since too secure, wise admonition scorning,
She heeded not thy warning.
'T is ever so with prophet, sybil, seer,
Mere scoff and jeer;
Call mad, *my fourth*, and oft the life-blood spill
Of messengers of ill.
So when *my fifth*, assailed by Cæsar's hosts,
Her lofty rampart boasts;
Or when *my sixth*, a cruel tawny race,
Dared Rodger's guns to face!

HITTY MAGINN.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 32 letters:

My 15, 4, 12, 5, 16, 25, is a young animal.

My 29, 32, 14, 20, and my 17, 10, 2, 3, 9, are animals, the fur of which is quite valuable.

My 6, 32, 18, 27, 7, 25, is sometimes considered a locality and sometimes a condition of being.

My 23, 1, 11, 19, 20, 7, is a very useful stone.

My 31, 3, 22, 21, 13, is dismal.

My 24, 5, is a pronoun.

My 31, 28, 26, is a vehicle.

My 17, 8, 30, 31, is coarse woolen cloth.

My whole is a recipe for good looks. A. N.

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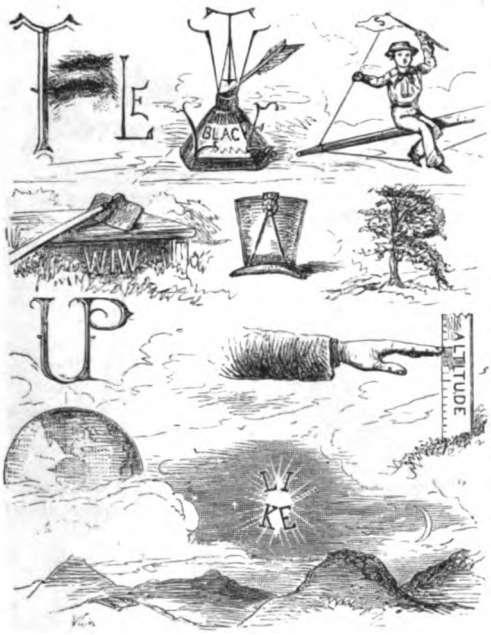
REBUS No. 1.



ANAGRAMMATIC ELLIPSES.

(Fill the blanks with the same words, transposed.)

1. He looked —— —— —— —— of the church, and saw persons bowed in ——.
2. —— in sowing, make —— in reaping.
3. A person learning to —— —— care not to fall.
4. The —— set the gem —— —— —— of gold.
5. It —— me to see the dignity she will sometimes ——.
6. She will let no unkind word —— from her ——.
7. She —— carefully and sews a —— ——.
8. Such a —— of criticism from parishioners I 'm sure —— —— —— stand. J. P. B.

CHARADE.

My first you will certainly find on the farm,
If the crops have been good this year;
My second you sometimes will find in the brooks,
When the season is cold and drear;
My whole by the builder is carried aloft,
By the architect skillfully planned,
For the mansion, the court-house or palace, perhaps,
An ornament graceful or grand. JAN.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Foundation Words:

The father of the Pleiades.
An admirable musician.

Cross Words:

A town of Thrace.
One of Helen's suitors.
The priests of Pan.
Presides over the Muses.
A terrestrial god.
LORAIN LINCOLN.

ENIGMA.

I am a word of nine letters, of which my 1 and 2 form a portion of each of the zones; my 2 and 3 are the beginning of order; my 3 and 4 are half of a sort of bread; my 3, 4 and 5 are three-quarters of a road; my 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 make a duty that generally devolves on the cook; my 4 is an exclamation of surprise or pain; my 5 an article in frequent use by people who do not know exactly what they desire; my 5 and 6 make an adverb denoting similitude; my 6, 7 and 8 are the beginning of every act of dishonesty; my 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 mean a star, and also a beautiful winter flower that was first brought to our country from China. The same letters are also five-eighths of the Greek name given to the planets between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. My 9, 8, 6 and 7 give relief to the traveler, and my 7, 8, 5, 3 and 6 to the sorrowful; my 3, 5, 1 and 8 mean to destroy; my 3, 2, 4 and 7 make a part of every tree and plant; my 4, 5 and 3 an article useful to sailors and fishermen; my 3, 5, 7 and 6, the housekeeper's pest; my 2, 5, 7 and 6, a kind of grain highly esteemed in Scotland; my 6, 8, 5 and 9 mean to burn; my 5, 7 and 8 express what you did with your dinner last Christmas; my 5, 3 and 8 denote existence; my 8, 5 and 3 make something that belongs to you, though you never saw it in your life, that you could not sell for a farthing, yet would not part with for a million; and my whole is the name of one famous in Persian history. F. R. F.

CROSS WORD.

My first is in sugar, but not in sweet;
My next is in counterpane, not in sheet;
My third is in me, but not in you;
My fourth is in green, but not in blue;
My fifth is in barter, but not in sell;
My sixth is in scream, but not in yell;
My seventh is in hat, but not in cap;
My eighth is in sleep, but not in nap;
My whole is said to have the power
Of turning all it touches sour. A. S.

OUR CHRISTMAS DINNER.

The first course consisted of a linden tree and some poles; the second of a red-hot bar of iron, a thin wife, a country of Europe, and an ornament used by Roman ladies, accompanied by a vegetable carefully prepared as follows: One-sixth of a carrot, one-fourth of a bean, two-sevenths of a lettuce, and one-third of a cherry. We had for dessert a pudding made of the interment of a tailor's instrument, some points of time events, and small cannon shot from Hamburg. GRACE.

BURIED POETS.

1. At Stockholm espionage is not practiced.
2. Along the Po peacocks were strutting.
3. On the way from Moscow perished the greater part of Napoleon's army.
4. Give me my pencils, pens, eraser and scissors.
5. A single sou they had not.
6. He is not wayward.
7. A crab being hungry ate up a snail. M. H. G.

REBUS No. 2.

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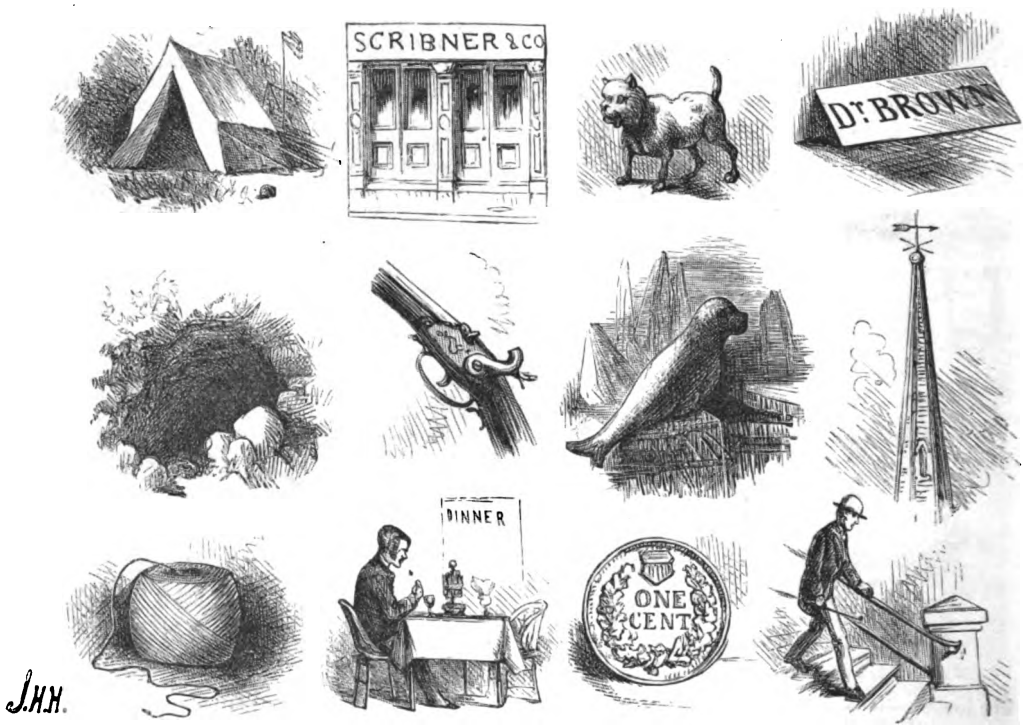
PICTORIAL WORD PUZZLE.



Prefix the same syllable of three letters to each of these pictures, and so make a word of each one of them.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

REBUS No. 1.—Smoke-Stack.

CHESS PUZZLE.—Commence at the left-hand corner at the bottom of the page at "hail"—then tracing the syllables as a knight would move, you will have.

		mor			
hail				phy	

Thus you will find these lines:

Hail, Morphy! bloodless victor, hail!
Thou mightier than Napoleon.
His triumphs were the price of blood;
His wars by many generals won,
While thou upon the chequer'd board,
With never erring certainty,
Alone, unaided, leadest on
Thy troops to glorious victory.

REBUS No. 2.—"How slow yon tiny vessel ploughs the main."

CHARADE.—St. Nicholas.

QUERIES.—Why, moisture. Earth.

CONCEALED PROVERB.—"Where there 's a will there 's a way."

"CULPRIT FAY" ENIGMA.—"On pillars of mottled tortoise-shell."

PARAPHRASE.—"Fair words butter no parsnips."

REBUS No. 3.—"Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage."

THREE EASY CHARADES.—Back-sliding, Eye-ball, See-saw.

TEN CONCEALED RIVERS.—Nida, Seal, Seine, Agri, Aron, Dan, Nera, Dee, Erne and Arno.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

1. H
2. M O P
3. H O U S E
4. R O O S T E R
5. H O U S E W I F E
6. C R O W I N G
7. F L I N G
8. O F F
9. E

DECAPITATIONS.—1. Slate, late, ate, te (tea). 2. Wheat, heat, eat. 3. Goat, oat, at.

PUZZLE.—B-L-I-N-D.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY NUMBER have been received from Anna W. Olcott, Louise Smith, Hattie E. Angell, "Juanita," "St. Mark's," Worthington G. Ford, F. W. Hobbs, Joseph F. Bird, S. Walter Goodson.

Mr. T., A. C. P., Susie Brent, T. Donath, R. P. H., S. S. Wolcott, Lucy D. Donaldson, and Mrs. H. C. S. send the correct answers to Chess Puzzle in February Number; and answers to other riddles in the same number have been received from Ormsby Seeley, Willie A. Durnett, Louise F. Olmstead, Hobart Park, and Willie Boucher Jones.

S. W. C. finds in the Geographical Rebus, in November Number, ninety-five names in addition to those given by us.

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STATUE OF GUTENBERG,

AT STRASBURG, GERMANY.

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. I. APRIL, 1874. NO. 6.

WHO PRINTED THE FIRST BIBLE?

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL.

IN the year 1420 there was living in the city of Haarlem an old gentleman, who kept the keys of the cathedral, and who used, after dinner, to walk in the famous wood that up to this time is growing just without the city walls. One day, while walking there, he found a very smooth bit of beech bark, on which—as he was a handy man with his knife—he cut several letters so plainly and neatly that after his return home he stamped them upon paper, and gave the paper to his boy as a "copy." After this, seeing that the thing had been neatly done, the old gentleman—whose name was Lawrence Coster—fell to thinking of what might be done with such letters cut in wood. By blackening them with ink, he made black stamps upon paper; and by dint of much thinking and much working, he came, in time, to the stamping of whole broadsides of letters—which was really printing.

But before he succeeded in doing this well, he had found it necessary to try many experiments, and to take into his employ several apprentices. He did his work very secretly, and enjoined upon his apprentices to say nothing of the trials he was making. But a dishonest one among them, after a time, ran off from Holland into Germany, carrying with him a great many of the old gentleman's wooden blocks, and entire pages of a book which he was about to print.

This is the story that is told by an old Dutch writer, who was president of Haarlem College, and who printed his account a hundred and fifty years after Lawrence was robbed. He says he had the story from the lips of most respectable old citizens, who had heard it from their fathers; and, furthermore, he says that he had a teacher in his young days, who had known, long before, an old servant of Lawrence Coster's, and this servant would burst into tears whenever he spoke of the way in which his poor master was robbed and so lost the credit of his discovery.

The Dutch writers credit this story, and hint that the runaway apprentice was John Faust, or John Gutenberg; but the Germans justly say there is no proof of this. It is certain, however, that there was a Lawrence (Custos, of the cathedral) who busied himself with stamping letters and engraving. His statue is on the market-place in Haarlem, and his rough-looking books are, some of them, now in the "State House" of Haarlem. They are dingy, and printed with bad ink, and seem to have been struck from large engraved blocks, and not from movable types. They are without any date, but antiquarians assign them to a period somewhat earlier than any book of Faust, or of Gutenberg, who are commonly called the discoverers of printing.

John Gutenberg, at the very time when this old Dutchman was experimenting with his blocks in Holland, was also working in his way, very secretly, in a house that was standing not many years ago in the ancient city of Strasburg. He had two working partners, who were bound by oath not to reveal the secret of the arts he was engaged upon. But one of these partners died; and, upon this, his heirs claimed a right to know the secrets of Gutenberg. Gutenberg refused, and there was a trial of the case, some account of which was discovered more than three hundred years afterward in an old tower of Strasburg.

This trial took place in the year 1439. Guten-

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berg was not forced to betray his secret; but it did appear, from the testimony of the witnesses, that he was occupied with some way of making books (or manuscripts) cheaper than they had ever been made before.

But Gutenberg was getting on so poorly at Strasburg, and lost so much money in his experiments, that he went away to Mayence, which is a German city, farther down the Rhine. He there formed a partnership with a rich silversmith, named John Faust, who took an oath of secrecy, and supplied him with money, on condition that after a certain time, it should be repaid to him.

Then Gutenberg set to work in earnest. Some accounts say he had a brother who assisted him; and the Dutch writers think this brother may have been the robber of poor Lawrence Coster. But there is no proof of it; and it is too late to find any proof now. There was certainly a Peter Schöffer, a scribe, or designer, who worked for Gutenberg, and who finished up his first books by drawing lines around the pages and making ornamental initial letters, and filling up gaps in the printing. This Schöffer was a shrewd fellow, and watched Gutenberg very closely. He used to talk over what he saw and what he thought with Faust. He told Faust he could contrive better types than Gutenberg was using; and, acting on his hints, Faust, who was a skillful worker in metals, run types in a mould. This promised so well that Faust determined to get rid of Gutenberg, and to carry on the business with Schöffer,—to whom he gave his only daughter Christine, for a wife.

Faust called on Gutenberg for his loan, which Gutenberg could n't pay, and in consequence he had to give up to Faust all his tools, his presses, and his unfinished work, among which was a Bible, nearly two-thirds completed. This, Faust and Schöffer hurried through, and sold as a manuscript.

There are two copies in the National Library at Paris; one copy at the Royal Library at Munich, and one at Vienna. It is not what is commonly known as the Mayence Bible, but is of earlier date than that.

It is without name of printer or publisher, and without date. It is in two great volumes folio, of about 600 pages a volume. You very likely could not read a word of it if you were to see it; for it is in Latin and in black, Gothic type, with many of the words abbreviated and packed so closely together as to puzzle the eye. Should you chance to own a copy (and you probably never will), you could sell it for enough money to buy yourself a little library of about two thousand volumes.

It was certainly the first Bible printed from movable types; but poor Gutenberg got no money from it, though he had done most of the work upon it. But he did not grow disheartened. He toiled on, though he was without the help of Schöffer and of Faust, and in a few years afterward succeeded in making books which were as good as those of his rivals. Before he died his name was attached to books printed as clearly and sharply as books are printed to-day.

Of course they are very proud of his memory in the old Rhine town of Mayence, where he labored; and they have erected a statue there to his memory —from a design by the great Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen. On the site where he worked there is now a club-house, and the gentlemen of the club-house have erected another little statue to Gutenberg in the inner court of their building.

But Strasburg is as proud of him as Mayence; for, in Strasburg, the burghers of that city say he studied out the plans which he afterward carried into execution at Mayence. So, in Strasburg, in 1840, they erected another statue to his memory, by David, a French sculptor. It is of bronze, and is one of the imposing sights of the city,—an honor to the great father of the art of printing. A photograph of it, taken last summer, has enabled the artists of ST. NICHOLAS to give you the effective frontispiece which graces the present number of your magazine.

When you go to Strasburg don't forget the cathedral, which is big enough to take a New York steeple under its roof. Don't forget the clock, which is as large as an ordinary house. Don't forget your dinner (with a *paté de foie gras*); and don't forget the statue of Gutenberg on the Gutenberg Platz.

FAC SIMILE OF THE TYPE USED IN GUTENBERG'S BIBLE.

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THE ADVENTURES OF A MAN-KITE.

The man-kite receives his finishing touches.

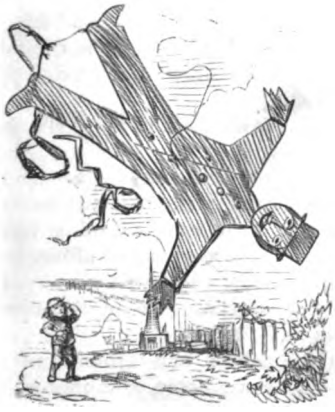
He starts on his adventures.

Little Miss Moffit is at home.

He pays her a flying visit.

Miss Scrimpkins was never more interested.

"Good day, Miss Scrimpkins!" says the man-kite.



The man-kite becomes undecided in his plans.

He finds an uneasy resting-place.

Where he can reflect on the vanity of earthly greatness.

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TAKEN AT HIS WORD

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

HEROD'S STORY.

"THERE, go!" said I; "and I don't care if I never see you again!"

I am almost an old man now, with grey hairs and rheumatism, and an objection to draughts; so old that I wear my rubbers in dry, cold weather, and don't take off a comforter before May, and don't go out after dewfall in the summer, and don't keep track of the last engagement, and don't think much about the church sociables and whom I shall take to a lecture.

You can think how old that must be! But old as I am, I remember just how I said those words; where the accent fell; how they sounded; how the wind caught them and blew them around the corners of the house; and how they seemed to come around and knock on the windows, to be let in again, after I had shut the door. Nothing has happened to me in all my life since they were spoken that has helped in the least to make me forget them.

It may be only an old man's notion, but sometimes I am forced to wonder if anything will happen in the next life that can make me forget them.

There is this about a next world's life, girls and boys: It is no fun, to my mind, to carry a thing on into it that you want to forget and *can't* forget. And we all know how dreary anything is when there 's "no fun" in it.

There was fun enough in what I have to tell, at the first of it. At least Trollo thought so, I suppose. Trollo was my brother. He was a little chap, eight years old. I was fourteen. They all had gone off and left us alone in the house, and Trollo had plagued me half out of my senses. That 's the way, you know, it seemed to *me*. It seemed to *him* quite different, I 've no doubt.

This is how it happened.

My sister Mary lived in New Haven. That was fifteen miles away. Mary's husband had got into some trouble about money, and father thought he would go on and see about it; and Mary's baby was sick with something or other, and mother thought she would go on and see about that.

Mary's husband was always getting into trouble about money, and Mary's baby was always getting sick; but they did n't often come on poor Mary together. At any rate, father and mother thought they would go on; and as they would be gone only over the second night, and because I was fourteen years old, and because Trollo said he would be good, and because Keziah Phipps said she would come over and "do" for us, and stay nights, unless "the old man got his back up,"—and because, on the whole, we did n't very much care, but thought it would be rather nice, and that if Keziah Phipps' old man *should*, by any providential accident, "get his back up," we would make molasses corn-balls, with vanilla in them,—we were left alone.

It was dark and cloudy, the day they went away. Mother said she was afraid it was blowing up for a storm; but father said he thought not. And he told me to be sure and not let the fire go out, nor the pigs go hungry, nor the horse go unblanketed; and mother kissed us both—but she kissed Trollo twice—and told me to take good care of Trollo, and let the cat sit by the fire; and then the stage rattled away with them, and Trollo and I stood looking after it.

"I wish they 'd come back to-morrow; don't you, Herod?" said Trollo.

My name was Hurdley. But Trollo used to call me Herod, just to see what I would say; and when he found I did n't say anything, he called me so because he had got into the way of calling me so; and by the time he 'd got into the way of calling me so, I did n't much mind, but rather liked it. Only when the boys laughed at it, or I felt cross, it used to seem an ugly name. But Trollo had a gentle, little, pleasant voice, and generally I liked the sound he gave it.

I said no, I did n't wish they were coming *right* back; for I was thinking about the vanilla corn-balls. And Trollo said he did n't know as he did either.

"But you 're to be good, you know," said I.

I felt very old and superior to Trollo, and I rather liked it to feel that I could order him around for two days.

"I had n't said I was n't, had I?" said Trollo, firing up to begin with.

Then I fired up a little, and told him he was to behave himself, at all events; and that was the beginning of it. I thought afterwards it would have been nicer in me not to have preached at him before he 'd had a chance to behave one way or another. But I did n't think of it at the time. Boys don't, you know.

So we both sulked a little, and Trollo went to school; but when he came home to dinner we 'd got over it, or very nearly. We only quarreled about his piece of pie. I said it was bigger than

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mother let him have. And we got the foot-rule and a tape-measure, and measured it off. Then he ate it down in three mouthfuls, to pay me for that.

I did n't go to school myself. I was to stay and watch the house, and look after the horse, and so forth; for it was only two days, and I could study at home, and such a thing might never happen again. And Keziah Phipps came over and got dinner and went away again, and came again to supper, and stayed all night. Keziah Phipps was our nearest neighbor; she lived a quarter of a mile away. Ours was rather a lonesome house, with pine trees in the front yard and a long stretch of fields behind, where the snow drifted; it always drifted in the road by our house, too. We lived on a very windy road.

It was a cold day, and the wind blew pretty high. Trollo came in from school the last time that afternoon with red cheeks, and as full of mischief as he could hold. He stamped off the snow in the entry and flung his mittens at me when I told him not to. One of them hit me in the eye.

Trollo was a good aim—a lithe, little quick-eyed chap, always up to something.

"Oh! I did n't mean to!" he said, when the mitten hit.

But I was mad. It did n't hurt me much; but I 'd been having a cold time with the horse and had spilled the pigs' supper, and, I suppose, did n't feel like myself exactly, from not going to school as usual, but loafing around and sitting by the fire so much. At any rate, I was mad. So I shook him.

He did n't say much, and I don't think he cared much. He 'd come home as wild as a witch, and there was n't anything he was n't ready to do to make mischief that night. And because I was mad, he would n't mind me.

He tied his rubber boots to the door-bell. He stuffed his wet mittens down my neck. He set the cat into the platter with the turkey bones, and then set platter, cat, bones and all upon the table, when Keziah Phipps had begun to eat. He ran out with a new squash pie to give to the horse, and dropped it and fell on it before he got there. He put salt in my tea, and sugar on my pickles, and green wood on the fire; and when I scolded him, he whistled.

Then, after tea, we sat down to study. Somehow, everything that Trollo did seemed to me to be wrong that night. He banged his boots against the table-leg. He would n't put on his slippers. His nails were dirty; he would n't clean them. He asked Keziah for another piece of cake, and, after all he had done, he got it. He sang "Hail, Columbia!" on a very flat squeak for twenty minutes. He sat down on the cat. He would n't brush his hair. He got Keziah to show him his sums. He flung sofa-pillows at the ceiling, and they came down on the custard batter. He seemed to me the most disagreeable boy I ever knew. When he went to bed, I told him so.

I remember just how he looked, standing—with our little brass bed-lamp in his hand—in the entry, to say good-night. It was one of those old-fashioned, one-wicked lamps, that gave almost no light. His face looked dim and odd behind it in the dark entry.

He started to say something, but gave it up and did n't speak,—only laughed,—and trotted off up stairs, kicking his boots off and letting them drop down through the balusters. He was a merry, happy-go-lucky little chap. If he minded anything, he would n't say so. If you were cross to him, he might plague you; but he would n't scold a great deal himself.

The next morning it was much the same. It was a very dark morning, and snowing in a slow, hard way. We woke late, and I had to hurry Trollo up. I don't suppose I was very gentle. And he threw pillows at me, and when I ordered him down to see if Keziah had got breakfast, he hid my tooth-brush. I need n't have ordered him around so much, but I thought that was part of the fun of having father and mother gone. I rather liked it to be able to say "you must" and "you must n't" to Trollo. It did n't occur to me to wonder how Trollo liked it.

Well, it was one thing and another between Trollo and me till school-time. Such little things they seem now! But they did not seem little to me then. I was cross and cold. And I was afraid Keziah Phipps' old man would n't get his back up, after all, and we should n't get our corn-balls. And everything hit me, somehow, just the crooked way. You know how it is on a cold morning. Not that I want to excuse myself. I would n't excuse myself for the wide, wide world, for what I said to Rollo at the last.

He 'd plagued me about his luncheon,—for it was so snowy Keziah thought he 'd better stay over till afternoon,—or I thought he plagued me. He nibbled at the pie, and took a squash cooky Keziah made for me. And when I told him how much trouble he was, he said:

"Hee-he-hee-e-e-ee!"

He had a funny way of laughing out, like a waterfall or a little bell, or a little shower. When I felt pleasant, I liked to hear him laugh. When I did n't, it did n't make me any pleasanter.

"It 's nothing to laugh at," said I.

"Hee-he-he-ee-ee!" said Trollo.

I did n't say anything to that, but hurried him

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along a little to the door. I did n't push him *exactly*.

"Come, Herod!" said Trollo; "le' me alone, and say good-by!"

"My name is *not* Herod!" said I, with an awful air.

"Oh, well," said Trollo, "don't let's be so cross. I wished you were coming, too. Just see it snow!"

He stood a minute on the steps, turning his face towards the road—the pretty, mischievous little round, red face! It looked graver, somehow, that minute, as he stood looking at the storm. And he spoke back in his gentlest, prettiest little way, as he went down the steps and waded into the snow that had already begun to drift in shallow, greyish piles against the fence.

"Good-by, Herod!" said Trollo.

But still I felt a little cross; and he called me Herod. And I did not want to give in to him that way, I suppose. However it came about, I called after him down the walk:

"There, go! And I don't care if I never see you again!"

Trollo did not answer. The wind blew in between us. He trudged off stoutly into the storm, his little red tippet flying in the wind across his shoulder. The snow whirled up, and in a minute or less I lost sight of the little tippet, and came in and shut the door.

I shut the door, but I did not shut away the words I had spoken to Trollo. As I told you, they seemed to me to come back and knock on the window to be let in again. If I could, I would have unsaid them, I think, even then. I wished I had said something a little different, somehow.

I passed rather a lonesome morning. The storm grew worse. Keziah Phipps warmed over the hash and a piece of squash pie for me, and went home early. She said may be she should n't come over again. "The old man was riley about it to-day, anyhow—his potatoes burned yesterday—and then it did set in and snow at such a rate!" But she 'd come if she could, for she 'd promised my ma, and I could heat up the coffee myself, for she 'd cut the bread and butter.

So I said, "Very well," and I did n't urge her to come, for I was thinking about the corn-balls. I hoped Trollo would get home in good season, and we 'd have some fun. I opened Keziah's old umbrella for her, and kicked her a little path to the gate, and then came back and stood in the door till she had got out of sight, and then I came into the house alone.

It did seem lonesome, do the best I would. My footsteps echoed up and down the stairs. The doors slammed after me and made me start. The fire winked at me, as if it were going to sleep. I built it up, and put things in order a little, picking up some slippers and an old mitten of Trollo's, that he had left kicking around. I wished that Trollo would come. It gave me an unhappy feeling to see the little slippers, as if I had been homesick.

I went to the barn for company before long, and fed the pigs and shook down hay for Hautboy—that was the horse—for the night, although it was early, and locked everything up, and came back again, wondering what I should do next. I wished that Trollo would come.

I had been in the barn some time, and when I crossed the little side-yard to come from the barn to the house, I was surprised to see how the storm had gained. It was blowing, by that time, a furious gale; the wind came up in long waves like an incoming tide. It took my breath as I stood in the barn door. The air was grey and dense with snow and sleet. There was a deep drift in the yard at the corner where I crossed. I waded through to get to the house. It came almost to my waist. I could hardly get the door together. I wished that Trollo were at home.

I wished so again when I had got into the house by the fire. It looked so deadly cold out of doors, I wondered how anyone could see his way to walk in that great whirl of snow and wind. And such a little fellow—only eight years old!

I looked at the clock. It was almost four. Just about that time he would be starting to come home. The school-house was a mile and a-quarter away, beyond the church and beyond the town. Trollo had rather a lonely road to come, and a very windy one, as I said. There were two ways, where the road branched off. He might take one or he might take another; but both were bad enough.

I began to think that I should feel better to go and meet him. But I remembered that he would have started long before I could get there, and that I could not tell which way he would come. If he came alone, he would come by the church. When he came with Jenny Fairweather, he came the other way. Jenny Fairweather and Trollo were rivals in the spelling class, but the best of friends outside of it.

So I gave up the idea of going to meet him, for if I missed him, and he came home cold and found me gone, I should be sorry, I thought. I ran up into the attic once, to see if I could see anything of him. It had begun to grow a little dark. I thought I could see as far as the church clock, for I often got the time by the attic window. But I could not even see the church. I could not see the road. I could see nothing but wind and snow. It seemed to me as if I could see the wind. From the attic window, the whole world seemed to have become a

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whirlpool of wind and snow. Oh, for a sight of the little red tippet! a glimpse of the round, red, mischievous little face!

It seemed to me still as if those ugly words were blowing about in the storm, and had come up to the attic window, and were knocking and knocking to be let in.

"I don't care if I never see you again!"

"I—don't—care if I—never—see you—again!" I actually tried to open the window and let them in,—I felt so uncomfortable in the attic. But the window was frozen and stuck.

I went down stairs and tried to amuse myself by putting the molasses candy on to boil. Keziah Phipps had not appeared, and I thought it as good as settled that the old man's back would be up to-night. She would not come. We would have the candy. Trollo would be so pleased! He would come in wet and cold. I would have a good, hot fire. I would get him some dry stockings. Perhaps we would roast some apples in the ashes. Trollo always liked to roast apples. We should have a nice time that night. He should see that I *was* glad to see him again, after all! He should know that I *did n't* think him the most disagreeable boy I ever knew. I should n't say much about it, for it was not our way. But he should know.

So I put the molasses on, and then I went to the window to look for Trollo. Then I got out the bread and butter and coffee, that they might be ready for his supper; and I went down into the cellar and picked out the biggest Baldwin I could find, to roast for him. Then I went to the window again. I was very restless. I could not keep away from the window. The storm was beating against the house in an awful way.

Half-past four. Trollo had not come. Five. No Trollo. Quarter past five. Where *was* Trollo?

It came upon me very suddenly that it was dark, and that Trollo ought to have been at home half-an-hour ago,—three-quarters, perhaps. It came *into* me, like the thrust of a sharp knife, that something had happened to keep the child away. Had he gone home with Jenny Fairweather? Had he not started at all? Had he got angry with me because of what I said, and gone on to Keziah's to frighten me? Or had he started, and *not* got anywhere? Where *could* he be?

I was too restless, wretched and anxious by that time to sit any longer, asking myself questions to which I got no answer. I determined to harness up the horse, and start out to find my brother.

It took me some time to do this, for Hautboy was of the opinion that the barn was the warmest place for a horse of any sense that night. He would not take the bits, and made me trouble. I had to hunt up a box and stand on it to reach his head,—for I was not tall of my age. It was quite dark by the time I got harnessed and drove out into the yard.

I drove as fast as I could, but that was scarcely over a walk. The long, dim, bleak road stretched, a solid drift, before me. Hautboy broke it angrily, tossing the snow back into my face, and blinding me again and again. I took the road to Jenny Fairweather's, as nearly as I could make out where the road might be. I thought I would inquire there first.

"Surely Trollo must be there!" I said to myself, as I drove along. "Trollo will be there!"

I looked out into the drifts as I rode along. An awful fear had crept into my heart. I would not own it to myself. I said, "He will be at Jenny Fairweather's." But I looked at all the drifts. Sometimes I poked them with the butt end of my whip. Sometimes I called out. I did not call Trollo,—for, of course, Trollo *must* be at Jenny Fairweather's. But I thought I would shout a little,—it did no harm.

I knew the Fairweathers' by the light in the sitting-room behind the red curtains. I drove up close to the back door, and went in without knocking. I carried the reins in with me, so that Hautboy should not overturn the sleigh in the drifts, from being restless. I knocked with my whip on the sitting-room door.

Mrs. Fairweather came to the door. She held a light, and had her hand up before her eyes to shield them. I could see into the sitting-room. Jenny Fairweather sat there alone, studying her atlas at the table. My heart gave a sickening bound; but I spoke up—or I tried to—manfully:

"Is Trollo here, Mrs. Fairweather?"

"Trollo! No! Where is he?"

"That 's what I don't know. He has n't come home from school at all. I thought he must have come with Jenny. I thought you had kept him on account of the storm."

"Why, he started when I did!" said Jenny. She, too, came to the door and looked at me. "He started, but he went the other way. I came with Tommy Larkins. Trollo did n't come with us at all. He went the other way, alone."

"Where can he be?" exclaimed Mrs. Fairweather.

I did not answer. I could not speak. Mrs. Fairweather and Jenny followed me to the door. They said things that I did not hear. I only remember telling Mrs. Fairweather that he must have gone to some of the neighbors, and that I should drive up the other way; and I remember her saying that I must have help,—the child must be found! And that she wished she and Jenny were men, to go with me.

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I got into the sleigh, and started out again into the storm.

I was now very cold; but I did not think much about it. I whipped and whipped poor Hautboy, and we blundered along,—freezing, frightened, stumbling,—into the other road. I could just see the church. I thought if I could get as far as the church, I would go to the first house I came to and get help. I shouted as I went along, and called out Trollo's name. But I could scarcely hear my own voice. I could not see. I could not breathe. My hands were stiff. I dropped the reins two or three times. The wind blew savagely up the other road. It blew in our faces. Hautboy did not like it. He puffed and backed and bothered me.

The first thing I knew, the horse stood still. I whipped him, but it did no good. I shouted, but he would not stir. I got out to see what was the matter. We had stuck in a mighty drift, which came to the creature's haunches.

So fast and so frightfully our old-fashioned Connecticut storms come down!

I turned around as well as I could, and Hautboy put for home. I sat still, in a stupid way, in the sleigh. I let the reins hang, for I could not hold them. I felt very numb and sleepy. I wondered if I were freezing to death. I thought how I should look, when Trollo found me in the morning; how Hautboy would get as far as the barn-door, and stick, with the sleigh; how I should be sitting up there, straight under the buffalo, half in, half out the door.

Then I thought that, perhaps, Trollo would never find me at all. Stupidly, I seemed to think that Trollo was frozen too. In a dreamy, meaningless way, I remembered telling Trollo that I hoped I should never see him again; and I wondered if, when *he* was freezing, *he* remembered it too.

All at once I felt myself aroused. Something had happened. Hautboy stood stock still beside a fence. He whinnied, and turned his neck to look at me.

"What is it, Hautboy?" said I, sleepily. I managed to get out. Had we got home? Had we gone on to Keziah's? What had happened?

We had got home—or nearly. We were just outside the gate, in an enormous drift. I could see the light in the kitchen and the cat sitting in the uncurtained window.

That brought me to my senses. Perhaps Trollo had got home. I called out as loud as I could: "Trollo! Trollo! Oh, *Trol*-lo!" Did something answer me? Did Hautboy whinny? Was it the cat mewing in the window? Or was it—? Oh, what was that?

Whoa, Hautboy! Whoa! Whoa, sir! Whoa! You 'll tread on it! You 'll crush him! Back, sir! Back!

It is under your feet—across the drift! I have my hand beneath it! I can lift it up—the still, cold thing! The awful precious thing!

I have it in my arms. Oh, Hautboy, I 'm so weak! Don't tread on me! We shall drop back beneath the drift! Back, sir! back! Good pony. Good old fellow. There!

Oh, Trollo, here we are! Here's the door-latch! We are getting up the steps. It 's warm inside; and I set the candy on, and I went to meet you, Trollo. Oh, Trollo, can you hear?

Can he hear? Can he ever hear again? Does he know that I hold him; that I love him; that my heart is breaking, while we crouch by the stove that he may feel the red-hot glow? Does he stir? Do his eyelids move? Has Heaven taken me at my word?—that dreadful word! Shall I never see him move again?

Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do? All alone in the house this awful night with this awful little burden in my lap! If any grown-up soul were here, they would know how to save the child!

I do the best I can. I rub him and rub him with my numb, cold hands; I get hot water—for the fire has kept like a furnace, thank God! I fetch water and mother's blankets, and I get him upon the old lounge, and I rub and rub and wrap him and breathe on him. Now and then I speak to him, but I get no answer. Once or twice I think I will say my prayers, but I only say, "Our Father," for I can think of nothing else.

There! While I am rubbing and sobbing, curled on my knees in a little helpless heap beside the lounge,—oh, there! he *did* draw a little, little breath. He chokes and stirs; his eyelids flutter.

I remember then that there is brandy on the lower cupboard shelf. I spring to get it, calling, "Trollo! Trollo!" lest he drop away and lie still again before I can get back. I get it, somehow, down his throat. I keep on calling, "Trollo! Trollo! Trollo!" How long before it happens I cannot say; how it happens I do not know; but while I am kneeling and sobbing, calling and spilling brandy wildly down his neck, and doing everything wrong, and nothing right, except to love him and to hate myself, as if my heart would break with love and hate, a little feeble, pleasant voice speaks up:

"Her-od?"

"Oh, Trollo, I *did* want to see you all the afternoon! I did! I did!"

"Yes, Herod; I *hoped* you 'd come to meet me, Herod."

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"Oh, Trollo, just look here! You *know* you 're not the most disagreeable boy I ever ——"

"Oh, yes, I know. It is n't any matter, Herod. I 'm warm as toast, I guess, only a little queer, somehow. But the pains aint *very* bad. Did Keziah's old man get his back up? Did you put the candy on?"

Our poor candy has bubbled and boiled away to a burn on the stove. But little want have we of candy this long, strange night. Trollo is very weak and suffers much. I cannot leave him to get help. I do the best I can. Towards morning he feels better, and I crawl out to look at Hautboy, who has broken his harness and got safely under cover. In the grey, cold dawn in the breaking storm I crawl into mother's bed beside my brother, and we drop asleep heavily, holding hands.

We sleep long and late,—I don't know how late it is. I am wakened by Keziah Phipps; she has fires going and hot coffee, and she throws up her hands and says: "Laws mercy on me! What is the matter? What has ever happened to you?"

And when she knew what it was that happened, she says we are to lie in bed till our ma comes home, and she makes beef-soup for Trollo, and cries into it, so that he makes faces when he drinks it.

Trollo is very weak, but pretty well. So when the broth is gone, we both lie still. By and by Jenny Fairweather comes over to see if Trollo has been found, but we feel too weak to see her. Then, by and by, we hear the whistle of the early train,—well belated this morning,—by which father and mother will be hurrying home to see how we have stood the storm.

"OH, WHAT WAS THAT?

We do not talk much. We lie very still, holding each other's hands in bed.

Only once, I say, "Trollo?" and Trollo says, "Well, Herod?" and I say, "If I live to be an old, old man I shall never forget this night. Shall you?"

Trollo says, no, he does n't think he ever shall. Then I say again, "Trollo?" But when he says, "What, Herod?" I only hold his hand a little closer, for I cannot speak.

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FAST FRIENDS.

By J. T. Trowbridge.

Author of the "Jack Hazard" Stories.

Chapter XI.

ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK.

The boys were now in gay spirits, and the last part of their voyage down the river was as delightful as the outset had been gloomy.

"I wish this was to last a week!" exclaimed George, who had a poet's passion for the water, and whose eye could not gaze enough on the brown cliffs of the Palisades, rising precipitately four or five hundred feet above the western shore. Besides, his was a dreamy, rather inert nature; he loved repose, and dreaded responsibility and the uncertainty of change.

But swiftly the steamer plowed her silver furrow; and the lofty, columnar fronts of the Palisades cast broader and deeper shadows across the great river. Then the river, widening fast, left them behind, and spires and shipping, city roofs and wharves, began to appear. On the left was New York, with Jersey City opposite, on the right; and the mighty flood of the Hudson—here an arm of the bay—flowing between, alive with passing and repassing sails and ferry-boats, and sparkling in the last beams of the setting sun.

"See that!" murmured Jack, pointing to a steamer having a dozen lake and canal boats in tow. No more was said, but George knew his friend was thinking of the way he made his first voyage up the river.

A little after six o'clock the boat reached her pier. Then came the excitement and bustle of landing. Jack took his light valise in one hand, and with the other helped George carry his trunk ashore. On the wharf they were beset by porters and hackmen clamoring for patronage. George was quite distracted by their vociferous appeals, which he thought himself obliged politely to decline; and he was soon glad to take Jack's advice.

"Don't pay any attention to 'em! Look straight at your nose, and come ahead!"

In fact, as soon as it was seen that here were two young fellows who knew their own business, and could take care of themselves and their baggage, they were allowed to pass unmolested.

They crossed the street, dodging between thundering carts and coaches, and carried their baggage down the basement stairs of a low, dark eating-house on a corner opposite. There they made a pretty good supper for thirty cents, and had four dollars and fifty cents left of their late earnings. Getting permission to leave the trunk and valise there for an hour or two, they then sallied forth in search of a boarding-house.

"How to find one is the question," said George, quite bewildered by the turmoil and hubbub of the vast city, upon which the night was shutting down.

But Jack had an idea.

"The grocery stores will know where the boarding-houses are." And with this clue they began their search.

Boarding-houses proved plentiful enough, but the trouble was to find them amid so many distracting streets, the very names of which they had never heard before. In some places it was so dark that they could not see the numbers, and had to inquire at several doors before the right one was found. At these George, if he happened to go first, knocked in good country fashion.

"Why don't you ring?" asked Jack, who found him at one, vainly pounding and bruising his knuckles, until he quite despaired of getting a response.

"Ring—how?" cried George.

Jack showed him; and then and there, for the first time in his life, our young poet from the rural districts had experience of a door-bell.

"Never tell anybody I was so green!" he said, as they walked on, blushing very red in the gleam of the gaslight.

One boarding-house was too ill-kept and musty for their taste; another too elegant for their means; and a third, too full even to make room for a couple of boys. At a fourth, they were somewhat abashed by the demand, from a staring and uncombed young woman, who answered their ring:

"Be's ye married gintlemen, wantin' board for yerselves an' wives?"

"I—rather—think not!" replied Jack. Then, recovering his wits a little, he gave George a sly punch, with, "I have n't any wife,—have you?"

"Not that I know of!" said George, in an unsteady voice.

They were then explicitly informed by the uncombed young woman that the said boarding-house took only "married gintlemen an' their wives," and that it was a "pair of ill-mannered monkeys that would stand laughin' in a dacent body's face." George would have explained that they were not smiling at her; but the door was already slammed.

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At length they found in Duane street a house that suited them quite well, both as to style and price of board, though George thought two dollars a week high; and the little room they were shown was far up in the house. The landlady assured them, on the contrary, that the room was "very low indeed," all her boarders being first-class, and her house quite genteel.

She was a much-wrinkled, sallow, care-worn woman, and she looked so weary as she stood holding the lamp for them, that they made haste to close the bargain, and let her go.

They then returned for the trunk and valise, which they carried along the ill-lighted sidewalks, often changing hands or stopping and sitting down on the baggage to rest. The distance seemed immense, and their arms and shoulders ached well before they got back to their lodging. Again the sallow landlady held the lamp for them, while, with prodigious sweating and panting, they lugged their awkward load up several flights of stairs to their little attic. Then they set down the trunk on one side and the valise in a corner, and thanked her, and wiped their foreheads.

Such was the arrival of our young heroes in the great metropolis.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BOARDING-HOUSE—LOCKED OUT.

THE landlady placed the lamp (which smoked badly, and gave but a dim light) on a small pine table by the head of the bed, but did not immediately withdraw.

"I am obliged to ask you for a week's board in advance," she said in a feeble but quite business-like tone of voice. "That's my rule," she added, as the boys hesitated and looked at each other.

"Certainly," said George, with his hand in his pocket. "Can you use——"

"Small change?" continued Jack, also with his hand in his pocket.

"Anything that's money," replied the landlady, with a faint smile, which changed, however, to a look of surprise and dismay, as she saw a pile of great copper cents tumbled out on the table, together with smaller piles of silver coins. "Mercy on me! have n't you got nothin' else?" she inquired.

The boys were sorry to own that their means were thus limited.

"Well, I'll send Bridget with a basket. Or—no—I'll take it!" She made a bag of her apron, and went out heavily freighted with the said "small change."

George sat down on his trunk; Jack took the chair (there was but one); then they looked at each other, and grinned.

"Does it seem to you as if we were really in New York?" said George, who had anticipated something so very different. "Think of us lugging our trunks through the streets and up these stairs, and then paying off the old lady in coppers and sixpences! Is n't it ridiculous?"

"I don't mind that," said Jack. "But how are we going to pay our next week's board in advance? Lucky if we have even the coppers and sixpences to do it with!"

"She won't trust us a day, now she has seen the bottom of our pockets," replied George.

"We have just half a dollar left," remarked Jack. "And we should n't have that, if our debts were paid."

"How glad I am I did n't take Vinnie's money!" cried George. "She has five or six dollars, which she has earned by helping the neighbors in times of sickness. If I had done as she wished, the pickpockets would have that, too. But she made me promise to write to her for it; I shall hate to, though!"

"Let's hope you won't have to!" exclaimed Jack, springing up. "Come, I'm rested. What do you say to a look at the city before going to bed?"

"I'd like to see some part of it besides the back streets we lugged our trunks through!" exclaimed George. "Broadway is close by,—just at the upper end of this street."

They went out, and were soon walking up and down the great thoroughfare, dazzled and charmed by the life and brilliancy, the throng of people, the endless vistas of street lights, and the glittering magnificence of the shops. In the present enjoyment they forgot the dubious future; they rambled on and on, until the crowd slowly melted away, and the shops began to close; then they had a mile or more to walk home.

When at length they turned into Duane street, they found it silent and deserted, their boarding-house dark, and the door locked.

Jack rang the bell gently, at first, then with more and more vigorous pulls; and George even returned to his primitive style of knocking with his knuckles, and (when they were sore) of pounding with his fist. All in vain; the house remained as dark and still as before.

Thus several anxious minutes elapsed, and the boys grew alarmed.

"You don't think it possible that we are thundering at the wrong house, do you?" said George, stepping backwards, and looking up at the windows.

They could not see the number on the door; but

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Jack said he was sure of the house, because it was just opposite the end of a narrow little park, which adorned (and, I believe, still adorns) that part of the street. It was certainly their boarding-house; and another thing was no less certain,—they were locked out.

"Ring again!" cried George, with an energy that surprised his friend. "There's a light up there, in the top story. We'll bring somebody, or pull the house down!"

They could hear the bell tinkling faintly; but still there was no response.

"This is beautiful!" said Jack. "We may have to crawl into a coal-shed, or an empty hogshead on some wharf, after all; or else spend the last of our money for cheap lodgings."

"After we've paid her in advance!" cried George. "I'd climb up and break into that parlor window for three cents!"

"I wouldn't!" replied Jack. "I got into a scrape by breaking into a house once, and I made up my mind I never would break into another, even if it was the White House at Washington, and I was President of the United States."

"MERCY ON ME! HAVE N'T YOU GOT NOTHIN' ELSE?"

"Look here!" said George, "I believe that's the light in our own room; we left the lamp burning, you know!"

"We are supposed to be in there,—abed and asleep, as everybody else in the house is," said Jack.

Just then a solitary pedestrian came sauntering down the silent street, on the same side where the boys were. Seeing their predicament, he stopped

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and regarded them with an air of amused curiosity.

"What 's the matter with the door?" he said to Jack.

"There 's nothing the matter with the door," Jack replied; "it seems to be a pretty good door; but it 's locked, and we want to get in."

"Why don't you ring?"

"We have been ringing—rather!" said George; "but everybody seems to be deaf or dead."

"Perhaps you don't understand it," said the man, with an air of slyly enjoying the situation.

He stepped up to the door, fumbled with the handle a moment, and then exclaimed: "Why, your door is open!" And, indeed, so it was.

"I don't se ' 'ough that!" cried Jack. "There must be some trick about these city doors I 'm not up to."

George thought it must have been opened from the inside by some person who had glided away. The stranger offered no opinion, but continued to smile with much amusement as he stepped back to let the boys in.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MYSTERIOUS GENTLEMAN.

THE entry being quite dark, he kindly inquired if they knew the way to their room.

"Not so well as we should, to find it without a light," replied George.

"Perhaps we can make a light." The stranger stepped into the entry, struck a match on the sole of his boot, and held it to light them up the first flight of stairs. They were then bidding him good night, with many thanks, when he said: "You have n't got to your own room yet, have you?"

"No, it 's away up in the attic."

"Who keeps this house?" he inquired, as he followed them up. They told him it was Mrs. Libby. He struck another match on his boot-sole, and as it was lighting, observed, "Mrs. Libby may be a very worthy woman, and she may keep an excellent house, but I shall tell her she ought not to lock her lodgers out, or have such dark entries."

As he insisted on showing them in the same way up the third flight, they hastened on to their room in order to get the lamp and, in return for his kindness, light him down again. But he quietly entered with them, smiling, and looking about him in a very leisurely manner.

"I 'll light you down to the door, when you are ready," said George, who stood holding the lamp.

"I 'm in no hurry," he replied. "I want to breathe a spell, after coming up so many flights."

"Sit down," said Jack, offering the chair.

"Thank you. But where will you sit? Mrs. Libby ought to furnish two lodgers with more than one chair!"

Jack seated himself on the trunk. George, after some hesitation, replaced the lamp on the table, and sat down on the bed. Their visitor also seated himself, placed his hat on the floor, crossed his legs in a very comfortable manner, looking so much as if he had come to stay that the boys regarded him with growing surprise and uneasiness. They could now see that he was a man about forty-five years old, well dressed, somewhat round-shouldered, with neatly combed hair and whiskers and a marvelously pleasant countenance.

He sat and talked for a few minutes about the discomforts of city boarding-houses, and then astonished the boys by coolly pulling off one of his boots. He then asked them some friendly questions about themselves,—how long they had been in the city, what they thought of it, and the like,—and then quite filled them with consternation by kicking off his other boot.

George thought he would give him a polite hint by asking the time of night.

"It 's early yet," said the cool gentleman, pulling out his watch. "Not quite twelve o'clock."

"If you are not going soon," said Jack, "perhaps I had better step down and see that the door is fast." He certainly thought that would start him.

"I looked out for that," said he, smiling blandly. "The door is all right."

The boys were now more than ever puzzled and disturbed.

"Do you live on this street?" Jack inquired.

"Certainly," he replied, appearing as if he understood perfectly well their perplexity, and rather enjoyed it.

"Near here?"

"Rather near."

"Sha' n't we—see you home?" faltered George.

"You are very kind. But I know the way." And the cool gentleman began—very coolly—to loosen his cravat.

Jack, unable to keep his seat on the trunk, now came and stood by the bed near George.

"We don't want to turn you out," he said, as civilly as he could; "and we 're certainly very much obliged to you; but it is getting late for country boys like us, and if you have no objections ——"

"O, not the slightest in the world. I think I 'll go to bed, too." And the gentleman proceeded to wind his watch.

"How shall we get rid of him?" whispered Jack.

"I don't know! He 's a regular old Man of the Sea!" muttered George.

"*I* leave *my* boots outside the door to be blacked," observed the visitor, as he gathered up the

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articles he had kicked off, and set them out in the entry.

"I don't just see where you are going to sleep," said George, thinking it time that question was settled. "Our bed won't very well hold more than two."

"I should n't think it would. And you did n't for a moment imagine I was going to sleep with you; did you? I am going to sleep alone!"

"For my part, I should like to know where!" cried Jack.

"I think I can find a place. Let me take the lamp just one moment! Mrs. Libby must have plenty of rooms."

As the cool gentleman had already taken the lamp, and seemed about setting off in search of apartments, the boys started after him in no little alarm.

"She told us, this was the only vacant room!" cried George.

"Did she?" The man smiled with the same curious, amused expression, which had puzzled the boys from the first, and, taking up his hat with one hand, while he carried the lamp in the other, still moved towards the door. "Mrs. Libby may be a very truthful woman," he said; "but I think I can find a place to sleep."

"What shall we do?" whispered George. "Why did we ever let him into the house?"

"It 's too late to ask that; he 's in!" replied Jack.

"He must be insane!" said George.

"More likely drunk!" muttered Jack. "We must watch him."

The stranger marched deliberately into an adjoining room; the boys followed him, and hardly knew whether they were glad or sorry to find it unoccupied. Then he hung up his hat, slipped his feet into a pair of pumps, and then lighted a lamp which he found on the table.

"This is some lodger's room!" exclaimed George.

"It certainly looks like it; and a very good room it is. I think it will suit me very well. Now I 'll return your lamp, with many thanks."

"Do you know Mrs. Libby?" demanded Jack.

"I think I ought to. I board with her."

"And you—the front door—this room—" stammered George, just beginning to see through the joke.

The lodger smilingly pulled off his coat. "My name is Manton; and this is my room. I was in it when you brought your baggage. I knew you at the door, and let you in with my latch-key. Good night, young gentlemen! Don't stumble over my boots!"

The boys rushed back to their room, strangling with mingled mirth and chagrin, shut the door, put down the lamp, and held their sides.

"I rather think," said George, "we have been badly sold! What do you think?"

"I think ——"

But Jack's voice grew inarticulate, and he tumbled on the bed in a spasm of laughter.

CHAPTER XIV.

MORNING IN THE CITY.

BOTH boys, accustomed to early rising, were up and dressed betimes the next morning, refreshed by their brief but sound sleep, and eager for new experiences.

They looked down from their lofty window upon the quiet street, and remembered that it was Sunday. The sunshine was stealing over the city roofs, slanting softly down across the fronts of dingy brick and even gilding the gutters with beams as pure and fresh as were those falling upon their far-off country homes. The air was deliciously cool and enticing. A few doves flapped past quite near the open window. Robins and sparrows were singing in the trees of the little park below. The vast Babel was strangely silent and at rest; only the noisy cart and rattling bell of a stout milkman driving from door to door, and a newsboy crying the Sunday papers, broke the stillness of the solitary street.

Scarce another lodger was astir when George and Jack passed once more down the stairs up which they had lugged their baggage, and afterwards been lighted by Mr. Manton's matches, the night before. As there were as yet no signs of breakfast, they went on to the street door, fastened back the night-latch so that they could get in again, and went out.

I am sure that neither of them ever forgot that first Sunday morning's walk in the city. George afterwards celebrated it in verse, contrasting the early Sabbath coolness and quiet with the fashionable throngs of church-goers filling the spacious sidewalks of Broadway some hours later, and the roar and rush and heat when, on week-days, the tide of life and traffic was at its height.

They went as far as the Battery, and were enchanted with their stroll about the grounds, beautiful in the first bright green of spring, and above all with the view of the water. A gentle south wind was blowing, and the harbor seemed alive with light waves, frolicking in the sun and dashing against the battery wall. There were ships riding at anchor, steam ferry-boats plying across the East river to Brooklyn, and across the North river to Jersey City, a brig under full sail coming up the bay, and tugs and sail-boats plowing and tacking

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to and fro. A shipload of Dutch emigrants, mostly in wooden shoes,—the women in petticoats and the men in short trowsers, but large enough for meal-bags,—were landing at a wharf near by; not the least novel and interesting sight, especially to George, who had seen far less of the world than Jack.

Fascinated by the scene, the boys would hardly have known how to leave it, had not a keen sense of hunger reminded them of breakfast. Then they had a walk of over a mile back to their lodgings in Duane street. They were glad enough to hear a loud hand-bell ringing vigorously in the lower entry as they opened the door; and were disappointed, afterwards, to learn that it was only the "first bell." Breakfast was half-an-hour later.

"My boarders aint gener'ly in no hurry for their breakfas'es, Sunday mornings," remarked Mrs. Libby, to whom they applied for reliable information on that important subject.

Her rooms were well filled with "gentlemen boarders," as they were politely called; there being not a "lady boarder" in the house. Several had already assembled in the parlor,—where the boys went, to wait for the second bell,—and were eagerly looking over the columns of "wants" in the Sunday papers. They had generally a clean-shaved, clean-starched, Sunday-morning appearance; and Jack — judging from their bleached faces and style of dress—declared they were all "citified."

"By Cæsar!" suddenly broke forth one,—a pale young man in very tight pants,—spitefully hitting his newspaper with the tips of his fingers.

"What is it, Simpson?" asked a seedy but carefully-brushed old gentleman who had no newspaper, and seemed to be waiting for a chance at somebody else's.

"Here 's that humbug advertisement again,—you know,—confidential clerk on Chatham street,—up two flights."

"I went for that situation," remarked the old gentleman.

"So did I!" "So did I!" cried two or three others.

"I thought *I* 'd like to be a confidential clerk," said Simpson;—"saw the advertisement the first thing Tuesday morning, made a rush for Chatham street, found the place, and a crowd of about a hundred there before me, all wanting to be confidential clerks! They blocked both flights of stairs and extended out into the street. I waited two hours—concluded 't was no use—and came away."

"I waited at least three hours," said the old gentleman. "I finally got to the office, and gave in my application and address to a man at the desk. Thought, of course, I was too late. Now, you don't say the advertisement is in again!"

From this talk, and much that followed, the boys were appalled to learn that nearly all Mrs. Libby's "gentlemen boarders" were out of employment, seeking situations in the city.

"There 's hundreds of places advertised, but I don't see as anybody ever gets 'em," said a bilious young man, whom the others called Tarball. "If I don't hear of something this week, hanged if I won't enlist in the navy!"

"What 's become of that young fellow—Parsons, I believe was his name?" asked a tall young man who sat facing one of the windows. He wore a stiff standing collar, which compelled him, when he wished to turn his head and address the company, partly to turn his whole body, and partly to give his chin a cant, lifting the edge of it over the piece of starched linen. "I have n't seen him for a week."

"O, Parsons got to the bottom of his purse ten days ago," replied Tarball. "It 's the third time he has come down from the country to find business in town, spent all his money, and had to go back again. I tell you, there 's no chance. You are one of the lucky ones, Timkins!"

Timkins was the tall one in the stiff dicky; and his luck (as the boys learned afterwards) consisted in his having secured a clerkship, much to the wonder and envy of his fellow-boarders. This may account for the fact that he was the only person in the room who had a newspaper and was not diligently reading the "wants."

"Have *you* come to town to get business," he suddenly asked, putting his chin up and his eye down, as he turned to look over his dicky at George and Jack on the sofa.

"I hope I shall find something to do," replied George, blushing, as if ashamed of such presumption.

Simpson sneered and flung down his paper in disgust. "By Cæsar! just as if there was n't enough fellows looking for places in town already! The cry is still they come!" He laughed bitterly. "What they 're all thinking of—I can't understand!"

With all his diffidence, George had a fiery spirit, and this insolent language roused him.

"May I ask," he said, "what you are thinking of, sir?—for I believe you are looking for business, like a good many others."

"O, Simpson thinks he has the only right to be hunting a situation, and that all the other unfortunates are in his way!" laughed Tarball grimly. "But I, for one, sha' n't be in his way long!"

"As if a few more or less would make any difference with me, while there are thousands—yes, sir! thousands on thousands—out of business, and crowding into the city to find something to do!" Simpson walked the room in his tight pants, and

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grew eloquent. "They are fools, sir! We are all fools! And what I would say to these young gentlemen,"—turning to George and Jack,—"what I would say to my own brother,—is this word of warning,—No use! Go back to your country homes, if you have any; dig, plow, blow the bellows, carry water, cut wood, do anything; but don't expect to find genteel employment in town. Thank Cæsar! there 's the breakfast bell at last!"

And the tight pants led a clattering procession down Mrs. Libby's back stairs. George and Jack brought up the rear, their appetites somewhat impaired, like their hopes, by the dark prospects and discouraging conversation of their fellow-boarders.

(To be continued.)

THE SLEEPING BLOODHOUND.

(From a painting by Sir Edwin Landseer.)

PROBABLY most of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS are familiar with many pictures of dogs, horses, deer and other animals, by the late Sir Edwin Landseer, one of the greatest of modern painters. Like most other great men, he loved dogs and horses and all good, brave animals, and he painted them in their noblest aspects. Few of us can expect to see such magnificent stags and grand dogs as he drew. This picture of "The Sleeping Bloodhound" is very fine, even in the engraving; but could we see it as it was painted, with all the true colors of the hound,—with his shining skin, so smooth and soft that it would seem as if we could press our fingers into it, and his long ears so flexible that we could take them up in our hands,—we might know how well Landseer painted dogs. But he will paint no more. Only a few months ago the news of his death came to us from England.

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LITTLE GUSTAVA.

By Celia Thaxter.

Little Gustava sits in the sun,
Safe in the porch, and the little drops run
From the icicles under the eaves so fast,
For the bright spring sun shines warm at last,
And glad is little Gustava.

She wears a quaint little scarlet cap,
And a little green bowl she holds in her lap,
Filled with bread and milk to the brim,
And a wreath of marigolds round the rim:
"Ha! ha!" laughs little Gustava.

Up comes her little grey, coaxing cat,
With her little pink nose, and she mews,
"What's that?"
Gustava feeds her,—she begs for more;
And a little brown hen walks in at the door:
"Good-day!" cries little Gustava.

She scatters crumbs for the little brown hen.
There comes a rush and a flutter, and then
Down fly her little white doves so sweet,
With their snowy wings and their crimson feet:
"Welcome!" cries little Gustava.

So dainty and eager they pick up the crumbs,—
But who is this through the doorway comes?
Little Scotch terrier, little dog Rags,
Looks in her face, and his funny tail wags:
"Ha! ha!" laughs little Gustava.

"You want some breakfast, too?" and down
She sets her bowl on the brick floor brown;
And little dog Rags drinks up her milk,
While she strokes his shaggy locks, like silk.
"Dear Rags!" says little Gustava.

Waiting without stood sparrow and crow,
Cooling their feet in the melting snow:
"Won't you come in, good folk?" she cried.
But they were too bashful, and stayed outside,
Though "Pray come in!" cried Gustava.

So the last she threw them, and knelt on the mat
With doves and biddy and dog and cat.
And her mother came to the open house-door:
"Dear little daughter, I bring you some more,
My merry little Gustava!"

Kitty and terrier, biddy and doves,
All things harmless Gustava loves.
The shy, kind creatures 'tis joy to feed,
And, oh! her breakfast is sweet indeed
To happy little Gustava!

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THE CHURCH-COCK.

BY Z. TOPELIUS.

[Translated from the Swedish by Selma Borg and Marie A. Brown, the translators of the "Schwartz" and "Topelius" novels.]

[You shall now hear a remarkable story, which might be called "Pride Goes Before a Fall," but each and all may think what they choose. One can be proud and haughty if never more than a caterpillar; how much the more, then, when one has the honor of being a church-cock!]

THERE was once a church-cock, who sat on a very high tower. Whence he came, and how he had got so high up in the world, it is not easy to say. It is believed that his papa was no ordinary cock, but a carpenter, who could carve eagles and dragons out of wood, and that he made the cock and hoisted him to the tower with a rope, as the cock was solid and could not learn to fly.

Perhaps this was not so; perhaps the cock was formerly premier cock in the mighty fairy queen Gilimiliadolga's hen-house, and in his arrogance rose against his ruler, and, as a punishment, was transformed into a wooden cock and nailed fast to the tower. This no one can tell precisely. In short, there he sat on the tower, very high up,—yes, higher than the highest roof and the highest tree for seven miles around. And so high did he sit, that the whole earth under him seemed not much larger than a pancake, and human beings looked like flies on the pancake.

The church-cock was very large. He had a high red comb above his beak, green eyes, large as a plate, and a very exuberant tail. In his crop there was certainly room for three bushels of rye, so portly was he. Consequently, you can imagine that he was somewhat consequential. Because he was so large, and occupied so lofty a position, he fancied that no one in the whole world was so high a lord as he. All cocks are arrogant; you can tell it by their airs, when they swell their feathers on the dunghill and stretch their bills in the air, as if they wished to cry to all they saw, "What sort of a pigmy are you?" But the church-cock was one of the very worst. You will see that such never end well. Many a proud cock has lost his neck when his owners have been preparing for a dinner-party; and afterwards he has, without ceremony, been plucked and laid in the oven and eaten up, like any other poultry, with gravy, pickles, and cranberry sauce.

Perhaps the church-cock knew that he was not fit to be beheaded and eaten, and that made him more haughty than other cocks. He had one quality that is very common in the world, and that was to constantly turn according to the wind. He could therefore look around him in all directions. But, wherever he gazed with his great green eyes, he saw his equal nowhere on earth. He therefore began to believe that he was considerably better than all others, and that the whole world ought to be subservient to him. Thereupon he thought to himself:

"I am a great cock; a very stately and illustrious cock am I. My equal among cocks does not exist. I am a veritable cock majesty. It is evident that the church was built expressly on my account, and in order to afford me a place worthy my high rank. Why should people assemble here around the church every Sunday, if not to truly admire and worship me? Yes, it is certain that I am a great cock, a mighty cock; a highly aristocratic and remarkable cock am I!"

But aristocratic people sometimes have a very tedious time of it, and so had the church-cock. Fly he could not, he was not willing to work, and did not need to eat. What should he do? It was not without a certain envy that he occasionally regarded the pastor's hens, which sometimes tripped as far as the foot of the tower, and scratched up the sand to find a kernel.

One day it happened that a crow flew over the church, passing quite near the cock, who sat there sulky and cross, provoked that any one should presume to fly almost as high as he was pleased to perch.

"Quoa! quoa!" screeched the crow, "how-do-you-do, my good cock?"

"B-r-r-r!" said the cock, whirling around with the wind and turning his tail to the crow, "I think you might at least call me 'Your Excellency.'"

"Just hear that!" said the crow. "Well, does not Your Excellency find it rather tedious in the long run to sit there alone and do nothing? It seems to me that Your Excellency might marry."

"I marry!" said the church-cock; "where should I find a hen so high-born and aristocratic that I could woo her without detriment to my rank?"

"Your Excellency is right," answered the crow; "such a hen is not easy to find, for I do not remember that I have ever heard of a church-hen. But Your Excellency should at least undertake some

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work. That is what I do. It shortens time and it makes one cheerful and happy in mind."

"Work!" snarled the cock, and he looked at the crow with much contempt; "great and illustrious people are never in the habit of working. It is not proper."

"Ha! ha!" thought the crow to herself, as she flew away, "you stare and stare around you, Herr Cock, and yet know so little how it goes in the world. I have often seen the high and aristocratic have more work and more care than the humble. But such inflated simpletons as you, believe aristocracy to consist in not doing one blessed thing, but to sit like a stock, make others wait upon you, and die of dreariness. It is plain that the church-cock is several hundred years old, and thinks just as many thought before in his youth. But now one realizes better than ever that all must work and be industrious, if they wish to be happy and contented. The cock does not understand that. Because he is so desperately lazy, he says it is not proper."

And so it was, indeed. The cock was lazy and proud; that was the whole matter. For several hundred years he had sat up there on the pinnacle of the tower and not done a hand's turn; he had not even crowed. He was so lazy that he had not stirred from the spot for all the hundred years; so one can imagine how lazy he was. A good beating might perhaps have incited him to zeal and activity. But who would have dared to do such a thing? We shall hear how it went with him.

One fine day, when the church-cock, as usual, sat staring into the blue firmament and looking very sage, although he thought just nothing, he saw, with surprise, a large crowd of people around the church. "What can it be?" said he to himself; "it is not Sunday to-day." He soon found out what it was.

It was the great rope-dancer, Karamatti, who had stretched a rope between the church tower and the town-house opposite. On the rope hopped a little boy and a little girl, who danced with each other and performed wonderful movements. "Oh, pshaw!" said the cock; "is that all? I supposed that it was some new solemnity which the stupid people were observing here in my honor."

Just then the little Karamatti threw a kiss to the spectators, and then climbed like a cat up the church tower; for, as in olden times, there were iron spikes driven in the spire, one above the other. On these iron spikes the little Karamatti now climbed up higher and higher, until finally he was near the cock. "Oh, ho!" said the cock, flaming with rage.

But Karamatti did not allow himself to be intimidated, and with one bound he was up on the cock's back, seated himself astride of it and shouted with all his might, "G 'lang, old horse! G 'lang!"

Then the cock opened his eyes wide and felt terribly affronted; he, who in his pride believed no one in the whole world to be his equal. And now there sat a little rogue on his back, shouting, "G 'lang, old horse! G 'lang!"

At first the cock expected that the whole church would tumble down out of astonishment at such impudence. But the church stood still in its place; and now the cock, in his great humiliation, began to writhe and turn in all directions. What should he do? He had neither learned to fly nor crow; therefore, he now had to put up with his injured pride when all the people below cried "bravo! bravissimo!" and considered it a great thing for little Karamatti to ride the church-cock. Yes, that is the way it is in the world; when any one is proud and lazy, some little Karamatti in the end comes and bestrides him, as he did with the church-cock. Rest assured of that.

But the church-cock did not become much wiser from the experience. There he remained on his spire year after year; one generation after the other sang its psalms to God's glory in the church underneath, and lived its time, and then went into the grave, and new human beings came instead and sang the same old psalms in the same old church. But the cock sat just as lazy and just as puffed up on his tower, and expected, all the while, that eventually some wonderful good fortune would befall him on account of his great aristocracy. Perhaps he expected to be gilded with the brightest gold, and to shine like the sun, or he expected to, some day, be appointed grand cock sultan of the whole world. Who knows? He waited, and waited, and never did the great good fortune come.

At last he became very old and rotten, so that one bit of wood after the other fell off of him when the wind blew. One day there was a severe storm. A gust of wind came sweeping over the church, blew away the whole cock from the tower, and carried him through the air to the sea. Then the cock, dizzy as he was from the unusual journey, had to repent, for the last time, that he had not learned to fly and crow; for, had he been able to do so, he would not have been blown into the sea, but would have flown to the roof of the town-house, and have crowed there, so that the magistrate and the whole place would have been struck with amazement. But, as it was, he was blown into the sea, and tossed to and fro by the waves, so that the fishes gaped at him and wondered what sort of sea-goblin he was. Finally, he was cast up on a beach, and there he lay helpless.

On the beach was a little cabin, in which lived

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an old woman who had two children, a boy and a girl. The children were one day building little dams by the shore, as cells for the tiny fishes which there swam in and out. As they went farther along, to collect suitable stones, they happened to catch sight of the poor old church-cock; and at that time he was right pitiful to behold. The waves had entirely washed off the paint, and he had rubbed against the stones, and so lost both beak and tail.

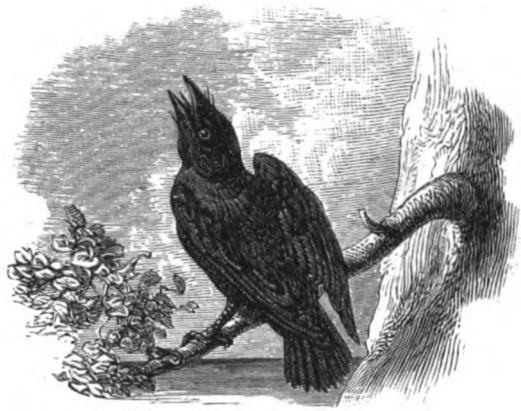
Then the children said: "How lucky we are! Mother is always complaining that the crows and sparrows make havoc among the peas. But here we have a splendid scare-crow. Come, let us take a rope and haul the great creature to the garden."

And so the church-cock, in his old age, was stuck up on a fence-post as a scare-crow, instead of being gilded and proclaimed grand cock sultan of the whole world. Then it happened that the crow who, in his days of prosperity, had called him "Your Excellency," came flying by one day to make a repast among the peas. When she saw the scare-crow there, she flew away with all speed. But, in her flight, she happened to turn around, and recognized her old acquaintance.

"Quoa! quoa!" screeched the crow; "your humble servant. Just look at His Excellency, who has become a scare-crow! Well, well; pride, pride; that 's the way it goes in the world."

"Hold your bill!" croaked a sensible raven, who sat on a pine stump near by. "The poor cock has been proud and lazy, and, therefore, it has gone ill with him. But now he is old and unfortunate; and the old and unfortunate must not be treated with disrespect. None of us know how it will go with ourselves in our old days."

The cock heard all this. But he could not answer a word, for he was without a bill, and sat fastened to a fence-post. There he probably sits to this day.



NOT AT ALL LIKE ME!

By Margaret Eytinge.

Two little monkeys were swinging one day
In the top of a cocoanut tree.
Said one little M. to the other, "Ahem!
You don't look at all like me,—
Not at all, not at all like me.

"*My* nose is turned up much higher than yours,
And my eyes they are wondrously small,
My fingers are longer, my tail it is stronger,—
Oh, no! you 're not like me at all,—
Don't frown; but, indeed, not at all.

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"You need n't be mad, it is n't *my* fault,
That so strongly I favor my Ma:
She 'd a sweet monkey-face, and was belle of this place
Before she married my Pa,—
Yes, and after she married my Pa."

Not a word said her friend, but she threw out her arm,
With a look of deep indignation,
And she *whacked* the "belle" till she tottered and fell,
And that ended the conversation,—
Quite ended the conversation.

A GIRL'S VISIT TO THE GEYSERS.

By Susie Cogswell.

[Our young readers will be glad to read a little girl's account of a real visit to the famous Geysers, or boiling springs, of California. This description was not written all at once. It ran through nine school compositions, each followed by "To be continued," until, at last, the ninth composition reached "The end." We have taken out the to-be-continueds, but in other respects the account stands as the little traveler wrote it.—Ed.]

One foggy morning, papa, mamma and I started from San Francisco, to visit the Geysers.

We got on board the steamboat, and sailed up the Sacramento River till we came to Valejo, where we took the cars and rode up the beautiful Napa Valley, which was full of great big oak trees, vineyards and orange orchards. About eight o'clock at night we arrived at Calistoga, where we stayed all night, and which was about half way to the Geysers.

The next morning we got up early, and walked about the place. Among other curious things, we saw a grotto, composed entirely of petrified wood, which had been brought from a neighboring forest. All these big stumps of trees looked like ordinary trees, but when we went up to them we found they were solid stone; and before we went away a gentleman very kindly gave us some pieces as specimens.

Then we went to what looked to us like a summer house, but in it we found a spring of clear, hot water, bubbling out of the ground. A gentleman filled a bowl with it, and put salt and pepper in it and gave it to us to drink. It tasted just like soup. It was so hot we had to let it cool before we could drink it. They had just boiled three eggs in the spring.

If we had tried to dig down a few feet anywhere near the hotel, we would have come to warm water.

I forgot to mention that when we rose in the morning we saw vapor rising from many points, and we found it came from places where they had dug down in the ground.

Just then the stage drove up. It was open, and had six horses harnessed before it. We had a very pleasant party, and drove on rapidly for six or eight miles, through two or three beautiful valleys, till we came to a place where we had to change stages and take four horses, as our road was cut out of the side of a mountain, and went winding slowly up the side. We had a precipice on one side of us and a high wall on the other. When we were about half way up the mountain we came to a beautiful little spring, where we stopped to water the horses and to get a drink ourselves, and where we gathered some very pretty flowers. Near the spring we found a beautiful green stone, which papa said was soap-stone. Then we got into the stage, and went on till we came to the highest point, which was 7,400 feet in height, when we made a rapid descent of eight miles in thirty minutes. We fairly swung around the sharp turns,—Pluton Creek, 100 feet below, on one side, and a mountain overhanging us on the other. A few moments brought us into Pluton Valley, when through the trees we saw the Geyser Hotel.

This was a beautiful little hotel, nestled down among the mountains, and, after our long, dusty ride, it looked very refreshing to us. We were very tired, so the landlady told us it would rest us to take a bath, and we could have one of either sulphur or steam; so we walked through a lovely little path in the woods till we came to the sulphur bath-

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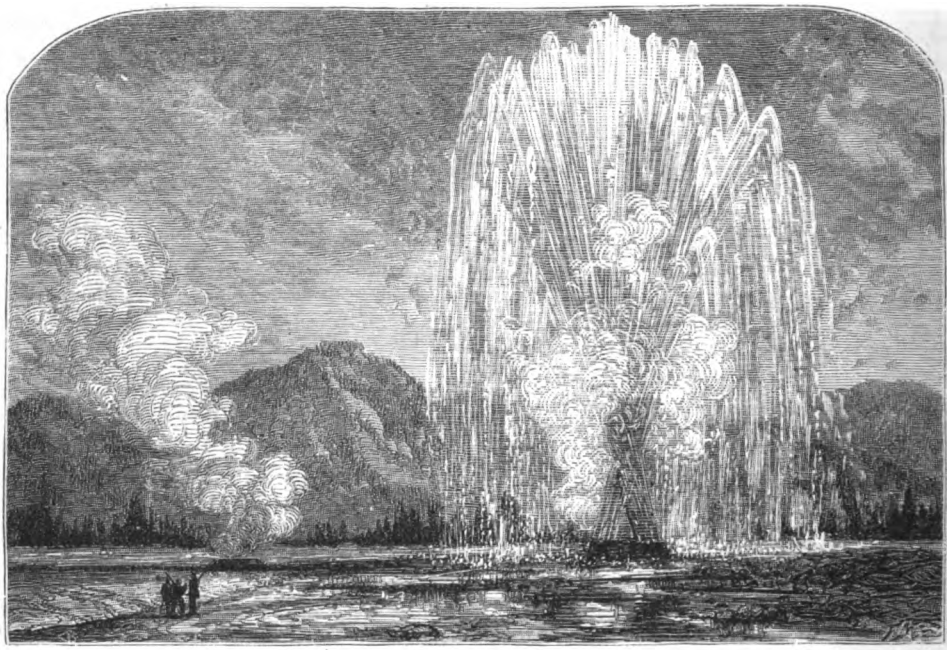
house. We went in and looked at it, but mamma said the smell was so unpleasant that we would go and see the steam bath. So we crossed a little bridge over Pluton Creek, when we saw the steam bath-house. This was a little house erected over a hot steam spring, which came out of the side of a mountain. We went in standing straight up, which nearly took away our breath. We ought to have gone in stooping down, and raised up slowly; but we did not know it till afterwards; so we went back to the sulphur bath.

After our bath we returned to the hotel, where we took dinner. After dinner, mamma and papa took a walk in the woods. They brought back some very handsome specimens of sulphur, and other things. We sat down on the stones till nearly sunset, and then returned to the hotel and got our supper. After supper, I went out and had a splendid swing.

The next morning we got up at half-past four o'clock, to go through the Geyser cañon. I had read about the wonderful Geysers in the Yellowstone Valley, where they have an enormous spreading one, called the Great Fan Geyser, and another very, very high one called the Giantess, and ever so many others; but papa told me that I must n't expect to see anything quite so wonderful as those. Still, we were glad enough to go. So the guide gave us each a long cane, which they called an Alpine stick, and off we started. We entered the cañon by crossing the creek, and saw, on each side of us, great high mountains. The first thing we came to was a spring of clear, cool water, which had a great deal of alum in it, and which was called Eye-water Spring, as it was said to cure almost any disease of the eye. This spring was overhung by beautiful trees. Walking a few yards farther on, we came to an awful, rocky place, dark and slippery, and which is called "The Devil's Laboratory," because so many different kinds of chemicals are found there. I cannot describe this as it ought to be, for I do not know the names of all the minerals. Coming out of this, we went through a narrow gorge, hot and terrible with the steam that came out of the ground and from the side of the mountain,—so hot and so slippery with sulphur, that all the party had to run very quickly over it, and the guide had to carry me across, after which we all had to rest.



THE FAN GEYSERS IN THE YELLOWSTONE VALLEY.

We then went on a little further, till we came to a spring of boiling water, as black as ink. This was called "The Devil's Inkstand," the water of which can really be written with; and what made it more curious was, that on each side, not more than a yard from it, was a spring of pure, clear, cold alum water. After walking a short distance on, we came to the most wonderful spring of all. This was called "The Witches' Cauldron." This

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was ten feet across, and filled to the brim with black boiling water, which was bubbling, foaming and seething in the most horrible manner, and sending up a volume of steam which could be seen for miles. This spring was fathomless; and an egg could be boiled hard in it in two minutes and a-half, and if meat should be dropped into it it would be reduced to broth in two minutes.

After leaving this spring we had to pass through ever so much steam, issuing in short puffs from the side of a mountain, and which were called "The Steamboat Springs." Then we came to a spot where two streams met, and ran side by side until they formed a letter V. The remarkable part of it was that one was hot and black, and the other clear and cold.

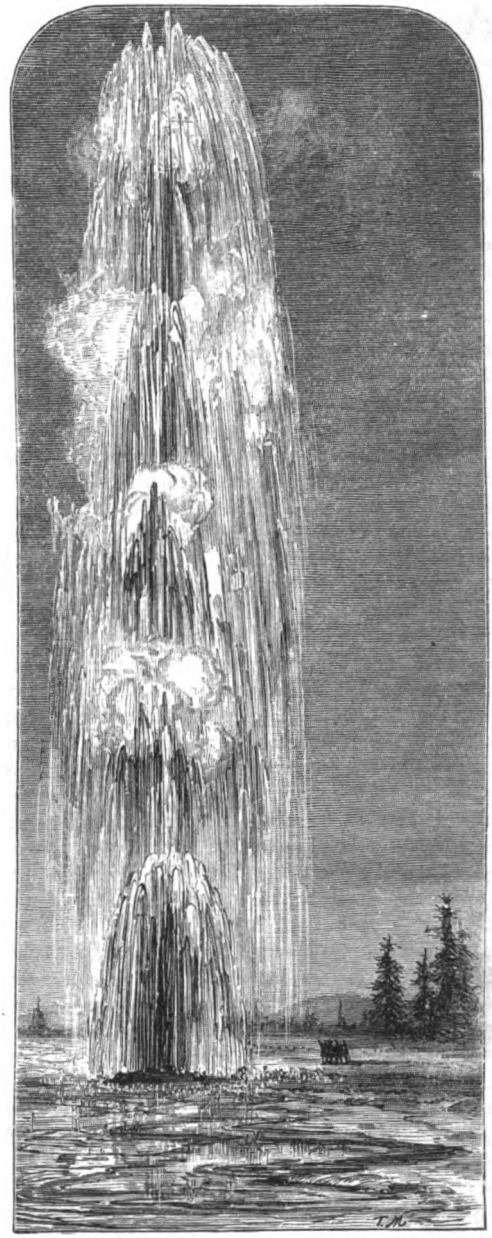
We now began to climb up over rocks and stones, slippery with steam and sulphur, till we at last got up 1,500 feet, to a projecting point of the mountain, called "The Devil's Pulpit." After looking at the surrounding country, and having rested a little, we went down the other side, when we came to a beautiful valley. Walking on a short distance farther, we stopped at a lovely little spring, overshadowed by great big oak trees, from which hung creeping vines. This beautiful spring was called "The Fairy Pool," and was as clear as a mirror, reflecting the grand old trees above. After all the party had taken a drink from it we again commenced our journey, and in a short time came in sight of "The Devil's Tea-Kettle."

This was a steam spring, from which the steam came with such force that it sent up balls of mud about as big as a hickory nut, and it rushed through a whistle, which was placed over the mouth of it, so strongly as to make it sound like a locomotive whistle, and which could be heard for a great distance. All around this spring the ground was composed of ashes, and we could push our canes in it down to their very tops, and papa said that he had no doubt but that the whole Geyser cañon was an extinct crater of a volcano.

We now commenced our journey back to the hotel, and on our way we found some very pretty wild flowers, which we gathered and pressed.

Shortly after we reached the hotel, where the landlord told us that all the springs we had seen possessed very healing qualities, and some wonderful cures had taken place there.

After we had taken our breakfast the stage drove up. We all got in and commenced our journey back to San Francisco, where we arrived about ten o'clock that night, very tired and sleepy, but very much delighted with our journey and all the wonderful sights we had seen.



THE GIANTESS GEYSER IN THE YELLOWSTONE VALLEY.

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LIFE-SAVING ON THE COAST.

By William H. Rideing.

This is a talk about stormy nights and suffering men; about the ravages of wintry seas on a long coast, desolate with sand-hills and rugged with cliffs. Yet, as in all pictures there must be light to produce shade, so in this there are many brave deeds to brighten it. You, no doubt, think that life in a light-house must be curious and grand,—poetical, some of the girls will call it; but as strange, as grand, as poetical and surely as adventurous is the life of the men stationed on the coast to aid vessels in distress. A hardy, courageous, practical set of heroes they are,—on duty night and day, peering seaward from their lonely watch-towers in search of whom they may save. Think, my children, how noble is the occupation that has saved two hundred lives in a single night, as when the "Ayrshire" went ashore near Long Branch, and that number of souls were safely landed through a terrible surf.

You ask me if these men are not sometimes called the coast-guard. In America we have no service under that name. In England the coast-guard-men are simply the policemen of the coast. They are employed by the government to prevent smuggling and to protect the revenue. But here we have the Revenue Marine Bureau,—a somewhat similar organization,—which has a large fleet of steamers on patrol around our coast. From this branch of the government grew the life-saving service of the United States; but for many years it was so neglected that the number of lives lost on the coast was a reproach to our humanity. Our shores were strewn with melancholy wrecks. Survivors, cast up by the sea, perished from cold or hunger, when timely assistance might have quickly restored them. Noble vessels, freighted with precious cargoes and more precious lives, went ashore, almost within sight of our homes, and, through the want of apparatus, no aid could be sent to them.

France had her "Central Society for Saving the Shipwrecked;" England, the "Royal National Life-Boat Institution;" Germany her "Association for Saving Seamen in Distress;" and here, along the great line of our coast,—from Maine to the Florida Reefs,—there were only twenty-four life-saving stations, and these were so poorly managed that they were worth little. But we are not a mercenary or cruel people; and when our mistake was seen we began to mend it.

Congress made appropriations for the purpose, the old life stations were rebuilt and supplied with new implements, and many additional ones were established. In all, there are now eighty-two, and in a year or two more the coast of the Atlantic States—from north to south—will be lined with stations only three or four miles apart. Out on remote points of land you will find them sometimes miles away from other human habitations. The strongest timbers are used in their construction,—all as staunch in their fastenings as the timbers of the stoutest man-o'-war. Across their threshold, the frozen, wounded sufferers of a wreck find nourishment, warm clothing and medical treatment. Blessed are the men who attend them,—friends of ours we may proudly call them, because they are the friends of all the plucky fellows afloat. How well they do their duty, you may judge from this fact:

Out of 235 lives imperiled in wrecks last year, the life-saving stations rescued 234. The only soul lost was an old man, who died from exposure.

I have only given you an idea of the extent of the service, thus far; and if you are determined to see a life-saving station you must start with me, on a frosty afternoon, from New York to Sandy Hook. In imagination, I mean, you must go over the journey that I made last autumn.

The sail across the bay is cold and dreary; the land is wrapped in snow, and a savage wind is blowing to the leeward. Leeward, as many among you know, means towards the land. Some ocean steamships and a crowd of sailing craft are hurrying into port. The sea is already white and heavy with foam. Vast clouds are lowering and rolling at no great height. It is a threatening day, and at the signal stations warning flags are hoisted. Sandy Hook looks deserted; the light-house, fortifications and telegraph station are bleak and lonesome. We pass, from here, down the coast some ten miles,—still a waste of sand, yellowish grass and straggling shrubbery,—until we come to Seabright. A pretty name, this, and a pretty place in summer; but now barren and forlorn. A wild child of the sea, with one of her father's fishing nets trailing behind her, is the only living creature we meet. Some distance away, we see a red building, with a flag raised above it. From our point of observation the surf seems to be beating up to the doors, but as we approach we find that it is several yards from the water limit. It is painted red, with a number in front, and, ugly as it is, it looks hospitable in the surrounding waste. This is Life-Saving

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Station No. 3, in District No. 3, comprising the coast of New Jersey; Charles West, Keeper. Entering through a small door facing the sea, we reach the kitchen,—a rudely finished apartment, in which the crew are stretched at leisure. Leisure, well earned, it is; for, passing into the boat-house, where the apparatus is kept, we find everything in the neatest order,—not a speck of rust or dust. The greatest space is occupied by the boat, itself—a wonder of durability and beauty, raised on a light carriage, by which it is drawn to the water's edge, and launched, over rollers, into the surf. You also notice a curious object, which startles you by its resemblance to a torpedo boat. It is the life-car. The lower half is not unlike an ordinary open boat in form; but the upper part is covered by a convex deck, raised at both ends. In the middle you find a hole large enough to admit a man. Peep in, if you choose. It is like the inside of an empty steam boiler,—dark and unventilated; but people on the borders of Death-land do not demand a palace car to carry them into a place of safety; and into this queer vessel four persons are often crowded. Presently, we shall see how it is sent on board a wrecked ship to bring the passengers and crew ashore. But you must remember that all stations are not supplied with the life-car. It can only be used on a smooth beach, as at Seabright; and on the coast of Maine it is superseded by the "breeches buoy." What the "breeches buoy" looks like, you may guess from the name. It is simply a pair of water-tight trowsers, stitched up at the bottoms to prevent the feet from coming through. From the waist, upwards, the body is exposed; but the buoy is moved quicker than the life-car, as it is lighter and only brings one person ashore at a time. It is suspended to the line between the vessel and the shore by rings, and it is hauled in and out by the life-saving men.

In a corner of the room, near the rocket apparatus, you see two bundles of what seems to be shapeless India rubber cloth. At our request, a man exhibits them, and tells us that they are life-saving dresses, invented by Captain J. H. Merryman, inspector of the service. He puts one suit on: first, the trowsers, and then the jacket. Inserted in the neck there is a small tube, with a mouth-piece, through which he fills his strange armor with air. His face is uncovered, but the head is protected by a hood, fitting so closely that the water cannot enter nor the air escape. In appearance he is now like a submarine diver. Out of the house, he leads us to the water's edge, and then he plunges into the surf. He is soon out of his depth, but the dress supports him—head and chest out of the water,—without interfering with his movements in the least degree. Two of the dresses are supplied to each station, and are used by the men in rescuing bodies from the water.

Over the kitchen and boat-house are the sleeping-rooms and a storehouse. Here, too, all the fittings are staunch and comfortable, as it is necessary they should be, since neither the keeper nor the surfmen are allowed to leave the station-house during the winter months. At this isolated place they are constantly on duty, and very seldom unoccupied. From time to time they are drilled in the use of the apparatus and in the management of their boat in the surf. But they are not novices. Perhaps you observed some of the faces as we came through the kitchen,—ruddy with the bloom of a hundred

LIFE-SAVING DRESS.

storms. In fact, they are chosen for their recognized experience and valor as surfmen; and they are drilled simply to keep their joints from stiffening and their eyes from wandering. The many manœuvres of assisting a vessel in distress are practised at least once a month, and actual service is sometimes rendered as often. A log is kept of all events occurring on the surrounding land and water, and the beach is traversed day and night in search of wrecks. The day patrolman starts along the beach from his station-house until the signals of the next station are in view. The night patrolmen are two in number. One follows the beach towards the next station to the right of his own, and the other towards the next station to the left.

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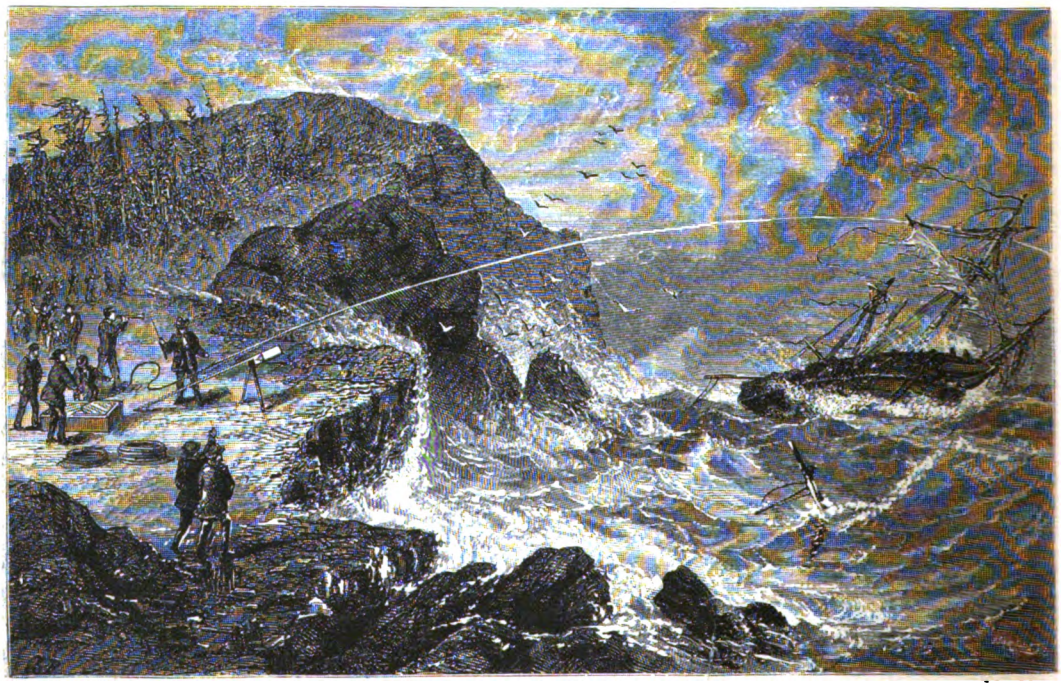
Provided only with a lantern and red signal light, each man tramps along until he meets the patrolman of the next station. It is a terribly lonely mission. The surf is moaning at his feet with unalterable grief, and he hears no friendly voice until his duty is done. It is like entering some enchanted realm of darkness. On one side of him is the restless sea; on the other, wastes of sands; before him, the thin ray of his own lantern. Many a brave man would flinch from the terrors of such solitude; but the patrolman finds companionship in the steady flame of the light-houses, and even in the sorrows of the waves themselves. But when the sky and stars are hidden by black storm-clouds, and the wind shrieks into his ear, O, it is so lonely for him, my children! Yet it may be his fate to find one lonelier and colder than himself. In his path he may meet a moist human form pressed into the sand,—some poor waif that has been lost at sea. Or in the threatening distance, far away over the foaming breakers, he may see a suffering vessel, piteously signaling for aid. Now his energies are braced for good work; now there comes to this hero the consciousness that the weary tramp has not been in vain, and that there are lives to save. For a moment, only, he delays to prove that he has not been mistaken. Eagerly he peers through his night glass, and discerns a ship, beached on a shoal, about three hundred yards away. Then the crimson signal in his hand shoots its splendor into the night, at once telling the watch at the station that there is work to do, and the shipwrecked that succor is at hand.

The patrolman has been fully instructed, and he hastens with all speed to assist in preparing the apparatus. As he hurries homeward he faintly hears the excited shouts of his mates as they unhouse the boat, and frequently he sees the brightly colored Coston lights illuminating the isolated refuge on the sands, as they bear their messages to the adjoining stations. A fine display of fireworks, you would think them; but to the life-saving men they are imperative orders. First, a red, a white and a green light are burned in quick succession, to attract the watch at the next station, and as soon as one white light is seen in answer, a series of orders are given by the same beautiful means. Thus, a red light announces danger, and a green light that aid is required from the next station by the station signaling. A red and a green light in succession mean, "Bring your boat and equipments." A green and a red light—the previous signal reversed — mean, "Bring your life-car and lines." A red and white light, "Bring your rocket apparatus," and so on; different combinations of colors conveying different instructions.

The boat-carriage has very broad wheels, to prevent it from sinking in the sand, and two stout



THROWING A ROCKET TO A WRECKED VESSEL.

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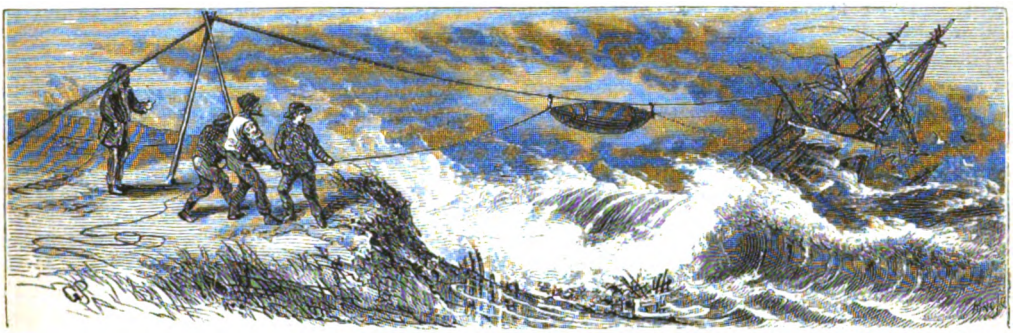
horses gallop with it along the beach until they are opposite the wreck. Life-car, rocket apparatus and lines are ready. The men assemble, eager for service and urged on by their commander. All their nerves are strung, and all their devotion is stirred. The vessel is tossing and groaning in the sand, and every moment may be worth a dozen lives. Quickly the boat is rolled off the carriage on the shore. Her brave crew gather around her gunwale. They are dressed in heavy oil-skin clothes, from which the water rolls harmlessly; and some of them have life-preservers around their waists. But these things interfere with the freedom of their movements, and they throw them aside and face the gale in their thick flannels. Most of them are in the prime of life. There is not an under-sized man among them. Each is fitted by nature to contend with a giant, and beat him. Seven such fellows are not often seen together; and, as they brace themselves for work, you may well wonder if they can be matched. All our admiration is called forth by the strength they display as they bend to push their boat into the water, at the word of their commander. They do not tremble or hold back, yet the terrors of death are before them. The surf, roaring at their feet, taunts them with its power. As far as the eye can reach, the only prospect is a foaming waste, from which the spray rises in a thick mist. Can the boat live in such a surf? Undaunted, the men wait for a sea that will launch her. On it comes, proudly, defiantly, mightily. Its curling head is raised high. It leaps wildly forward, with the weight and force of an iron wall. The majestic crest bubbles in white wrath. It towers high above the ranks, like an invincible general leading his army to battle. The men hold their breath as it advances, and watch its motions with a steady eye. Onward it hurls itself, gaining volume in its path; onward into the death-struggle on the shore, until, struck by a savage gust of wind, it breaks and drives the boat away from it with an impetuous roar of scorn. The men are thrown, bruised and sore, on the beach. Still their courage remains, and they renew their attempts, until the commander decides that it is hopeless to contend longer. The life-car, alone, must be used.

The rocket apparatus has been arranged, and is firmly planted in the sand. It is a long tube, mounted on a tripod, and is fired by a percussion cap. About four hundred yards of very light cord are smoothly coiled at the base, and one end is attached to the rocket. A small trigger is pulled, and the rocket leaps through the air, and over the distressed ship, bearing the line with it. Happily, it falls across the deck, and is hauled in by the sailors on board. When the shore end is reached, a block, holding a stouter rope and a board containing the following words, in English and French, are found attached:



LIFE-SAVING CAR.

"Make the tail of the block fast to the lower-mast, well up. If the masts are gone, then fasten it to the best place you can find. Cast off small line. See that the rope in the block runs free, and show signal to the shore."

The men on the beach wait patiently until a rocket or light is displayed in answer, and the life-car is then dispatched on its journey. It is suspended to the ropes by rings, and is hauled across the waters by the men on the shore. In ten or fifteen minutes it is alongside the vessel, and is filled with wrecked people. Again a signal is displayed, and the life-car makes its return journey,—sometimes riding over the waters; sometimes high and dry, and sometimes submerged by the heavy sea. It is so constructed that it contains enough air to give four people breath for at least fifteen minutes, but otherwise it is not ventilated. Here it comes gliding nearer the shore. "Steady!" the commandant cries to his men, who are pulling with all their might and main. "Steady!" The car touches the sand, and is dragged out of reach of the water. The trap-door is opened, and three women,—wet, cold, terrified, but still alive,—are safely landed. Only thirty-one minutes have passed since the first

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rocket was fired, and, thereafter, lives are saved at the rate of over forty an hour until not a soul remains on the wreck.

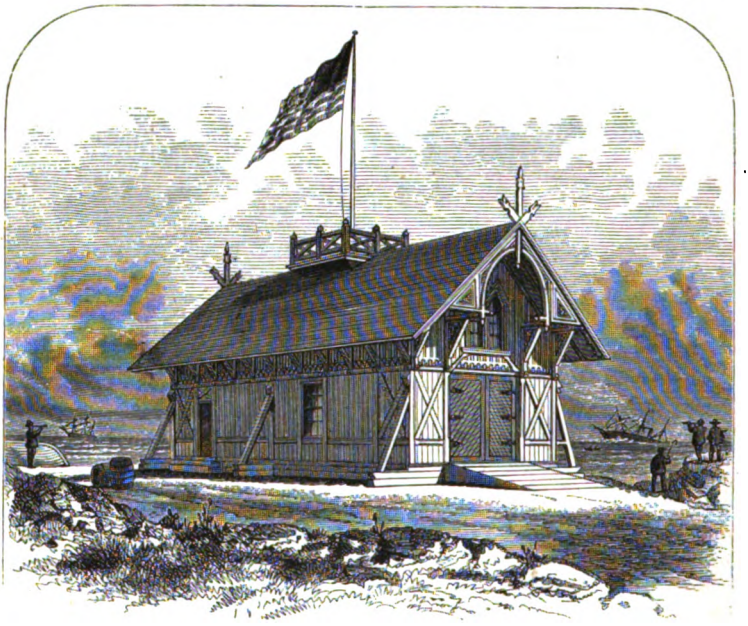
At the stations large fires are blazing, ready to welcome the survivors, who are also provided with warm clothing and other necessaries.

So far I have only spoken about surf-boats, which are not the same things as life-boats. Both are used for the same ends; but they are very different in other respects.

The surf-boat is built of cedar, and is so light that two men can carry it. The best life-boat is very heavy, and is built of iron. It is self-righting and self-bailing,—that is to say, should it be capsized, it would right itself and throw off all water that it had taken on board. Some very wonderful improvements have been made in boats of this kind, recently. I saw some experiments, about two months ago, with a life-boat only twenty-five feet long, seven feet in beam, and three feet three inches in depth. Twelve men stood on her gunwale, or at one side, and she did not take in a drop of water. Forty-seven men were then placed in her and her sides were still nineteen inches out of the water. The men were next ordered out, and told to jump in hurriedly, as they would do in case of a sudden alarm; and the boat stood even that test without shipping more than a few quarts of water.

A smaller life-boat, of the same pattern, was then tried. She was dropped from a crane twenty-one feet high, into the water. She fell perfectly flat, with a noise resembling a clap of thunder, but, on examination, was found perfectly buoyant, without a joint or rivet started. The boats of the life-saving institution of England saved 21,000 human beings from 1824 to 1872; and some of our American stations are furnished with patent boats of nearly the same model. But old surfmen are full of prejudice against new inventions, and work with more confidence in a simple boat of the old style.

All the cargo of a wrecked vessel is not lost, as you may suppose. After the lives of the passengers and crew are rescued, the next duty of the life-saving men is to save the cargo. Last year property to the value of $832,230 was imperiled in their districts, and of this the value of $581,201 was recovered. But peremptory orders are given forbidding any attempt to save merchandise until all human beings are out of danger; and the captain may throw overboard any articles brought into his boat which may imperil it or the lives entrusted to his charge. There are also professional wreckers, who raise sunken ships and secure the cargo. You must not confuse them with the wreckers of old, about whom you may have read in romances; for they are a very useful and honest class of men, and use large steamers and wonderful machinery in their operations. Of these I shall have an opportunity to tell you something in another article.



IMPROVED LIFE-SAVING STATION AT NARRAGANSETT.

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MRS. POMEROY'S PAGE.

By Mary E. Bradley.

Did you notice him when he opened the door for us, just now—a cunning little chap, with a curly head, and a blue sailor suit? Perhaps you thought he was Mazie Pomeroy's little brother, or something?—people do, sometimes, because Mrs. Pomeroy always keeps him dressed so nicely, and not in "buttons," either.

He is n't the least relation, though; only her little page; and it 's quite a story, the way we found him. I had something to do with it, you see,—quite a good deal, in fact,—for it all came about through an accident that happened to me last summer, when Lizzie Prior and I were spending the long vacation with Mazie. Mrs. Pomeroy has a cottage at Long Branch, you know, and she was kind enough to invite Lizzie and me to go down with Mazie for the holidays.

We were to stop a week in New York before we went to the Branch, just to get our little fineries together. Mazie was clever with her needle, and she had the idea of an astonishing bathing-dress that was to take the shine out of everything on the beach. Lizzie and I followed her lead, and we were all three up to our eyes in blue and gray and scarlet flannels,—making a great litter of scraps and cuttings, too,—when Catharine came up stairs, one morning, with a little object of a child behind her.

Catharine is the parlor-maid, and she wanted her mistress; but Mrs. Pomeroy had gone out to buy a lot of things we needed for our work,—Hercules braid, and smoked pearl buttons, and oiled silk for caps. Mazie asked her was it anything particular that was wanted, and where under the sun had she picked up that creature,—meaning the child, who was the most ridiculous object you can imagine, and set us all to laughing at the first glimpse. It was dressed in such an absurd way, with a boy's hat on its shaggy head, and a boy's jacket, with the sleeves cut off, round its waist, and under that was a girl's little faded cotton frock, so short that it hardly covered the child's knees. Its slim bare arms, and its long pipe-stem legs, made you think of a young Shanghai before its feathers are grown; and altogether there was such a comical look about it that we could n't help screaming,—though we are not so hard-hearted as to laugh when it hurts anybody's feelings, I want you to know.

It did n't hurt this monkey at all. In fact, it seemed as much amused with us as we were with it; and stared and grinned in the drollest way while Catharine was explaining that it had come to beg for rags to sell; and did anybody know what they would n't be coming after next? But it was Mrs. Pomeroy's orders that no beggars were to be sent away, and *she* did n't know what to do about it.

"Why, give her the rag-bag, of course," said Mazie.

But Catharine did n't know whether there *was* a rag-bag, and looked as if she thought it beneath the dignity of the house to keep such a thing. Mazie did n't know, herself; but I happened to have seen one hanging in the hall closet once when I wanted to get rid of some scraps, and I told Catharine where to find it.

So she went to fetch it, and came back presently with a large calico bag, pretty well stuffed with the snips and pieces that Mrs. Pomeroy's dress-maker had left. The ridiculous child was perfectly delighted when all this trash was emptied into the big basket she carried, and we were so amused with her grimaces, that we went upon our knees and picked up all the scraps of flannel that were scattered on the floor, to add to her treasure.

"Now, then, what are you going to do with the rags?" I asked her, as I stuffed the last handful into the basket.

"Take 'em home to Mum," she said, with a beaming face.

"Who 's Mum? Your mother?" asked Lizzie.

"Mum 's the woman. Haint got any mother."

"Is the woman good to you? Do you like her?" asked Lizzie again.

The object "shook her flaxen head," like "the lady from over the Rhine," and *un*-civilly answered:

"No, she aint!"

"What makes you so glad to get the rags for her, then?" cried Mazie.

"'Cause we get whacked when we don't bring 'em," she said, coolly. "There 's Jinny, an' Sally, an' Mary-Ann an' me, an' some of us gets whacked every night for not fetchin' enough. Mum 's a hard hitter, too, *she* is."

The girls looked at each other, and Lizzie cried pitifully, "You poor little monkey! She starves you, too, I dare say,—the horrid woman!"

"Well, she don't feed us werry high,—Mum don't," was the answer, with a confidential nod at Lizzie. "Cold mush for brekfus, an' wotever you can pick up in the street for dinner, aint none too fillin', miss. You know how it is yourself."

This was more than we could stand, of course. We

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screamed with laughter at the idea of Lizzie "knowing how it was herself;" and Mazie, as soon as she could get her breath, ordered Catharine to take the child down stairs and feed her.

"Give her all she can possibly eat, and a whole lot of gingerbread and sponge-cake to take home with her," said Mazie.

"And here, you oddity!" cried Lizzie, "there 's a quarter for you to keep. Mind you don't give it to Mum, though."

Such eyes as that creature made! I wish you could have seen how they flashed like fire, at first, and then softened all over, and the way she snatched Lizzie's hand and kissed it—actually kissed it! Mazie and I found some pennies to keep the quarter company, and Catharine carried the child off at last to be fed in the kitchen. Of course, it kept our tongues going for awhile afterwards, and there was n't much sewing done, until Mazie remarked, sarcastically, that she thought we might take in orders for bathing dresses, we were getting on so fast. And then we all picked up our thimbles and went to work again.

Nearly all, at least, but my thimble was not to be found. I could n't remember exactly where I had laid it down; yet, as I had never left the room, it must be somewhere around, we all agreed. However, after scattering everything about, and upsetting the work-basket, and rummaging the table-drawer, and turning things inside out, generally, there was still no sign of it.

I began to be worried; for the mischief of it was, I had been using Mrs. Pomeroy's thimble; and, besides being a very handsome one, she thought everything of it for another reason. It was made of a lump of Californian gold that her only brother had dug with his own hands; and not long after he had it made for her, he had lost his life at the mines. It all happened, of course, long before any of *us* were born; but the thimble was one of Mrs. Pomeroy's precious things still.

I had no business to have touched it, either. It was just a piece of laziness not to go up stairs for my own; but this lay in a work-basket conveniently near, and I slipped it on my finger without thinking, which is nothing new for me, I suppose; for mother says my thinking generally does come when it 's too late to do any good.

It was certainly so this time; for after all our rummaging,—and Lizzie has eyes that could find a needle in a haystack,—we had to give it up in despair. The thimble was n't in that room, and none of us had left the room since it was seen on my finger. So there was only one conclusion,—somebody had carried it off; and the same thought flashed upon all of us at once. It was that wretched little rag-beggar!

"And to think of our giving him quarters and pennies!" cried Mazie.

"And sponge-cake and gingerbread!" exclaimed Lizzie.

"What do you say *him* for?" I snapped out crossly. "The horrid little object was a girl, and so much the worse."

"So it was," said Mazie, innocently. "But, do you know, it did n't seem to me in the least like a girl. It talked and looked like a boy."

"As if that made a bit of difference!" I said, peevishly. "Boy or girl—it 's all one. The little wretch has stolen Mrs. Pomeroy's thimble, and whatever am I going to do about it? Lizzie, why did you let me touch it? You ought to have known better!"

Now, Lizzie is the most amiable creature in the world; but this attack took her by surprise.

"How could I help your touching it?" she exclaimed. And Mazie cried indignantly:

"Why, Jet! are n't you ashamed of yourself, to blame Lizzie?"

So they were both down upon me, and I was down upon myself, for that matter; and when Mrs. Pomeroy came back with the pearl buttons and things, she found us all looking as sober as a funeral. We had asked Catharine and the cook, and we had hunted up stairs and down; but it was all no use, any more than my crying like a baby, which I could n't help, either.

Mrs. Pomeroy was lovely about it, as she is about everything. It 's her "nature to," and I wish it was mine. She brushed the tears off my cheeks with her lace handkerchief, and said I was not to cry. That accidents would happen, and she might have lost it, herself, in exactly the same way, and she did n't blame me in the least. Still I knew how sorry she was, in spite of her being so sweet, and I blamed myself enough, I can tell you.

We could n't talk of anything else, and the whole story was told over and over, till, before we knew it, it was one o'clock, and the luncheon-bell rang. I thought I should n't eat a mouthful when I went down, but there was a great dish of strawberries, and the most delicious frozen custard; and one must feel pretty bad, you know, to refuse *those* on a hot June day. I did n't refuse them, neither did Mazie nor Lizzie; in fact, we had a second helping, and were getting quite cheerful over it, when suddenly a great outcry came from the kitchen regions. We heard a scream from cook, and a sort of scattering rush out into the basement hall, and then a screech, as if they had pounced upon a chicken.

Lizzie started up breathlessly. "If it should be that child!" she exclaimed. "Mazie! Jet! Don't you know that voice?"

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We sprang up without asking to be excused, and rushed out into the hall, where the first thing we saw was cook struggling up the basement stairs, and dragging, sure enough, our poor little Shanghai with her.

"I 've got her, miss! I 've got her!" she screamed. "I spied her goin' past the windy, an' I jumped at her 'fore she had time to run."

"I warn't agoin' to run—now!" cried the child, trying to shake herself out of cook's grasp. "I was a-comin' here a purpose to give the young lady her thimble wot I found in the rags. You lemme go, I say!"

And all in a second she had twisted herself out of her old jacket, that she left in cook's hands, and darted away to Lizzie.

"Here 's your thimble"—stuffing it into her hand—"it 's gold, aint it? Mum tried to grab it when it rolled out o' the rags, but I hooked it an' run, cos I thought you 'd be wantin' it. Guess you dropped it in the basket with them rags you picked up off the floor."

So there it was, as clear as daylight. I had let the thimble slip off my finger,—it was rather large for me, anyhow,—when I was stuffing those flannel scraps into the basket, and the poor little monkey that we had been abusing for a thief, had rescued it from Mum's clutches, and braved her wrath to restore it to us!

It seemed at first so impossible to believe, that we could only stare at each other, and say, "Did you ever?"

Mrs. Pomeroy was the first one to give the child a word of praise or thanks.

"You 're an honest little girl," she began, "and a brave little girl. You shall certainly——."

But, before she could finish her sentence, that child interrupted her.

"I aint a honest little girl—I aint a brave little girl—I aint a girl at all!" he jerked out. "I'm a boy, I am, an' I don't care what Mum says, I aint agoing to have no more nonsense about it."

And he held up his head and spread out his comical little legs with such a lord-of-creation air, —well, you never saw anything like it, and it 's no use trying to describe it, or to express our amazement. Catharine declared afterwards, that it made her feel all over in spots, whatever that means; and cook said that "it bate Banagher, to see the impidence of a little spider like that." But Mazie turned to me in her innocent way:

"I told you it talked like a boy," said she; "now you see."

Well, we inquired, of course, why "it" wore a frock, and made a pretence of being a girl; and we were informed, with a condescending air, that it was "just a notion of Mum's. *She* said girls was more noticed than boys, and ladies would ruther give 'em the rags." His own mother was dead, he went on to explain, and Mum had kept him two years, and made him beg for her. But he was going to "cut it" now, and do something else for a living. "He 'd have to keep out of Mum's way after this, or she 'd make jelly of him. An' if the lady could give him a old pair o' trowzes, he 'd be werry much obliged, an' he would n't trouble her no more."

Mrs. Pomeroy asked him what he meant to do for a living, and, as his answer was not perfectly satisfactory, she concluded to keep the monkey in the house till Mr. Pomeroy came home. He was made very comfortable in the kitchen, with a plate of strawberries and unlimited bread and butter; and to come to the end of my story, he has been very comfortable ever since.

The Pomeroys are the best people in the world, I do believe. They took pains to hunt up "Mum," and find out whether she really had any right to the boy; and she had n't, and was an awful old creature besides, and everything the little "what-is-it" said was true. So it ended in his being sent to some respectable people in the country, to be civilized a little; and when we came back from the Branch there was such a good report of him that Mrs. Pomeroy brought him home, and made him her little page. He opens the door for us whenever we go over to see Mazie, and gives us all a beaming smile. But Lizzie is his adoration. He considers her an angel, Mrs. Pomeroy says, on account of that quarter, I suppose; and was quite disappointed when he discovered that the thimble was n't hers after all.

One of these days, when he 's a little bigger and stronger, he 's to be Mr. Pomeroy's office boy. And, after that, what 's to hinder his being a lawyer and a statesman, and a member of Congress, may be? Would n't it be funny, though? and all to grow out of a thimble!

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"ISHAM ENTRENCHED HIMSELF BEHIND A LARGE LIMB."

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THE WRONG BIRD.

By Paul Fort.

About three miles back of the little village of Gramville, on the Putan River, not far from its junction with the Osouri, lived one of the happiest boys in the world. His name was Isham Ricks; his father and mother were two colored persons; his home was a very small and rather dilapidated log-cabin; his week-day clothes consisted of one shirt, one pair of trowsers and one suspender; and on Saturday night his mother generally washed the trowsers and shirt for Sunday.

In the establishment of the Ricks family, meal-time came very irregularly. It was often quite impossible, judging merely by the time of day, to tell whether a meal was breakfast, dinner, or supper; and as one meal was generally very much like another, there was often no other way of finding out.

Still it made but little difference to the Ricks family. When his mother called him to come and eat, Isham was always ready. He did n't care whether it was dinner or supper. You might have called it *déjeuner à la fourchette*, if you liked, and it would have been all the same to him, if you only gave him plenty of bacon gravy.

There were but two things that caused Isham sorrow. One of these was to have his mother come to the door of the cabin and call out, "You Isham!" Then he knew she wanted him to do something,—to go after water, to cut wood, or something of that kind. When she called out, "O! Isham!" then he ran gladly, for he knew it meant corn-bread and bacon fat. Now, as Isham's nature did not crave work, he very much disliked the sound of "You Isham!"

Another thing that sometimes troubled this generally-jolly little black boy, was hot water and soap.

But we will not enlarge upon this topic now. Isham was almost always free to do as he pleased, and he was fat and happy.

He fished in the creek, he set traps for hares, and he climbed trees for bird-nests (for which he would have been whipped had his father been the right kind of a man). On the whole, bird-nesting was Isham's greatest delight. He could climb the tallest trees, and go out on branches where it would make you tremble to see even an opossum venture. He had brought home eggs of nearly every kind of bird that could be found on the Putan River, and the whole ones were strung on a string and hung up over the fireplace at home. If he had had anything but his pockets to carry his eggs in, his string would have been longer, but a great many eggs were broken, of course, before they reached the cabin; and Isham's mother sometimes remarked, late of a Saturday evening, that she "washed more egg out er dat boy's breeches pockets, ebry week, dan would a hatched a gang o' turkeys,—ef dey 'd been turkey eggs, and had been kep' in de shell."

One day in spring, when Isham's mother had looked all the morning as if she were on the point of singing out "You Isham!" the boy was glad to get an invitation from Uncle Andrew Barnes to go with him to the mountain to get tan-bark. Uncle Andrew had a pair of old mules and a wagon, and he wanted Isham to mind the team while he collected the bark.

The "mountain" was four or five miles away, and was covered by a forest, and it was always a rare treat to Isham to go there.

About noon the old mules stopped beneath a big tree near the foot of the mountain, and, after a "snack" of ash-cake and potatoes, Uncle Andrew went to work cutting and stripping oak-bark from the trunks of trees he had cut down on a previous visit, and Isham set about minding the team.

This he did by unbuckling one of the lines and tying the mules fast to a black-gum tree, waiting, however, until Uncle Andrew had commenced work at a little distance.

"Dar now," said Isham. "Ef dey pull dat tree up by de roots dey 's smarter mules dan I takes 'em fur."

So off he went, bird-nesting.

He did not find his search very encouraging, for he rambled a long distance without discovering any signs of a bird's nest. But at last he was rewarded by seeing a large bird fly from the top of a tall tree that stood by itself in a somewhat open place in the forest.

Isham instantly ran to the tree, and peering up through the branches, his quick eyes perceived a great mass of sticks and twigs, that he knew must be a nest. But what a whopper! It seemed big enough to hold him, and his father and mother besides.

"Dat dar big bird must a been a turkey," said Isham. "What a pow'rful dumb turkey dat ar is, to bil she nes' up a tree! Laws a massy! S'pose she 's done gone and laid it full o' eggs!"

This thought had no sooner darted through his brain than Isham began to climb the tree. He

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went up rapidly; barefooted and active, he climbed like a young monkey.

When he had nearly reached the top, Isham noticed, in a big crotch in the tree, a part of the skeleton of some animal, apparently that of a sheep or a pig; and as he looked up, he saw other bones projecting out from the edge of the nest.

"Whew!" said Isham. "'T aint a nest, may be? P'rap it 's nuffin but a pig's berryin' groun'! No, 't aint! Dey could n't git up so high."

At this instant there was a rush and a whir in the air, and right at Isham came an enormous eagle!

With wings outspread, eyes flashing, and great talons and beak ready to tear him to pieces, the eagle dashed at him; but, quick as a flash, Isham entrenched himself behind a large limb. For a moment he was too much frightened to open his mouth; but as the eagle made lunge after lunge at him, which he avoided only by slipping around the limb, he cried:

"Go 'way dar! *Uncle Andrew!* O, *Wuncle And*——! Stop dat! Git out! Uncle An-D-R-E-W!!"

The eagle did not seem to mind this shouting, but continued his attack, without, however, gaining any advantage, Isham being so very nimble.

Then the eagle offered a little truce, and flew up to his nest to see if anything there had been disturbed.

Now Isham thought his chance had come, and he began to slide quietly from behind the limb.

But as soon as he moved, down came the eagle, and Isham was glad to take his former position of safety.

The eagle soon left him again, but the poor boy was afraid to move.

He knew now that it was n't a turkey that had attacked him, nor even a buzzard. He did n't think about eagles, but had an idea that it was some kind of an elephantine chicken-hawk. But he did not puzzle his brain about what it was. He was only anxious about what it was going to do, and he was very much afraid that his bones would be added to those in the nest above.

Now he yelled louder and louder for Uncle Andrew; but his voice disturbed the eagle, which again came down to offer war.

Isham began to be desperate.

"You git out, dar!" he cried. "Ef I could git a stick, I 'd bat you head in!"

But there was no stick convenient.

Just as he was considering the propriety of defending himself with some sheep-ribs that were stuck in a crotch near him, Isham heard a shout from below.

Uncle Andrew had heard his cries, and had come at last.

"Look out dar, you Isham!" cried Uncle Andrew; and up came a big stick, hurled with all the strength of Andrew's strong arm. Isham dodged, and so did the eagle. Then up came another stick, and another, and a heavy stone, and a mass of roots and earth, and anything that Uncle Andrew could lay hands upon. Isham came within an inch and a-quarter of having his brains knocked out, but the eagle got the worst of it. Several of the missiles struck him, and, astonished at this sudden attack, he flew away.

Isham lost no time in getting down out of that tree.

"You done got de wrong bird dat time," said Uncle Andrew, grimly.

Isham hung his head.

"I mus' go mind dem mules," said he; and away he ran.

After that, Isham lost his taste for bird-nesting. He would not go up a tree after any nest, no matter how small it was. This adventure made such an impression upon him, that the fear of meeting an eagle was added to his two chronic sorrows; and as for eggs, he lost all taste for them, and gave the string he had collected to little 'Lijah Allen.

WOOD-CARVING.

By George A. Sawyer.

Part III.

I shall describe in this article a little picture-frame, which, I trust, will be good practice for our young workmen. I give a reduced sketch of the finished frame, and full-sized outlines of the separate parts, so that they may be traced on paper and used directly as patterns.

This frame is made of a single piece of thin wood of any available kind. I have used cigar-box cedar with good results; or thin walnut would be satisfactory, only the wood should be not much thicker than ordinary cigar-box stuff. And it requires a piece six and a-half inches long, by five

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and a-fourth wide to make a frame suitable for a cabinet-sized photograph. Cut the wood, if possible, a trifle larger than this, say one-sixteenth of an inch, to allow for accidents. Trace on paper the full-sized pattern, No. 2, and copy the half figure shown. Then turn the paper around, match the dividing line, and trace the figure again, so that when finished it will complete the whole figure. Then transfer the tracing to your wood, and you are ready to begin sawing.

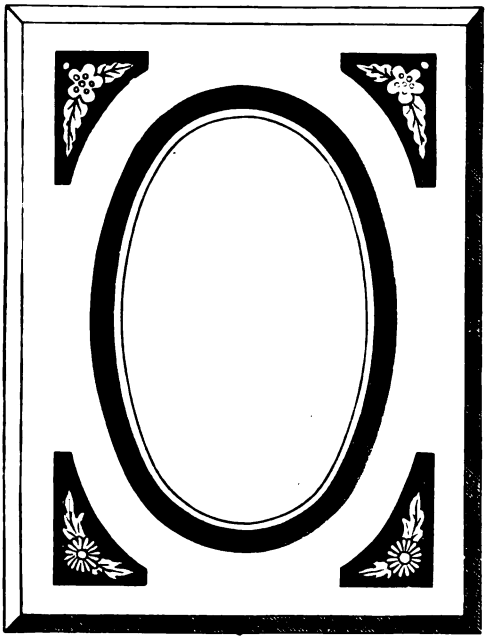

FIG. 1. DESIGN FOR FRAME (REDUCED).

Drill holes through each of the panels and the oval centre-piece. Insert your fine saw and saw out the pieces. Drill the holes in the left-hand corners of each figure and set the saw in the saw-frame, sidewise, so that the frame will be on the right-hand side, and out of the way, and you will have no difficulty in cutting out these figures, being always careful to hold the saw as nearly upright as possible and to make the cut at right angles to the surface of the wood.

The outside edge of the frame and the inside edge around the oval should be somewhat rounded, or leveled off; and this may be done roughly with a knife, and finished with sand-paper. The edges of the corner panels require only dressing with files and sand-paper.

We want now a piece of veneer of any kind of wood which will contrast well in color with the frame. Rosewood answers well; or if you have a difficulty in procuring veneers, which can be had at almost any cabinet-maker's shop, you may use thin pasteboard, covered with tinted or gilt paper. This piece of veneer or pasteboard, which should be a little larger than the frame, is to be

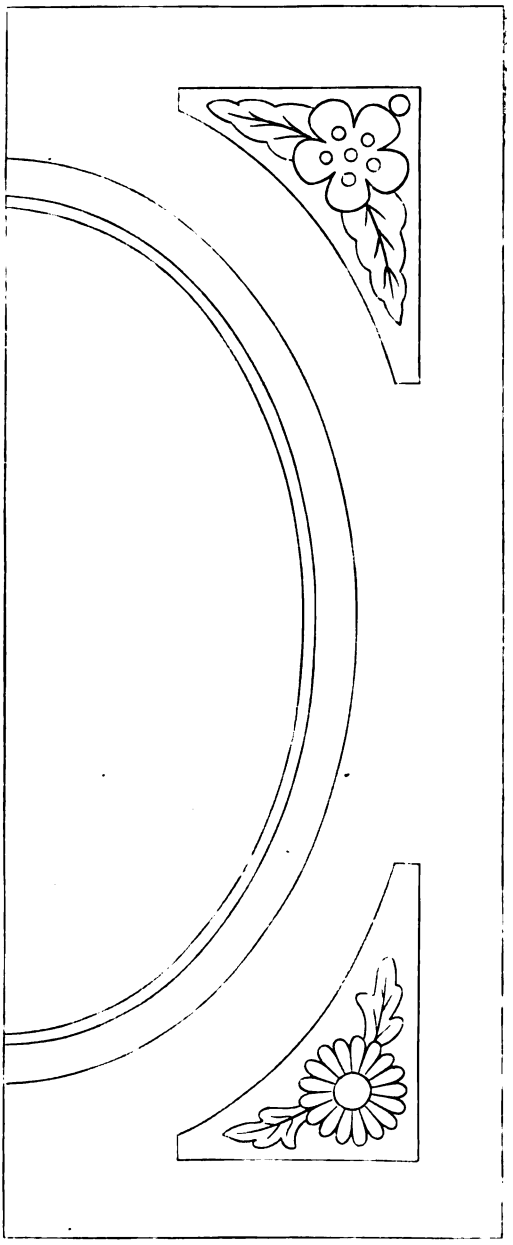

FIG. 2. OUTLINES OF FRAME (FULL SIZE).

glued or pasted to the back of the frame, and an oval cut out about one-fourth of an inch smaller than the oval of the frame, leaving an edge of this width all around the inside to form what is called a

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mat, and which will give relief and beauty by its contrast of color and surface.

In glueing the veneer, or pasting a paper mat, put the glue or paste on the frame itself, and not on the veneer or paper, and do not put it on any thicker than is necessary to barely cover the wood. Lay the frame down on the veneer, and put a heavy weight upon it, or screw it up between clamps. Scrape off all surplus glue which is pressed out, and then trim off the outer edge of the veneer, which, you remember, was to have been cut a trifle larger than the frame, until it is even with the outer edge of the frame.

We now need some strips of any kind of wood, about three-eighths of an inch thick, and of the same width. These are to be glued to the back of the frame around the edges to make a recessed space, into which is put first the glass, then—if you use a veneer instead of pasteboard—a narrow mat of white or gilt paper, which is shown by the inner oval line in Fig. 2. Then the picture is put on this mat, and all secured by a thin pasteboard or light wooden back.

Figure 2 also shows the two styles of carvings for the corners. These should be made of white holly, as this is the finest-grained and most available wood for the purpose, and the wood should be a trifle thinner than the wood of which the outside of the frame is composed. Trace on writing paper the outlines of the figure, and mark it on the wood and saw it out. Then, with a pencil, make a rough copy of the lines of the flowers on the wood, and with knife, files, and the little chisels in the handle of tools, previously described, carve out the figures as best you can. I am sorry that no written description will tell exactly how this is done, but, with the figure as an aid, I hope it will not be a very difficult task.

I can offer, however, a few hints. Use only very sharp tools; always cut with the grain of the wood, and stop a trifle short of the mark, finishing up to it with renewed care. The stamens of the hawthorn blossom must be cut around with the point of the knife, and each petal gouged out carefully from outside toward the inner. Cut all the leaves a little lower down than the flowers, to give the latter greater relief; and do this also with the petals of the daisy, leaving the centre of the flower raised a little, and rounding off the edges.

After the carvings are finished, give the whole frame a good rubbing with fine sand-paper, and glue the carvings into their places, being careful to have them in the middle of the panels. The whole frame may then receive two or three coats of shellac varnish, or it may be rubbed with raw linseed oil, though the latter will stain the holly if it touches it.

My attention has been called to the language used in my last article, in regard to treadle machines, which, it is said, "must be used very carefully." This expression may create a misapprehension, which I desire to correct. The machines need really no more careful management than a sewing machine, which, indeed, in their action they closely resemble, and I can safely recommend them.

ROOM FOR ONE MORE.

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WRECKED AT HOME.

By Noah Brooks.

Part II.

Left alone on Grampus Rock, with all sign of rescue fading away into the night, things looked pretty dismal for the ten shipwrecked boys. Some of us had never slept away from home before in our lives,—unless, perhaps, when we lay in hay-mows and barns, on the "night before Fourth o' July." For on that night, at twelve precisely, it was the custom of the entire boy population of Fairport to ring the church bell—the "town bell" we called it—and build a bonfire on the Common. These amusements were forbidden, being destructive to the sleep of the older people, to say nothing of burning fences and dry-goods boxes. So we escaped from home and hid away in hay-lofts, until the hour when the clangor of the town-bell and the flames of bonfires should banish sleep from the entire town for the rest of the night.

"I say, fellers," said Jack Adams, "this is like sleeping out night before Fourth o' July."

Bill Keeler whimpered: "But we aint got no fire." Bill's grammar always was a little shaky.

Fire! There was an idea! If we only had a fire, it would not be so lonesome. But there was nothing to burn, it seemed; and Dandy Blake said that fish-bones and sea-weed would not catch afire, even if we had matches.

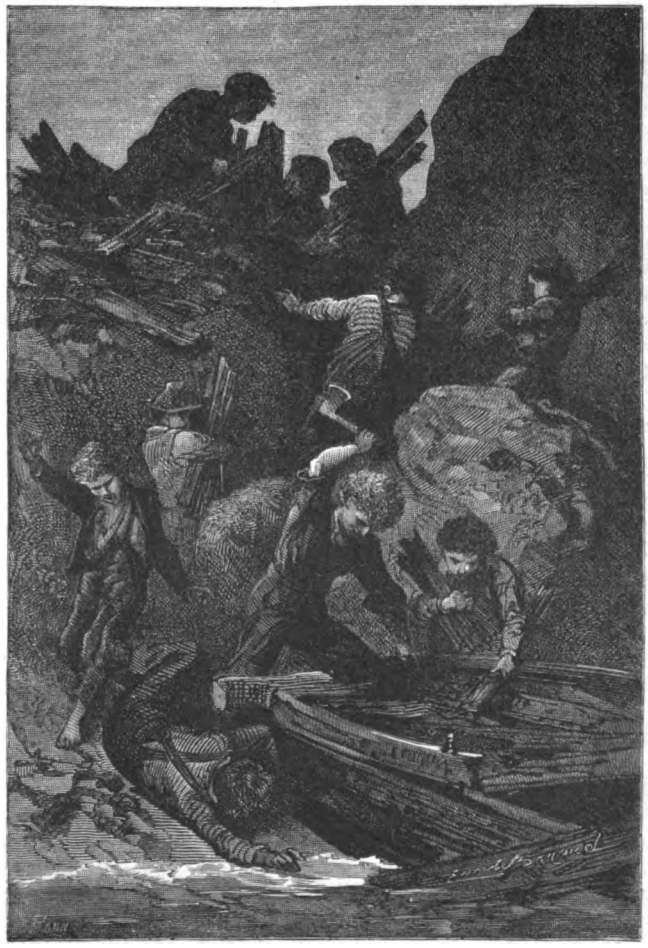
Matches! Who had any matches? It would be strange if, out of ten boys, at least one-half did not have some stray matches among the odd lumber stored in their pockets. There was a general rummaging, and pockets turned inside out gave forth nails, twine, chalk, fish-hooks, sinkers, knives and other such valuables; and in Ben Dennett's vest pocket,—for Ben wore a real waistcoat,—were found three matches! In Rufe Parker's jacket was found one more. It had worked through a hole in his pocket, and slipped down into a corner of the lining, where it was captured with great triumph.

But what to burn? Here were the matches, but no wood.

"Let 's burn the boat!" cried Jem Connor.

Little Sam burst into tears. "You shan't burn my father's boat," he said.

"Pho! there 's nothing left of her but small pieces. We are in for it now, and it 'll be no worse to make a fire of the old thing than to make a wreck of her, anyhow."



"WE RUSHED AT THE WRECK LIKE HUNGRY WOLVES."

"And we shall catch it, anyhow," added Bill Keeler, gloomily. "So we may as well be hung

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for an old sheep as a lamb." Still, the idea of burning even the fragments of old Snowman's boat was a little appalling, even to us shipwrecked young mariners.

"I move we burn the *Red Rover*," said Jack Adams, removing his battered cap by way of making himself presiding officer. "All in favor of that will say 'aye,'—contrary-minded, 'no.' It 's a vote," he added, as a shrill chorus of ayes rose on the chill air.

A melancholy procession of boys took up the line of march over the rock to the other side, where the main part of the wreck still lay. The old hatchet was found under the after-part of the boat, where it had been left. Armed with this, Ben Dennett struck the first blow, shivering off a huge chunk of pitchy pine in an instant. This set an example, and we all rushed at the wreck like hungry wolves, each one tearing away a slice, Sam Snowman vieing with the rest in the work.

With great glee,—laughing and joking at our misfortune,—we lugged the wood over the ragged spur of rock to the leeward, where we were out of the wind. Some slivers of dry pine and fragments of newspaper from somebody's pocket served as kindling. One of Ben Dennett's matches was carefully scratched on a dry stone under his cap, the entire company crowding around to keep off the air. It fizzed a little, sputtered, choked Ben so that he gasped for breath, then—it went out. Three were left. Another and another were scratched, each boy holding his breath; and each went out irresolutely. Ben had wet his matches when he went overboard.

Rufe's one match was all we had left. Little Tommy began to tremble with fear and cold as that was produced and anxiously drawn across the surface of a smooth, dry stone. It fizzed, crackled into a clear flame, and in a moment a bright yellow blaze was leaping up from the little knot of pine and dry sea-grass. Each boy gave a great hurrah of joy; and we had a jolly fire.

We brought over, bit by bit, the entire wreck of the once proud *Red Rover of the Bloody Seas*, and prepared for the long night before us. Some of the fragments of the old craft had floated away and were lost. Some were rescued from the detached rocks, where they had lodged. Jerry Murch waded out into the swirling tide and secured a piece of the broken gunwale, which he particularly coveted. Leaving the rock to return, he cut his bare foot on a sharp shell, and, giving a little howl of pain, tumbled over into the current, which bore him swiftly away.

Speechless with terror, and with mouths wide open, the boys stood helplessly looking at their comrade as he was swept out from Grampus. But Ben Dennett, dropping his armful of wood, dashed into the water, struck out bravely, grasped Jerry by his long, red hair and dragged him into shallow water. As they regained the shore, Jerry, dropping his bit of timber, which he had held all the time, rubbed his head ruefully, and said, "You need n't have pulled a feller's hair so."

"That 's the way always to save a drowning man," said Ben. "Aint it so in story-books? You know the hero seizes the other hero by his flowing locks, and all that sort of thing."

But the rest of the boys executed a sort of war-dance around the heroic Ben, doing him honor for saving two lives that day. We had not forgotten that he took Tommy Collins on his back when we were wrecked; and nobody thought it less heroic because the water then was only knee-deep.

The roaring fire put a different look on things right away. Basking in the cheerful blaze, we watched the limpets broiling on the hot stones, for we were ravenously hungry, and even these tough morsels of shell-fish tasted very nice. There was no water, and the hot, salty limpets made us somewhat thirsty. But the Fairport boys were not used to whimpering much; and though some of them licked their chops, as they looked across at the little stone farm-house at the entrance of the harbor and remembered the nice brown pans of milk in the dairy, nobody complained.

Some of the little fellows were dozy, but not one of us thought of going to sleep. It was pretty clear that we could not be found until daylight; and Jem Conner's suggestion that we put our fire on top of the rock so that it might be seen from town, was scouted as a wild and extravagant project.

"Who would see the fire so far off? And who would bother themselves about us, anyhow?"

That was boy-reasoning. Yet, at that very moment, and all through that anxious night, the island-dotted bay, the rotting wharves, the marsh and the spruce-covered pastures were searched painfully by anxious men and mothers, who could not give up their children for lost.

Unconscious of the pother which our absence was making in the distant, unsleeping town, we little midgets perched ourselves on the rocks about the fire, and told stories.

"Give us 'The Drummer-Boy,'" said Bill Keeler.

This was one of Rufe Parker's stories, inherited from his grandfather's time, but common property in Fairport. Every Fairport boy knew the story of the drummer-boy's melancholy ghost; but Rufe always told it well.

"No, don't let 's have that; it 's a ghost story," said little Sam Snowman, glancing around the gloomy picture with a scared look.

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"Oh! bother the ghost," said Ben. "I 've heard it lots of times. Heave ahead, Rufe. Who 's afeared?"

As Ben was the hero of two rescues from drowning, he was allowed to have his way, and Rufe then told his tale.

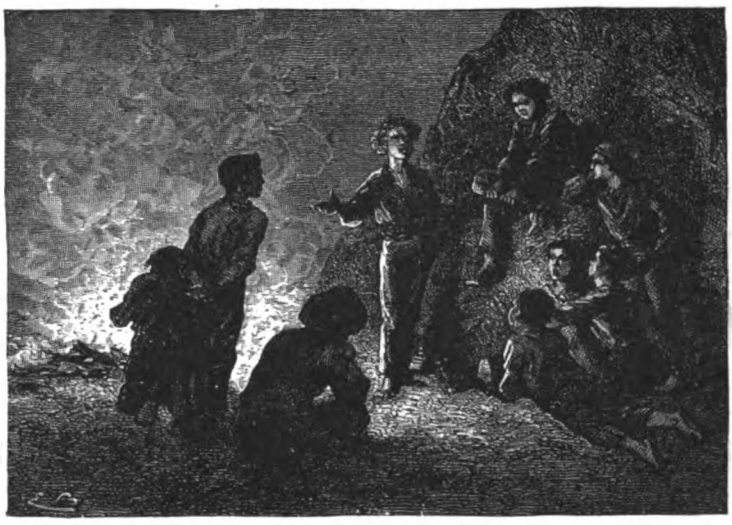
"It was a wild and gloomy night in the month of March —"

"No, no," broke in Jem Conner. "'It was a tempest-tossed and weeping night in the month of March.' That 's the way it goes. I 've heard it lots of times."

"'T aint, neither," replied Rufe, angrily. "And I just want to know who 's telling the story,—you or I?"

"Oh! shut up, Jem," said several of the boys; and Rufe, somewhat heated in this interruption, went on:

"It was a wild and gloomy night in the month of March" (with a withering glance at Jem), "when the British abandoned Fort George, situated on the heights of Fairport. They went away in such haste that they forgot a little drummer-boy, aged fifteen, who was in prison in the dungeon,—the which you may now see in ruins in the lower left-hand corner of the fort, as you go in from the side towards town; but the roof 's fallen in, so that you can't see all of the dungeon, but you can see where it was, and us fellers have been in there many a time, and know it 's so."



RUFE TELLS HIS STORY.

Taking a long breath, Rufe proceeded: "Well, this poor little drummer-boy, aged fifteen, when he heard the soldiers marching away in a hurry, jumped up and beat 'The Retreat' on his drum, which he happened to have with him; but in vain. Though he beat his drum with uncommon energy, and made a deuce of a row, he could n't attract the attention of his departing comrades, who marched off in double-quick time, for the Americans were after 'em,—and so left their unfortunate drummer-boy shut up in the dungeon—aged fifteen."

"But he was aged fifteen once before," interposed Tommy Collins, whose eyes were as big as saucers.

"Oh, cork up, youngster!" said Ben Dennett. "Heave ahead, Rufe."

"A great many months, mayhap years, passed away before the dungeon in old Fort George was visited by anybody. The war — Oh! I forgot to say, in the right place, that this was in the Revolutionary War. The war was over, and some people thought they would explore the dungeon, to see if, mayhap, they might find some curiosities, and, mayhap, some stores of gold and silver. But there, in a dark and dismal corner, their tin lantern,—for they had one of those tin lanterns from Rowell's store,—their tin lantern showed them a heap of skeleton bones bent over a rusty, dusty drum. *It was the little drummer-boy, aged fifteen!*"

Proceeding in a ghostly whisper, and glancing around on his terrified audience, so as to mark the effect, Rufe went on:

"When Fort George was evacuated, it was the fifteenth of March, Seventeen Hundred and Something or other; and now, on the fifteenth of March, every year, his ghost comes to the old dungeon and beats his ghostly drum. People don't remember it, sometimes; but when it is another wild and gloomy night in the month of March, they hear from the old fort the hollow rolling of the drum. Then they say, 'It 's the fifteenth of March,' and so it is. And, last March, me and Bill Williams hid behind Oliver Bridges' house, and we heard the drum, just as sure as a gun. It was an uncommon wild and gloomy night, just like this" (the stars were shining thickly in the sky while Rufe was talking); "and, if we 'd waited, we would have seen the ghost of the little British drummer-boy, aged fifteen."

Some of the chubby faces about the fire grew pale as this blood-curdling story was concluded.

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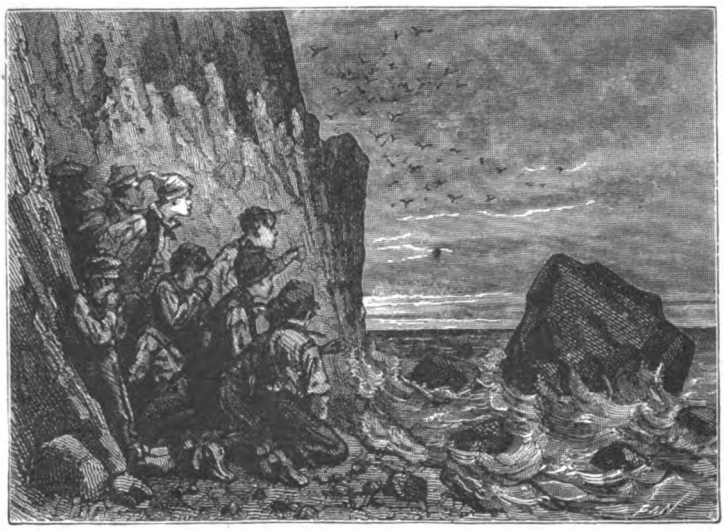
The place seemed more lonely than ever, while the boys listened to the soft lapping of the waves on the rocks and the far-off note of the sea on the wide shores of the bay. It was late,—how late nobody knew; we had nothing but the stars to tell the time. Most of us were dreadfully sleepy; but everybody was too much afraid to sleep. What might not happen in the darkness and silence of the night?

As we boys crouched together about the flickering fire, suddenly cries of distress and horror were heard from the other side of the rock. There were sounds of groans and shrieks for an instant; then all was still. Again, the yells and cries grew more and more sharp, as of a person in mortal anguish; then they sank away in a sobbing groan. Every boy stood at once on his feet, his eyes starting from his head, his form motionless; and not a word was said. Bill Keeler's seal-skin cap actually rose three inches on the top of his head, held there by his white hair, which stood on end with terror. You could have hung your hat on Rufe Parker's eyes, they stuck out so.

Nobody stirred. Jack Adams was the first to speak:

"Let 's go and see what it is!"

And away he dashed, like a brave old mutineer of the ship *Bounty*, as he was, before his comrades could still their chattering teeth long enough to say "No." Every boy followed Jack, each one afraid of being left behind.



"THE HALF-AWAKENED BOYS STOOD EAGERLY WATCHING."

Half-way over the rock, there came another loud, wild cry. This time we heard the startling words:

"Help! help! help!"

And jumping down on the other side, the whole mob of boys tumbled over Jem Conner, who was lying under a crag, howling in his hands, speaking-trumpet fashion, and making all these unearthly noises just for a lark.

"Oh, you scarecrows!" said he. "Before I 'd be fooled so!"

He had stolen away while Rufe was telling the ghost story; and he knew just about when to come in with his chorus of groans and yells. He had the tale of the drummer-boy all by heart.

"Pshaw! who was afraid? We knew it was you," said Jerry Murch.

"Of course, we did," said little Snowman, his teeth still rattling like a pair of castanets.

But Jack Adams said it was a mean joke,—so it was,—to try to scare a lot of little fellows like that. Jack was almost always right.

Finding their way back to the fire, the excited boys sang a few mournful little songs about Old Dog Tray, who was gentle and was kind, and whose tail hung down behind, just like any other Old Dog Tray; but it was a very dull business. One by one they sank off to slumber, and all was still save the low wash of the waves, the solitary cry of a night-hawk overhead, and an occasional snivel from a heap of legs and arms where some of the poor little old soldiers were dreaming of home.

Once, towards morning, there was a general alarm. One of the boys, awaking from a troubled sleep, caught sight of a sail creeping down by Nautilus Island. He sang out, hastily, "Sail ahoy!" But the little craft was too far off to hear his hail. The half-awakened boys stood disconsolately about, rubbing their aching limbs and eagerly watching as the sail, ghostly in the grey dawn, faded away in the mist and disappeared behind Holbrook's. We left the water's edge, and, seeking our uneasy bed once more, slept brokenly until sunrise.

It seemed a moment after,—but it must have been several hours, for the sun was rising over Kench's Mountain,—when I was awakened by the rattle of oars pulled noisily into a boat, and the sound of voices. Starting up in the chilly air, I beheld Gitchell's boat, her keel just grating on the rocky beach of our island. In the bow stood Old Gitchell, with the painter in his

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hand. He saw the boys rising, one by one, from the rocks. The remark he made was, "Wal, I swan to man!"

Uncle Oliver, Capt. Bakeman and 'Si Redman were in the boat. They had been searching for us all night. The harbor had been explored in every direction; and now, towards morning, the whole distance as far up as Nigger Island having been covered, they had extended their search to Grampus, but with faint hopes of finding the young brood so far out to sea.

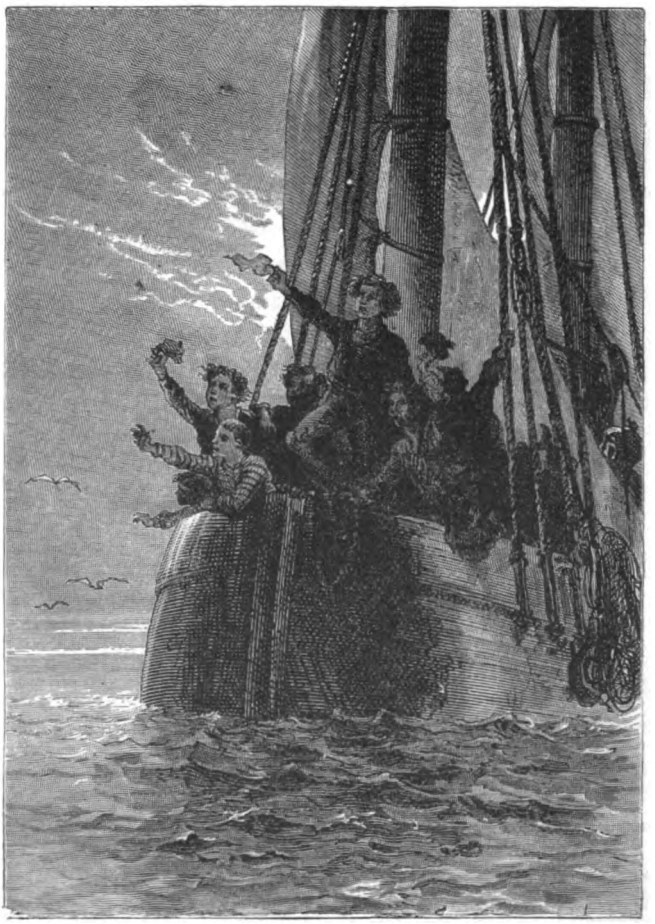
We were rescued. And nothing in life ever tasted so good as the half-warm water which we found in a small keg on board. There was nothing to eat, though Old Gitchell, with a dark grin, offered us a chunk of pigtail tobacco, on which he allayed his own hunger.

What a triumphal voyage was that which we made homeward! A soft westerly breeze sprang up with the sun; the clumsy old boat, dear to fishing excursions and chowder parties, seemed a barge of beauty. Somewhat lame and sore with our uneasy rest on the rocks, and faint with long fasting, we boys were joyful enough to forget all trial and entertained our rescuers with marvelous tales of our night's adventures.

As the old craft drew near the town, the news of our coming spread; for the boys swarmed over the gunwale and crowed prodigiously their greetings. The wharf was dotted with tearful parents, sisters and brothers, some of the latter looking half-envious at the heroes of the rescue. We were received with open arms. Nobody thought of scolding. A great terror had been removed. Each father and mother, I suppose, thought, "For this my son was lost and is found, was dead and is alive."

Even old man Snowman, as he took little Sam into his big arms, brushed a drop of dew off his weather-beaten cheek with the back of his tarry hand, and only said, "You blamed little rat!"

There was rejoicing in Fairport that summer morning; and in many happy homes a great cloud of sorrow was lifted as the young prodigals were welcomed with smoking breakfasts, and with that little show of feeling which a New England cool self-restraint permitted.



"AS THE OLD CRAFT DREW NEAR THE TOWN."

It was a peaceful end to what at one time seemed a most perilous adventure. Looking back at it now over the still lapse of years, it does seem like a narrow escape. Perhaps we truant youngsters were much to blame for the night of tearful apprehension which we brought into the quiet old town. Perhaps,—and who shall say that each one did not deserve to "catch it," as little Sam expected he should when he reached home after the wreck?

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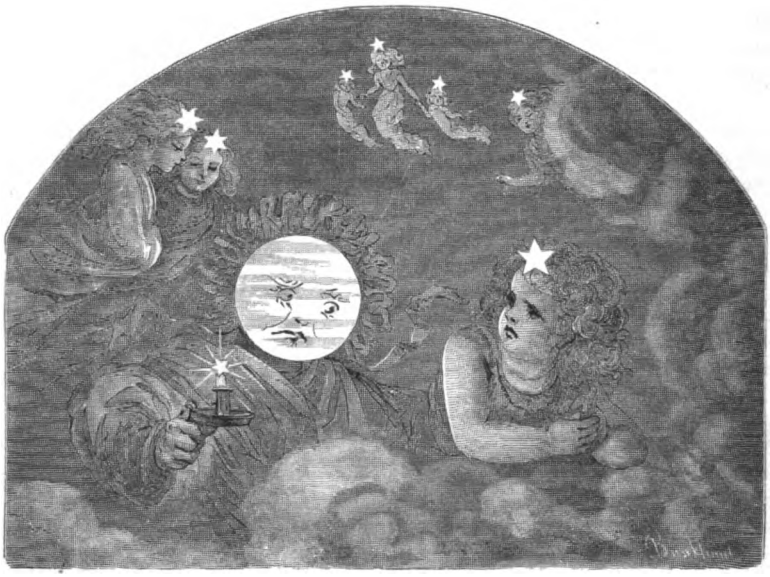
LITTLE "WIDE-AWAKE."

By Mary A. Lathbury.



LITTLE star! little star!
Nine o'clock, and here you are,
Blinking like a sleepy bird!
"Wide-awake?" Upon my word!
When the starlets, one by one,
And the great, round, golden sun
Have gone down, down, down, down
Behind the trees, behind the town,
To their bed beyond the hill,
You are not to linger still.
You've been all day with the sun,
And your shining time is done.
Hustle! hustle! naughty child
I shall just be driven wild.
For we always have to go
By the almanac, you know;
And the queer, wise men that watch us
Through their telescopes, will catch us
Losing time; and then the bother
They will have with one another,—
Spying out the reason why
Things go cross-wise in the sky!
And your Mamma Moon *always*
(So the almanac man says)
Is to blame for *everything*.
So just cease your questioning,
And go put your little head
Down behind the hills to bed;
Or a comet that is roaming
Through the heavens will be coming.
Hustle! little star, I say,—
Nine o'clock. Away! away!

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NIMPO'S TROUBLES.

By Olive Thorne.

Chapter VIII.

NEW ARRIVALS.

Nimpo dreamed about Sam on Monday night, and on Tuesday, as soon as school was over, she and Anna Morris, after a delightful visit to the store, where Cousin Will "cut off the dress," started to take the precious parcel to Sarah. Rush joined them at the edge of the woods. Sarah, who received her visitors graciously, cuffed half-a-dozen of the Johnson children out of the cabin, and cut out the body of the dress, then and there, with many a comment as to what "yer ma'd say 'bout it."

Just as Nimpo turned to go she saw a new attraction in an old basket in the corner,—an old cat and a whole family of kittens.

"Oh, how cunning!" she cried, running over to them; "may I take one? Oh, aint they lovely! How many are there?"

Anna and Rush, who had stood by the door, feeling rather awkward, came in, followed by the little Johnsons. All crowded at once around the basket.

"They 're 'mazin' peart kittens," said Mrs. Johnson; "take one along, if ye want it."

"Oh, may I?—thank you," said Nimpo. "I'll be very glad to have one."

"Y'r welcome; they aint much 'count, no way; th' other gal kin have one, too, and the boy,—if he wants it."

There was great excitement for a few minutes, looking over the family, and selecting the prettiest.

"May we take them now?" asked Nimpo.

"Sure nuff, if ye like to take 'em," replied Mrs. Johnson.

"Had n't ye better wait till y'r ma done come back? May be Miss Primkin don't favor kittens," suggested Sarah.

"O, no!" said Nimpo and Rush, in the same breath; while Nimpo added, "She need n't see them; we 'll keep them up stairs. Indeed, I want mine now!" And she hugged her kitten as though she never could be separated from it.

When they were outside of the door, one of the Johnson boys stood there. He was one who had been to their house to see Sarah, so they knew him a little.

"Want some nuts?" he asked, showing all his white teeth.

"Yes; have you got some?" asked Rush, eagerly.

"Heaps,—done found em in a squirrel's nest," said the boy, leading the way to a shed. Rush followed, while the girls sat down on a log, and compared kittens, discussing their points with great interest.

In the shed Rush saw a box that would hold half a bushel, nearly full of beech nuts, and every one shelled. They were as clean and neat as could be, and the boy filled all Rush's pockets to the very top, and told him he would give him more the next time he came

Rush showed them to the girls with great glee, and offered them some, but they told him they preferred to shell their own nuts, and Nimpo said she thought it was abominable to steal away the winter food of a whole family.

"Poor little squirrel!" said she; "think how long he had to work to take all those shells off, and you boys to go and steal them away! I think it 's mean, so there!"

Rush replied, as well as he could with his mouth full of the delicious little sharp-cornered nuts, that she need n't think the squirrel family would starve, because he happened to know that they had all been caught and served up in a pie at the Johnsons', last Sunday.

Such a time as the children had carrying the kittens home! Not that the little things tried to get away, but they were so squirmy and slippery—as Nimpo said,—that unless you held them almost too tightly, you could n't tell whether you had them or not. Besides, there were constant temptations to sit down on every mossy mound they came to and compare kittens.

But their troubles had not commenced.

To begin with, Mrs. Primkins lifted her hands in horror the moment she saw them.

"Lands! what next! Now you children need n't bring any cats here! I can't abide cats."

"They won't trouble you any," Nimpo hastened to say, "for we 'll keep them up stairs and take care of them. And they 're not cats,—they 're only kittens."

"Well, mind I don't see them down here," said the neat housekeeper. "I guess your ma won't let you keep them, any way."

"I guess she will!" Rush broke in, indignantly. "She lets us have as many as we like. I had six, once,—big cats!"

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"Well, then, she aint much like me!" said Mrs. Primkins, as they started up stairs.

"No; I 'm happy to say she is n't," said Nimpo, feelingly, after the door was shut.

The kittens made a difference in their bleak little rooms, somehow. Nimpo did not cry so often as before. They were so cunning, so playful, and so affectionate.

They had their soft little bed in a snug box in a corner of the room, though I 'm sure they never slept in it, for they went to bed with the children every night.

Nimpo's kitten was black and white, and was named "Squitzimaning." This was an original name, you see, and cost many hours of thought and study. Rush's was a fine grey, and was called "Minzeyboo," — another original name. These high-sounding names, however, were only for grand occasions; they were shortened into Squitz and Minzey for every-day use.

They soon got used to their new quarters, and never thought of going down stairs.

They played in the bedrooms, and in the attic proper, which was between their rooms and Augusta's.

They were great pets with Robbie, who called them "Mupp Kitty," because they were soft and furry, and looked like mamma's muff, which he was very fond of.

"Kitty got mupp boots on," he said to Nimpo, the first time he saw their little soft feet. He played with them for hours while Nimpo and Rush were away at school.

Then they were wonderful kittens in other respects, as well as in their names; and their training and education were more wonderful still.

MRS. PRIMKINS "CAN'T ABIDE CATS."

CHAPTER IX.

AN ACCIDENT IN THE FAMILY.

BEFORE the kittens had been in their attic home a week, one of them met with a dreadful accident. One day, after school, Nimpo rushed up stairs, as usual, to see the kittens. There was Minzeyboo fast asleep on the bed. She waked up, stretched out, yawned, and curled up her droll little red tongue, and then she was ready for a frolic.

But Squitz was nowhere to be seen. Nimpo hunted under beds, behind trunks and boxes, and everywhere, but could not find her. Just as she was about to go down stairs to see if she had strayed away, she thought she heard a faint, far-off mew.

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Once more she searched everywhere; but no kitty. Then she heard the mew again, and this time she listened attentively. It came from the side of the attic, and to Nimpo's horror, down between the walls.

You young folks who have played in attics know about these treacherous holes between the beams of the house, where the floor stops, and in which you have lost balls and tops and other treasures. They seem to be left there just for traps to catch things.

Well, poor Squitzimaning, in playing around, had gone too near one of those dreadful holes, and there she was, away down at the bottom of it, on a level with the floor of the chambers below, probably hurt by her fall, and perhaps half-starved.

How to get her out, was the first question. By this time Rush had come, and all three were in the deepest distress.

"Of course we 'll have to break a hole in the wall, down stairs," said Nimpo; and down they went to get the axe.

"What do you want with the axe?" asked Mrs. Primkins, as Rush went through the kitchen, dragging that useful tool.

"I was just coming to speak to you about it," said Nimpo, who now appeared. "Our kitty has fallen in between the walls, and we want to break a little hole, and get her out."

Nimpo spoke eagerly, but her heart died within her as she saw the look of indignation in Mrs. Primkins' face.

"Break a hole in my wall for a paltry cat! I guess so, indeed! Rush, you just take that axe back to the wood-shed, and be spry about it, and don't you *dare* to touch my wall. Pretty doings, I declare!" she went on, in her wrath.

"What shall we do to get her out?" asked Nimpo, ready to cry. "She 's so hungry, and I 'm afraid she 's hurt."

"Let her die," said Mrs. Primkins, savagely. "She 'll be dead by morning, and I 'll throw some lime down to cover her up."

Nimpo turned away, too indignant to speak, lest she should say something awful, but on the way up stairs she said to herself:

"The old hateful thing! just as if her old wall is anything to a poor kitty. I wonder how she 'd like to be left in a hole to die! I just wish she was there this very minute. I 'd like to say, 'Never mind, Mrs. Primkins; we don't want to break the wall. You 'll die to night, and to-morrow I 'll cover you up,'—ugh!"

Words failed her; besides, she had to set her wits to work to release poor Squitzimaning, who was still feebly mewing.

"Rush," she said, "you know how she claws things; I believe, if we can get something down to her, she 'll hold on and let us draw her up."

"But what can we put down?" asked Rush.

"Let me see; it must be something easy to take a tight hold of,—something that will catch her claws. Oh dear! I can't think. I wish I was home; there are lots of things there."

"I 'll tell you!" shouted Rush, "my tippet!"

"Yes, that 's just the thing," said Nimpo; "but that 's at home, but wait,—I guess I 've got my little knit scarf that grandma sent me. I brought it because I could n't bear to leave it." And Nimpo rushed to her trunk, turned the things out in a pile on the floor, and near the bottom found the pretty blue and white scarf she was so fond of. She looked at it lovingly.

"I hate to spoil it; but I can't leave poor Squitz there."

The scarf was too short, of course, so they tied to one end of it a string, which Rush produced from his pocket. Then they tried to put it down, but it caught on every rough place, and would not go far.

"We must have something heavy on it to carry it down," said Nimpo. So they cut a hole in it, and slipped inside a hair-brush. This time it did not stick. Letting it out slowly and carefully, not to crush Squitz, Nimpo sent down the whole length of string. When the brush touched the bottom of the hole, she let it rest a minute, and began to draw up. Kitty was mewing all the time now; she seemed to know they were trying to help her, and Nimpo kept talking to her.

"It seems heavier," said she; "I do believe she 's on!" And just then they heard a mew so much nearer that they knew she was on. But while they were rejoicing, the little weight dropped off. Then came a sorrowful wail, and all was still.

"Oh, poor kitty! oh, poor kitty!" cried Nimpo, bursting into tears. "I 'm afraid she 's killed."

They listened again, and in a moment heard her mew once more. So they let down the scarf again, and this time brought the runaway safely to the top.

Nimpo seized her and covered her with kisses, then gave the poor little thing something to eat. This done, they never slept till they had hunted up old newspapers, and stuffed up every hole in the attic.

"How did you get your cat out?" asked Mrs. Primkins, at the tea-table.

"I let down my scarf," answered Nimpo; "she caught hold of it, and I pulled her up."

"What! that pretty blue and white scarf of yours?" asked Augusta.

"Yes," said Nimpo, shortly, for she felt rather

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sore on the subject of that scarf. Nothing but love for poor Squitz would have induced her to spoil it.

"Wall, I declare!" said Mrs. Primkins, "I never in all my born days saw young ones so full of mischief! I don't see how your ma can live with you. To think of your spoiling that nice scarf!"

Nimpo's heart swelled.

"I don't think she feels it any great hardship," she said; while Rush blurted out roughly:

"She likes us better 'n you do."

Mrs. Primkins smiled grimly, but she said:

"Wall, everybody knows she was clear tuckered out with worry, and that 's why your pa took her away—to get a rest from you. But that 's nothing. Children don't care if they do worry their mother into her coffin, so 's they have a good time."

This dreadful suggestion put a new thought into Nimpo's head. She sat there very quietly, but she was busy thinking.

"I suppose we are a trouble to mother," she thought. "I wonder if we do get into mischief all the time, and I wonder if that 's why she was so tired always. I remember father said, when she thought she could n't go, 'Mary, you must go; you need the rest.' And I wrote her such a complaining letter," she thought, penitently. "I 'm sure she 'll worry if she thinks we 're having a horrid time here. I 'll write her another to-night."

Nimpo did not put even into thought a horrible possibility that made her shudder, suggested by Mrs. Primkins' remarks—the possibility of really losing her mother. But she wrote to her mother that night, telling her about the kittens, and the accident, heroically saying not one word about how unhappy she was at Mrs. Primkins'.

(To be continued.)

THE LITTLE VIOLINIST.

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

This story is no invention of mine. I could not invent anything half so lovely and pathetic as seems to me the incident which has come ready-made to my hand.

Some of you, doubtless, have heard of James Speaight, the infant violinist, or Young Americus, as he was called. He was born in London, I believe, and was only four years old when his father brought him to this country, less than three years ago. Since that time he has appeared in concerts and various entertainments in many of our principal cities, attracting unusual attention by his musical skill. I confess, however, that I had not heard of him until last month, though it seems he had previously given two or three public performances in the city where I live. I had not heard of him, I say, until last month, but since then I do not think a day has passed when this child's face has not risen up in my memory,—the little half-sad face, as I saw it once, with its large, serious eyes and infantile mouth.

I have, I trust, great tenderness for all children; but I know I have a special place in my heart for those poor little creatures who figure in circuses and shows, or elsewhere, as "infant prodigies." Heaven help such little folk! It was an unkind fate that did not make them common-place, stupid, happy girls and boys like our own Fannys and Charleys and Harrys. Poor little waifs, that never know any babyhood or childhood,—sad human midges, that flutter for a moment in the glare of the gas-lights, and are gone. Pitiful little children, whose tender limbs and minds are so torn and strained by thoughtless task-masters, that it seems scarcely a regrettable thing when the circus caravan halts awhile on its route to make a little grave by the wayside.

I never witness a performance of child-acrobats, or the exhibition of any forced talent, physical or mental, on the part of children, without protesting, at least in my own mind, against the blindness and cruelty of their parents or guardians, or whoever has care of them.

I saw at the theatre, the other night, two tiny girls, mere babies they were, doing such feats upon a bar of wood suspended from the ceiling, as made my blood run cold. They were twin sisters, these mites, with that old young look on their faces which all such unfortunates have. I hardly dared glance at them, up there in the air, hanging by their feet from the swinging bar, twisting their fragile spines and distorting their poor little bodies, when they ought to have been nestled in soft blankets in a cosey chamber, with the angels that guard the sleep of little children hovering about them. I hope the father of those two babies will read and ponder this

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page on which I record not alone my individual protest, but the protest of hundreds of men and women who took no pleasure in that performance, but witnessed it with a pang of pity.

There is a noble "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Dumb Animals." There ought to be a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Little Children; and a certain influential gentleman who does some things well and other things very badly, ought to attend to it. The name of this gentleman is Mr. Public Opinion.

But to my story.

One September morning, about five years and a-half ago, there wandered to my fireside, hand in hand, two small personages who requested in a foreign language, which I understood at once, to be taken in and fed and clothed and sent to school and loved and tenderly cared for. Very modest of them—was n't it?—to ask all that! And I had never seen either of them before,—perfect strangers to *me*. What was my surprise when it turned out (just as if it were in a fairy legend), that these were my own sons! When I say they came hand in hand, it is to inform you that these two boys were twins, like that pair of tiny girls I just mentioned.

These young gentlemen are at present known as Charley and Talbot, in the household, and to a very limited circle of acquaintances outside; but as Charley has declared his intention to become a circus-rider, and Talbot, who has not so soaring an ambition, has resolved to be a policeman, it is likely the world will hear of them before long. In the meantime,—and with a view to the severe duties of the professions selected,—they are learning the alphabet, Charley vaulting over the hard letters with an agility which promises well for his career as circus-rider, and Talbot collaring the slippery S's and pursuing the suspicious X Y Z's with the promptness and boldness of a night-watchman.

Now it is my pleasure not only to feed and clothe Masters Charley and Talbot as if they were young princes or dukes, but to look to it that they do not wear out their ingenious minds by too much study. So I occasionally take them to a puppet-show, or a musical entertainment, and always, in holiday time, to see a pantomime. This last is their especial delight. It is a fine thing to behold the business-like air with which they climb into their seats in the parquette, and the gravity with which they immediately begin to read the play-bill upside down. Then, between the acts, the solemnity with which they extract the juice from an orange, through a hole made with a lead pencil, is also a noticeable thing.

Their knowledge of the mysteries of Fairyland is at once varied and profound. Everything delights, but nothing astonishes them. That people covered with spangles should dive headlong through the floor; that fairy queens should step out of the trunks of trees; that the poor wood-cutter's cottage should change, in the twinkling of an eye, into a glorious palace or a goblin grotto under the sea, with crimson fountains and golden staircases and silver foliage,—all that is a matter of course. This is the kind of world they live in at present. If these things happened at home they would not be astonished.

The other day—it was just before Christmas—I saw the boys attentively regarding a large pumpkin which lay on the kitchen floor, waiting to be made into pies. If that pumpkin had suddenly opened; if wheels had sprouted out on each side; and if the two kittens playing with an onion-skin by the range had turned into milk-white ponies and harnessed themselves to this Cinderella coach, neither Charley nor Talbot would have considered it an unusual circumstance.

Now, I am quite willing they should believe in fairies, particularly in the good fairies; and I hope when they grow up to be men they will not exchange that harmless faith for any less pure and beautiful.

The pantomime which is usually played at the Boston Theatre during the holidays, is to them positive proof that the stories of "Cinderella" and "Jack of the Bean-stalk" and "Jack the Giant-Killer" are true stories. They like to be reassured on that point. So one morning last January, when I told Charley and Talbot, at the breakfast-table, that Prince Rupert and his Court had come to town,

"Some in jags,
Some in rags,
And some in velvet gowns,"

the news was received with great glee, as you may imagine; for this meant that we were to go to the play.

For the sake of the small folk, who could not visit him at night, Prince Rupert was good enough to appear every Saturday afternoon during the month. These afternoon performances were called, in French, *matinées*. I don't know why; for *matinée* means *forenoon*. French, I suppose, was the native language of all of Prince Rupert's courtiers who did n't speak Irish. However, it was to a *matinée* we went, and we went immediately after dinner one sunshiny Saturday.

You would never have guessed that the sun was shining brightly outside, if you had been with us in the theatre that afternoon. All the window-shutters were closed, and the great glass chandelier hanging from the gayly-painted dome was one blaze of light. But brighter even than the jets of gas were the ruddy, eager faces of countless boys and girls,

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fringing the balconies and crowded into the seats below, longing for the play to begin. And nowhere were there two merrier or more eager faces than those of Charley and Talbot, pecking now and then at a brown paper cone filled with white grapes, which I held, and waiting for the solemn green curtain to roll up and disclose the coral realm of the Naiad Queen.

I am not going to tell you much about the play. There was a bold young prince—Prince Rupert, of course—who went into Wonderland in search of adventures. And how do you imagine he got there? He jumped into the river Rhine. I would n't advise everybody to go that way. Then there was one Snaps, his servant-man, who did n't want to go in the least, but went, and got terribly frightened by the Green Demons of the Gloomy Cavern, which made us all laugh,—it being such a pleasant thing to see somebody else scared nearly to death. Then there were knights in brave tin armor, and armies of fair amazons in all the colors of the rainbow, and troops of unhappy slave-girls who did nothing but smile and wear beautiful dresses, and dance continually to the most delightful music. Now you were in an enchanted castle on the banks of the Rhine, and now you were in a cave of emeralds and diamonds at the bottom of the river, scene following scene with such bewildering rapidity that finally you did n't quite know where you were.

But what interested me most, and what pleased Charley and Talbot even beyond the Naiad Queen herself, was the little violinist who came to the German Court and played before Prince Rupert and his bride.

It was such a little fellow! He was not more than a year older than my own boys, and not much taller. He had a very sweet, sensitive face, with large grey eyes, in which there was a deep settled expression which I do not like to see in a child. Looking at his eyes alone, you would have said he was sixteen or seventeen, and he was merely a baby!

I do not know enough of music to assert that he had wonderful genius, or any genius at all; but it seemed to me he played charmingly, and with the touch of a natural musician. I thought "The Last Rose of Summer" the sweetest strain of music in the world, as it floated up from the small violin.

At the end of his piece, he was lifted over the foot-lights of the stage into the orchestra, where, with the conductor's stick in his hand, he directed the band in playing one or two airs. In this he showed a carefully trained ear and a perfect understanding of the music.

I wanted to hear the little violin again, but as he made his bow to the audience and ran off, it was with a half-wearied air, and I did not join with my neighbors in calling him back. "There 's another performance to-night," I said to myself, "and the little fellow is n't very strong." He came out and bowed, but did not play again.

All the way home from the theatre my children were full of the little violinist; and as they went along, chattering and frolicking in front of me, and getting under my feet like a couple of young spaniels (they did not look unlike two small brown spaniels, with their fur-trimmed overcoats and seal-skin caps and ear-lappets), I could not help thinking how different the poor little musician's lot was from theirs.

He was only six years and a-half old, and had been before the public nearly three years. What hours of toil and weariness he must have been passing through at the very time when my little ones were being rocked and petted and shielded from every ungentle wind that blows. And what an existence was his now,—traveling from city to city, practicing at every spare moment, and performing, night after night, in some close theatre or concert-room when he should be drinking in that deep, refreshing slumber which childhood needs. However much he was loved by those who had charge of him,—and they must have treated him kindly,—it was a hard life for the child.

He ought to have been turned out into the sunshine; that pretty violin—one can easily understand that he was fond of it himself—ought to have been taken away from him, and a kite-string placed in his hand instead. If God had set the germ of a great musician or a great composer in that slight body, surely it would have been wise to let the precious gift ripen and flower in its own good time.

This is what I thought, walking home in the glow of the wintry sunset; but my boys saw only the bright side of the picture, and would have liked nothing better than to change places with little James Speaight. To stand in the midst of Fairyland and play beautiful tunes on a toy fiddle, while all the people clapped their hands,—what could quite equal that? Charley began to think it was no such grand thing to be a circus-rider, and the dazzling career of policeman had lost something of its charm in the eyes of Talbot.

It is my custom every night, after the children are snug in their nests and the gas is turned down, to sit on the side of the bed and chat with them five or ten minutes. If anything has gone wrong through the day, it is never alluded to at this time. None but the most agreeable topics are discussed. I make it a point that the boys shall go to sleep with untroubled hearts. When our chat is ended they say their prayers. Now, among the pleas which they offer up for the several members of the family,

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they frequently intrude the claims of rather curious objects for divine compassion. Sometimes it is a rocking-horse that has broken a leg, sometimes it is Shem or Japhet, who has lost an arm in being removed from the Noah's Ark; Pink and Inky, the two kittens, and Rob, the dog, seldom escape without the warmest recommendations to mercy.

So it did not surprise me at all this Saturday night when both boys prayed God to watch over and bless the little violinist.

The next morning at the breakfast-table, when I opened the newspaper, which is always laid beside my plate, the first paragraph my eyes fell upon was this:

"James Speaight, the infant violinist, died in this city late on Saturday night. At the *matinée* of the 'Naiad Queen,' on the afternoon of that day, when little James Speaight came off the stage, after giving his usual violin performance, Mr. Shewell* noticed that he appeared fatigued, and asked if he felt ill. He replied that he had a pain in his heart, and then Mr. Shewell suggested that he remain away from the evening performance. He retired quite early, and about midnight his father heard him say, '*Gracious God, make room for another little child in Heaven.*' No sound was heard after this, and his father spoke to him soon afterwards; he received no answer, but found his child dead."

Was there ever anything sadder than that? The printed letters grew dim and melted into each other as I tried to read them again. I glanced across the table at Charley and Talbot, eating their breakfast, with the slanted sunlight from the window turning their curls into real gold, and I had not the heart to tell them what had happened.

Of all the prayers that floated up to heaven, that Saturday night, from the bedsides of sorrowful men and women, or from the cots of happy children, what accents could have fallen more piteously and tenderly upon the ear of a listening angel than the prayer of little James Speaight!

He knew he was dying. The faith he had learned, perhaps while running at his mother's side, long ago, in some green English lane, came to him then. He remembered it was Christ who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," and the beautiful prayer rose to his lips: "Gracious God, make room for another little child in Heaven."

I folded up the newspaper silently, and throughout the day I did not speak before the boys of the little violinist's death; but when the time came for our customary chat in the nursery, I told the story to Charley and Talbot. I do not think they understood it very well, and still less did they understand why I lingered so much longer than usual by their bedside that Sunday night.

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

As I sat there in the dimly-lighted room, it seemed to me that I could hear, in the pauses of the winter wind, faintly and doubtfully somewhere in the distance, the sound of the little violin.

Ah, that little violin!—a cherished relic now. Perhaps it plays soft, plaintive airs all by itself, in the place where it is kept, missing the touch of the baby fingers which used to waken it into life!

* The stage-manager.

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WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

By Frank R. Stockton.

Chapter XIII.

COUSIN MARIA.

AFTER posting one of his men on each side of the house, which stood on the edge of a field, without any fence around it, Tony Kirk stepped up to the front door and knocked. The door was quickly opened by a woman.

"Why, Cousin Maria," said Tony, "is this you?"

"Certainly it's me, Anthony," said the woman; "who else should it be?"

Cousin Maria was a tall woman, dressed in black. She had grey hair and wore spectacles. She seemed very glad to see Tony, and shook hands with him warmly.

"I did n't know you lived here," said Tony.

"Well, I don't live here, exactly," said Cousin Maria; "but come in and sit awhile. You 've been a-huntin', have you?"

"Well, yes," said Tony, "I am a-huntin'."

Without mentioning that he had some friends outside, Tony went in and sat down to talk with Cousin Maria. The man in front of the house had stepped to one side when the door opened, and the others were out of sight, of course.

Tony entered a small sitting-room, into which the front door opened, and took a seat by Cousin Maria.

"You see," said she, "old Billy Simpson let this house fur a hundred dollars,—there 's eighty acres with it,—to Sarah Ann Hemphill and her husband; and he 's gone to Richmond to git stock for a wheelwright's shop. That 's his trade, you know; and they 're goin' to have the shop over there in the wagon-house, that can be fixed up easy enough ef Sam Hemphill chooses to work at it, which I don't believe he will; but he *can* work, ef he will, and this is just the place for a wheelwright's shop, ef the right man goes into the business; and they sold their two cows,—keeping only the red and white heifer. I guess you remember that heifer; they got her of old Joe Sanders, on the Creek. And they sold one of their horses—the sorrel—and a mule; they had n't no use fur 'em here, fur the land 's not worth much, and has n't seen no guano nor nothin' fur three or four years; and the money they got was enough to start a mighty good cooper-shop, ef Sam don't spend it all, or most of it, in Richmond, which I think he will; and of course, he being away, Sarah Ann wanted to go to her mother's, and she got herself ready and took them four children,—and I pity the old lady, fur Sam's children never had no bringin' up. I disremember how old Tommy is, but it is n't over eight, and just as noisy as ef he was n't the oldest. And so I come here to take care of the place; but I can't stay no longer than Tuesday fortnight, as I told Sarah Ann, fur I 've got to go to Betsey Cropper's then to help her with her spinnin'; and there 's my own things,—seven pounds of wool to spin fur Truly Mattherses' people, besides two bushel baskets easy of carpet-rags to sew, and I want 'em done by the time Miss Jane gits her loom empty, or I 'll git no weavin' done this year, and what do you think? I 've had another visitor to-day, and your comin' right afterwards kind o' struck me as mighty queer, both bein' Akeville people, so to speak, tho' it 's been a long day since he 's been there, and you 'll never guess who it was, fur it was George Mason."

And she stopped and wiped her face with her calico apron.

"So George Mason was here, was he?" said Tony. "Where is he now?"

"Oh! he 's gone," replied Cousin Maria. "It was n't more 'n ten or fifteen minutes before you came in, and he was a-sittin' here talking about ole times,—he 's rougher than he was, guess he did n't learn no good down there in Mississippi,—when all ov a sudden he got up an' took his hat and walked off. Well, that was just like George Mason. He never had much manners, and would always just as soon go off without biddin' a body good-bye as not."

"You did n't notice which way he went, did you?" asked Tony.

"Yes, I did," said Cousin Maria; "he went out o' the back door, and along the edge of the woods, and he was soon out of sight, fur George has got long legs, as you well know; and the last I saw of him was just out there by that fence. And if there is n't Jim Anderson! Come in, Jim; what are you doin' standin' out there?"

So she went to the window to call Jim Anderson, and Tony stepped to the door and whistled for the other men, so that when Cousin Maria came to the door she saw not only Jim Anderson, but Thomas Campbell and Captain Bob Winters and Doctor Price's son, Brinsley.

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"Well, upon my word an' honor!" said Cousin Maria, lifting up both her hands.

"Come along, boys," said Tony, starting off towards the woods. "We 've got no time to lose. Good bye, Cousin Maria."

"Good bye, Cousin Maria," said each of the other men, as the party hurried away.

Cousin Maria did not answer a word. She sat right down on the door-step and took off her spectacles. She rubbed them with her apron, and then put them on again. But there was no mistake. There were the men. If she had seen four ghosts she could not have been more astonished.

Tony did not for a moment doubt Cousin Maria's word when she told him that George Mason had gone away. She never told a lie. The only trouble with her was that she told too much truth.

In about an hour and a-half the five men returned to the place where they had left their horses. They had found no trace of George Mason.

When they reached the clump of trees, there were no horses there!

They looked at each other with blank faces!

"He 's got our horses!" said Jim Anderson, when his consternation allowed him to speak.

"Yes," said Tony, "and sarved us right. We oughter left one man here to take care uv 'em, knowin' George Mason as we do."

"I had an idea," said Dr. Price's son Brinsley, "that we should have done something of that kind."

"Idees aint no good," said Tony, with a grunt, as he marched off towards the blacksmith's shop at Jordan's cross-roads.

The blacksmith had seen nothing of Mason or the horses, but Tom Riley's horse was still there; and as the members of the party were all well known to the blacksmith, he allowed them to take the animal to its owner. So the five men rode the one horse back to Akeville; not all riding at once, but one at a time.

CHAPTER XIV.

HARRY'S GRAND SCHEME.

THIS wholesale appropriation of horses caused, of course, a great commotion in the vicinity of Akeville, and half the male population turned out the next day in search of George Mason and the five horses.

Even Harry was infected with the general excitement, and, mounted on old Selim, he rode away after dinner (there was no school that afternoon) to see if he could find anyone who had heard anything. There ought to be news, for the men had been away all the morning.

About two miles from the village, the road on which Harry was riding forked, and not knowing that the party which had started off in that direction had taken the road which ran to the northeast, as being the direction in which a man would probably go, if he wanted to get away safely with five stolen horses, Harry kept straight on.

The road was lonely and uninteresting. On one side was a wood of "old-field pines,"—pines of recent growth and little value, that spring up on the old abandoned tobacco fields,—and on the other a stretch of underbrush, with here and there a tree of tolerable size, but from which almost all the valuable timber had been cut.

Selim was inclined to take things leisurely, and Harry gradually allowed him to slacken his pace into a walk, and even occasionally to stop and lower his head to take a bite from some particularly tempting bunch of grass by the side of the road.

The fact was, Harry was thinking. He had entirely forgotten the five horses and everything concerning them, and was deeply cogitating a plan which, in an exceedingly crude shape, had been in his mind ever since he had met Old Miles on the road to the railroad.

What he wished to devise was some good plan to prevent the interruption, so often caused by the rising of Crooked Creek, of communication between the mica mine, belonging to the New York company, and the station at Hetertown.

If he could do this, he thought he could make some money by it; and it was, as we all know, very necessary for him, or at least for Aunt Matilda, that he should make money.

It was of no use to think of a bridge. There were bridges already, and when the creek was "up" you could scarcely see them.

A bridge that would be high enough and long enough would be very costly, and it would be an undertaking with which Harry could not concern himself, no matter what it might cost.

A ferry was unadvisable, for the stream was too rapid and dangerous in time of freshets.

There was nothing that was really reliable and worthy of being seriously thought of but a telegraph line. This Harry believed to be feasible.

He did not think it would cost very much. If this telegraph line only extended across the creek, not more than half a mile of wire, at the utmost, would be required.

Nothing need be expended for poles, as there were tall pine trees on each side of the creek that would support the wire; and there were two cabins, conveniently situated, in which the instruments could be placed.

Harry had thoroughly considered all these mat-

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ters, having been down to the creek several times on purpose to take observations.

The procuring of the telegraphic instruments, however, and the necessity of having an operator on the other side, presented difficulties not easy to surmount.

But Harry did not despair.

To be sure the machines would cost money, and so would the wire, insulators, &c., but then the mica company would surely be willing to pay a good price to have their messages transmitted at times when otherwise they would have to send a man twenty miles to a telegraphic station.

So if the money could be raised it would pay to do it,—at least if the calculations, with which Harry and Kate had been busy for days, should prove to be correct.

About the operator on the other side, Harry scarcely knew what to think. If it were necessary to hire anyone, that would eat terribly into the profits.

Something economical must be devised for this part of the plan.

As to the operator on the Akeville side of the creek, Harry intended to fill that position himself. He had been interested in telegraphy for a year or two. He understood the philosophy of the system, and had had the opportunity afforded him by the operator at Hetertown of learning to send messages and to read telegraphic hieroglyphics. He could not understand what words had come over the wires, simply by listening to the clicking of the instrument,—an accomplishment of all expert telegraphers,—but he thought he could do quite well enough if he could read the marks on the paper slips, and there was no knowing to what proficiency he might arrive in time.

Of course he had no money to buy telegraphic apparatus, wire, &c., &c. But he thought he could get it. "How does anyone build railroads or telegraphic lines?" he had said to Kate. "Do they take the money out of their own pockets?"

Kate had answered that she did n't suppose they did, unless the money was there; and Harry had told her, very confidently, that the money was never there. No man, or, at least, very few men, could afford to construct a railroad or telegraph line. The way these things were done was by forming a company.

And this was just what Harry proposed to do.

It was, of course, quite difficult to determine just how large a company this should be. If it were composed of too many members, the profits, which would be limited, owing to the peculiar circumstances of the case, would not amount to much for each stock-holder. And yet there must be members enough to furnish money enough.

And more than that, a contract must be made with the mica-mine people, so that the business should not be diverted from Harry's company into any outside channels.

All these things occupied Harry's mind, and it is no wonder that he hardly looked up when Selim stopped. The horse had been walking so slowly that stopping did not seem to make much difference.

But when he heard a voice call out, "Oh, Mah'sr Harry! I 'se mighty glad to see yer!" he looked up quickly enough.

And there was old Uncle Braddock, on horseback!

Harry could scarcely believe his eyes.

And what was more astonishing, the old negro had no less than four other horses with him that he was leading, or rather trying to lead, out of a road through the old-field pines that here joined the main road.

"Why, what 's the meaning of this?" cried Harry. "Where did you get those horses, Uncle Braddock?"

And then, without waiting for an answer, Harry burst out laughing. Such a ridiculous sight was enough to make anybody laugh.

Uncle Braddock sat on the foremost horse, his legs drawn up as if he were sitting on a chair, and a low one at that, for he had been gradually shortening the stirrups for the last hour, hoping in that way to get a firmer seat. His long stick was in one hand, his old hat was jammed down tightly over his eyes, and his dressing-gown floated in the wind like a rag-bag out for a holiday.

"Oh, I 'se mighty glad to see yer, Mah'sr Harry!" said he, pulling at his horse's bridle in such a way as to make him nearly run into Selim and Harry, who, however, managed to avoid him and the rest of the cavalcade by moving off to the other side of the road.

"I was jist a-thinkin' uv gittin' off and lettin' 'em go 'long they own se'ves. I never seed sich hosses fur twistin' up and pullin' crooked. I spected to have my neck broke mor' 'n a dozen times. I never was so disgruntled in all my born days, Mah'sr Harry. Whoa dar, you yaller hoss! Won't you take a-hold, Mah'sr Harry, afore dey 're de death uv me?"

The old man had certainly got the horses into a mixed-up condition. One of them was beside the horse he rode, two were behind, and one was wedged in partly in front of these in such a way that he had to travel sidewise. The bridle of one horse was tied to that of another, so that Uncle Braddock led them all by the bridle of the horse by his side. This was tied to his long cane, which he grasped firmly in his left hand.

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Harry jumped down from Selim, and, tying him to the fence, went over to the assistance of Uncle Braddock. As he was quite familiar with horses, Harry soon arranged matters on a more satisfactory footing. He disentangled the animals, two of which he proposed to take charge of himself, and then, after making Uncle Braddock lengthen his stirrups, and lead both his horses on one side of him, he fastened the other two horses side by side, mounted Selim, and started back for Akeville, followed by Uncle Braddock and his reduced cavalcade.

The old negro was profuse in his thanks; but in the middle of his protestations of satisfaction, Harry suddenly interrupted him.

"Why, look here, Uncle Braddock! Where did you get these horses? These are the horses George Mason stole."

"To be sure they is," said Uncle Braddock. "What would I be a-doin' wid 'em ef they was n't?"

"But how did you get them? Tell me about it," said Harry, checking the impatient Selim, who, now that his head was turned homeward, was anxious to go on with as much expedition as possible under the circumstances.

"Why, ye see, Mah'sr Harry," said the old man, "I was up at Miss Maria's; she said she 'd gi' me some pieces of caliker to mend me wrapper. I put 'em in me pocket, but I 'spects they 's blowed out; and when I was a-comin' away fru de woods, right dar whar ole Elick Potts used to hab his cabin,—reckon you nebber seed dat cabin; it was all tumbled down 'fore you was born,—right dar in the clarin I seed five horses, all tied to de trees. 'Lor 's a massy!' I said to mesef, 'is de war come agin?' Fur I nebber seed so many hosses in de woods sence de war. An' den while I was a-lookin' roun' fur a tree big enough to git behind, wrapper an' all, out comes Mah'sr George Mason from a bush, an' he hollers, 'Hello, Uncle Braddock, you come a-here.' An' then he says, 'You aint much, Uncle Braddock, but I guess you 'll do!' An' I says, 'Don't b'lieve I 'll do, Mah'sr George, fur you know I can't march, an' I nebber could shoot none, an' I got de rheumertiz in both me legs and me back, and no jint-water in me knees,—you can't make no soldier out er me, Mah'sr George.' And then he laughed, an' says, 'You would make a pretty soldier, dat 's true, Uncle Braddock. But I don't want no soldiers; what I want you to do is to take these horses home.' 'To where?' says I. 'To Akeville,' says Mah'sr George. An' he did n't say much more, neither; for he jist tied dem horses all together and led 'em out into a little road dat goes fru de woods dar, an' he put me on de head horse, an' he says, 'Now, go 'long, Uncle Braddock, an' ef anything happens to dem hosses you 'll have to go to jail fur it. So, look out!' An' bress your soul, Mah'sr Harry, I did have to look out, fur sich a drefful time as I did have, 'specially wid dat yaller hoss, I nebber did see."

CHAPTER XV.

THE COUNCIL.

WHEN Harry's mother heard that he had gone off to try and meet the horse-hunters she was quite anxious about him.

But Mr. Loudon laughed at her fears.

"If there had been the slightest danger," he said, "of course I would not have allowed him to go. But I was glad he wanted to go. A youngster of his age ought to have a disposition to see what is going on and to take part, too, for that matter. I had much rather find it necessary to restrain Harry than to push him. You must n't want to make a girl of him. You would only spoil the boy and make a very poor girl."

Mrs. Loudon made no reply. She thought her husband was a very wise man; but she took up her key basket and went off to the pantry with an air that indicated that she had ideas of her own upon the subject in question.

Kate had no fears for Harry. She had unbounded faith in his good sense and his bravery, if he should happen to get into danger.

The fact is, she was quite a brave girl herself; and brave people are very apt to think their friends as courageous as themselves.

When Harry and Uncle Braddock reached the village they found several of the older inhabitants on the store porch, and they met with an enthusiastic reception.

And when, later in the afternoon, most of the men who had gone out after George Mason, returned from their unsuccessful expedition, the discussion in regard to Mason's strange proceeding grew very animated. Some thought he had only intended to play a trick; others that he had been unable to get away with the horses, as he had hoped to do when he had taken them.

But nobody knew anything about the matter excepting George Mason himself, and he was not there to give the village any information.

As for Harry, he did not stay long to hear the discussions at the store.

His mind was full of a much more important matter, and he ran off to find Kate. He wanted to talk over his latest impression with her.

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When he reached the house, where his appearance greatly tranquilized his mother's mind, he found Kate in the yard under the big catalpa-trees, always a favorite place of resort in fine weather.

"Oh, Harry!" she cried, when she saw him, "did they find the horses?"

"No," said Harry; "they did n't find them."

"Oh, what a pity! And some of them were borrowed horses. Tony Kirk had Captain Caseby's mud-colored horse. I don't know what the captain will do without him."

"Oh, the captain will do very well," said Harry.

"But he can't do very well," persisted Kate. "It 's the only horse he has in the world. One thing certain, they can't go to church."

Harry laughed at this, and then he told his sister all about his meeting with Uncle Braddock. But while she was wondering and surmising in regard to George Mason's strange conduct, Harry, who could not keep his thoughts from more important matters, broke in with:

"But, I say, Kate, I 've made up my mind about the telegraph business. There must be a company, and we ought to plan it all out before we tell people and sell shares."

"That 's right," cried Kate, who was always ready for a plan. "Let 's do it now."

So, down she sat upon the ground, and Harry sat down in front of her.

Then they held a council.

"In the first place, we must have a President," said Harry.

"That ought to be you," said Kate.

"Yes," said Harry, "I suppose I ought to be President. And then we must have a Treasurer, and I think you should be Treasurer."

"Yes," said Kate, "that would do very well. But where could I keep the money?"

"Pshaw!" said Harry. "It 's no use to bother ourselves about that. We 'd better get the money first, and then see where we can put it. I reckon it 'll be spent before anybody gets a chance to steal it. And now then, we must have a Secretary."

"How would Tom Selden do for Secretary?" asked Kate.

"Oh, he is n't careful enough," answered Harry. "I think you ought to be Secretary. You can write well, and you 'll keep everything in order."

"Very well," said Kate, "I 'll be Secretary."

(To be continued.)

LA PETITE PLUME ROUGE.

PAR MARY L. B. BRANCH.

N'était-ce pas malheureux? Autrefois on se servait d'elle pour aller à l'église chaque dimanche, pour patiner sur l'étang les jours de la semaine, et même en dernier lieu elle allait à l'école tous les matins, et elle était trouvée sur tous les petits chapeaux pimpants dans le cabinet de toilette, avec les ailes et les pompons. Mais maintenant, hélas! elle a disparu du turban dépouillé de Gertrude et elle gît abandonnée sur le plancher au milieu de débris, et—serait-ce vrai? oui, elle devait être balayée avec les débris et dans une autre minute jetée dans le poële.

"Tout est fini," soupira la pauvre petite plume rouge.

Mais au même moment la petite Kitty accourut et jeta les yeux sur la caisse où étaient contenues les balayures.

"Oh! arrêtez, Norah!" cria-t-elle, "je veux cette plume, je la veux pour le chapeau de ma poupée. Elle va se marier."

Ainsi fut sauvée la plume rouge et fut-elle portée par une mariée. Celle-ci la porta à sa noce, elle la porta dans son tour de promenade, et quand son mari devint soldat, il la porta aussi sur son képi pendant la grande revue.

"Et maintenant," dit la petite Kitty, "je vais prendre la plume et la rendre bonne à écrire. Précisément elle m'a l'air d'être une petite plume d'oie rouge et je sais que grand-père peut en faire une plume à écrire."

En effet, le grand-père le pouvait et il le fit; vous n'avez jamais vu de toute votre vie une aussi jolie petite plume rouge.

"Maintenant il vous faut écrire une lettre avec cette plume," prononça le grand-père.

Kitty écrivit donc une petite lettre en droites lignes et avec la ponctuation et l'envoya en bas à Norah dans la cuisine. Norah expédia une réponse par Phil, le petit frère de Kitty. La réponse était une tartine aux pommes qui venait de sortir

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du four ; les enfants s'assirent dans un coin et firent honneur à la collation, car ils mangèrent tout.

"Montons maintenant au grenier," proposa Phil.

Ils se mirent aussitôt à réunir les jouets, les poupées, les boules, les plats, les trompettes, les voitures et tous les objets servant de jouets qu'ils purent trouver, y compris la petite plume rouge. Ils montèrent ensuite gaiement au grenier et choisirent pour champ de leurs manœuvres une grande place de plancher inoccupé qui était éclairé par une étroite lucarne.

Là ils formèrent des rues et bâtirent des maisons avec des blocks. Les poupées logeaient dans les maisons, et tous les animaux de l'arche de Noé paissaient dans les rues.

"Voici un petit pin rouge!" s'écria Phil saisissant la plume rouge et la plantant solidement dans une simple fente du plancher.

Ainsi maintenant elle était un petit pin rouge, et comme elle se sentait fière! Le chameau et l'éléphant allèrent s'appuyer contre elle, et un long défilé de soldats de fer-blanc eut lieu tout autour tandis que Kitty et Phil embouchaient les trompettes.

"Kitty! Kitty! descendez!" cria une voix réjouie du pied des escaliers; "votre maman dit que vous pouvez venir chez moi pour prendre le thé!"

"Oh! c'est Nettie Haven!" répondit Kitty qui ne se sentait pas de joie; "elle veut que j'aille chez elle pour prendre le thé! Voilà! j'emporte les poupées, et vous prendrez le reste, Phil!"

Kitty descendit les escaliers en courant pour aller trouver son amie; pendant ce temps Phil, allant plus lentement que sa sœur, se chargeait les bras des blocks, des soldats et des animaux, mettait les boules dans ses poches et prenait les trompettes dans sa bouche. Il suivit ensuite Kitty, mais il oublia d'emporter le petit pin rouge.

Celui-ci est donc resté au grenier et a attendu. Il a attendu toute la nuit et le jour suivant, toute la semaine et la semaine suivante, mais les enfants ne sont pas venus.

Il se trouve encore là un petit pin rouge seul debout au milieu d'une plaine aride.

Il se tient là debout et pense à la vie. Autrefois il était une blanche plume dans l'aile d'un coq "bantam" et s'agitait avec fierté dans la basse-cour. Il subit ensuite de grands changements, devint une plume rouge dans une aile rouge et voyagea partout sur le chapeau de Gertrude. Puis de changement en changement il est arrivé que sa destinée est maintenant d'être un petit pin abandonné dans un désert.

Mais il n'en sera pas toujours ainsi: avant longtemps les joyeux enfants monteront au grenier pour se livrer de nouveau à leurs jeux, et vous pouvez être certains qu'ils ne laisseront plus longtemps cette plume rouge debout dans la fente. Ses aventures seront à recommencer; ainsi ce qu'elle a de mieux à faire, c'est de se tenir tranquille tandis qu'elle le peut, et d'en profiter pour se livrer à la méditation.

THE TRANSLATION of this story will be published in our June number.

TRANSLATIONS OF GERMAN STORY IN FEBRUARY NUMBER have been received from Annie Mabel Harris, Cora E. Foote, Chambers Baird, "Osseo," Amelia Stryker, Mary A. Meily, Osgood Smith, Francis M. Sinclair, Laura Chamberlain, Mary B. Brittan, Cornelius S. Egbert, Fred. R. F., Minnie Wright, Harry W. Bringhurst, Charlie Angin, H. S. Stallknecht, Charlie W. Baleister, "Two Friends," Annie A. De Vinne, Irving W. Dean, and Sophie Harris.

TRANSLATIONS OF FRENCH STORY IN MARCH NUMBER have been sent in by Lillie A. Pancoast, Alexander Noyes, G. E. F., D'Arcy, "Traducteur," Edith Milicent B., Maria Cecilia Mary Lee, Anna S. McDougall, Jennie A. Brown, Valeria F. Penrose, Philip Little, Nettie J. York, Adrian H. Souveine, Worthington C. Ford, Marie Bigelow, "Hallie," Mary H. Stockwell, Lizzie Jarvis, and Lelia M. Smith.

A SPRING WORKMAN. (FROM A FRENCH PICTURE.)

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"SOMETIMES THEY WILL BLOW AND SOMETIMES THEY WON'T," SAID BEN.

THE WILLOW WHISTLE.

LITTLE SUSIE, so pretty and sweet, was walking down the lane, singing her doll to sleep, and Frisky was marching behind, wagging his tail, when Ben came along with his basket

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and cane. Ben was a poor little lame boy. His father and mother were dead. His old grandmother took care of him, and told him nice stories while she knitted stockings to sell. That was the right kind of a dear, good old grandma. Was n't it?

Every day Susie's mother filled Ben's basket with bread, meat, and a little tea and sugar for his grandmother.

"Why, Ben," cried Susie, "is that you? Don't make a noise; my baby is going to sleep."

"Why does n't she shut her eyes?" asked Ben.

"She is just a little bad to-day," said Susie, shaking her.

"Well, then, let 's whistle her to sleep." And Ben, taking a willow whistle out of his pocket, blew a long note.

"Oh, how beautiful!" cried Susie. "Do let me try."

"I mean to give it to you, because you are good to my grandma," said Ben.

Oh, then, I wish you could have seen their happy faces, as Susie took the whistle with "Thank you ever so much!" Then, putting her fingers on the sides and her mouth to the end, she blew! and blew! and blew! but nothing came.

"I can't make it whistle," said Susie, almost ready to cry.

"Sometimes they will blow, and sometimes they won't," said Ben, kindly. "Try again, Susie; don't say you can't."

Susie tried once more, and a low, sweet sound came out.

"It whistles! it whistles!" she cried.

In her joy she had turned dolly's head down, and pop! her eyes went shut, and she was fast asleep!

"There! I told you so!" cried Ben, laughing. "The way to get babies asleep is to whistle to them."

"So it is," said Susie. "Dear little thing; she must be put in bed." So they all went frisking into the house.

Then Ben's basket was filled, and he went singing home. Don't you think he was a good, unselfish little boy? I do.

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"APRIL FOOL!" squeaked a very young frog, looking up at me on the first day of April, 1873. "April fool!"

"Same to you, sir," says I, looking down at him. "What 's the matter now?"

"Matter?" echoed the little frog, giving an ecstatic leap. "Why, you thought the wind stirred that bunch of grass near by; and it was *I who did it.* Ha! ha! April fool!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed I, "you certainly are the brightest little frog I ever did see. Now hop straight away into the cranberry bog yonder, and look for three other Jack-in-the-Pulpits, all standing together. Go stir the grass there, and catch *them.*"

"That I will!" chuckled the little frog, as, turning square toward the bog, he hopped off, almost ready to burst with delight.

Now, to my certain knowledge, there was n't a sign of a Jack-in-the-Pulpit in that cranberry bog, and, what is more, there was n't a spear of grass within a hundred yards of it!

And to my certain knowledge, also, that little frog did n't go there; but, after giving one leap, he turned face about, with a "Ha! ha! thought I was green, did you? April fool!".

I tell you this little incident, my dears, to let you know that your Jack is n't behind the age.

A SOBER WORD.

NEVERTHELESS, I must say I don't like practical jokes. Fun is fun, that we'll all admit; but this April-fool business is apt to lead us off the track of pure fun. When it is made the means of hurting our friends' feelings, or putting them to serious inconvenience, or making them appear painfully ridiculous, then it is n't fun,—it 's downright impertinence and bad-heartedness. Don't you think so?

THE DANDY OF THE DESERT.

THERE is going to be a wonderful ostrich picture in ST. NICHOLAS before very long. How do I know it? Why, the artist told his little girl, his little girl told it to a little boy, the little boy whistled it close by the canary's cage, the canary told it to another little bird and the other little bird told me. The ostrich is n't going to be flying, nor squawking, nor putting his head under his wing, nor eating tenpenny nails and broken bottles; no, nor coming out of a big eggshell; but he is to be doing something wonderful—something that will make three or four children just as happy as they can be. I can't tell you any more just now. But you may read this note about the African ostrich that just came for you, in Jack's care, from Ethel Gale:

"Tall and stately, his glossy black coat adorned with elegant plumes of black and snowy white, the ostrich may be truly called the dandy of the desert.

"Like other dandies, Mr. Ostrich, while very vain of his own appearance, cares little for that of his wife. He is best pleased that she should admire him and be quite content, as she, doubtless, very sensibly is, with her own modest suit of dingy grey. An old proverb says that 'there is no loss without some gain,' so if Mrs. Ostrich is not as handsomely dressed as her lord, she can have the satisfaction of feeling that her life is much safer than his. His fine plumes command such a high price in the market that many are the means devised to capture and rob him, while her inferior feathers, though they have a market value, when dyed of various colors and sold under the name of 'vulture feathers,' are not nearly so tempting as the thick and waving plumes of her gayer husband.

"Within the last few years, however, men have learned to rob the desert dandy of his ornaments without depriving him of life. In the region of the Cape of Good Hope there are now several ostrich farms. These are places where the great birds, caught while young, or hatched from the eggs by artificial heat, are kept as prisoners, and their best feathers plucked at regular intervals, as geese are plucked in this country, with this difference: the geese are robbed of the fine down from their breasts, and the ostrich of the plumes from his wings and tail."

I am sorry to hear this sad news about poor Ostrich. I 'm sure one would rather be killed outright than to have one's feathers plucked again and again in this fashion. But we 'll hope it happens at a time of the year when the feathers are looser than usual.

A SAD STORY.

A LITTLE boy having heard a beautiful story about a little boy and a hatchet, and how, because the little boy would n't tell a lie, he, in time, got to be President of the United States, was very much impressed by it. Now, it so happened that on the last day of March, he was just ten years old, and his father asked him what he would like to have for a birthday present. Very naturally the boy's answer was, "A little hatchet, if you please, papa."

The father bought him a little hatchet that very day, and the boy was so delighted that he actually took it to bed with him.

Early the next morning he got up, dressed himself, took his little hatchet and went out into the garden. There, as luck would have it, the first thing that caught his eye was his father's favorite cherry-tree. "My eyes!" exclaimed the little boy to himself, "what a time my father would make if a fellow were to cut that tree!" It was a wicked thought, for it led him into temptation. There was the tree—tall, straight and fair—standing invitingly before him,—just the thing for a sharp little hatchet. And there was the hatchet,—strong, sharp and shining,—just the thing for a favorite cherry-tree. In another instant the swift strokes of an axe were heard in the still morning air, and, before long, a small boy was seen running toward the house. His father met him at the door.

"My boy, what noise was that I heard just now?

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Surely you have not been at my favorite cherry-tree!"

The boy stood proudly before him, but with downcast eyes and flushing cheeks.

"Father," he said, "I cannot tell a lie. That cherry-tree is ——"

"Say no more," said the father, extending his arms. "You have done wrong, my son; and that was my favorite tree; but you have spoken the truth. I forgive you. Better to ——"

This was too much. The boy rushed into his father's arms.

"Father!" he whispered, "*April fool!* I have n't touched the cherry-tree; but I 'most chopped the old apple-stump to pieces."

"You young rascal, you!" cried the father, "do you mean to say you *have n't* chopped my cherry-tree? April-fool your old father! will you? Take off your coat, sir!"

With a suppressed sob, that little boy obeyed. Then, shutting his eyes, he felt his father's hand descend upon his shrinking form.

"My son," said the father, solemnly, as he stroked the little shoulder, "it is the First of April. Go thy way."

KITES.

IT is a great art to make a good kite. It should be shaped evenly so as to balance well. The sticks should be just strong enough for the size of the kite without being too heavy. The paper should be of proper strength and lightness. The four cords that start from the four corners should be gathered into one and attached at just the right point to the holding-cord, so as to ensure its proper angle against the wind. And, above all (or rather, below all), the tail should be long enough and heavy enough to balance the teetery object in the air and make it sail like a thing of life. A tail too heavy or too light for its length, or too short for its weight, whichever you please, is sure to make trouble in kite-flying. Now, boys, whenever your kite flops and "don't go," you may be sure that she is wrong in one or more of the above-mentioned points.

SOAP PLANTS.

WOULD N'T it seem odd for you to go out into the garden and pluck soap from the bushes. But, according to a paragram just sent me by a learned professor, there are berries with which you could wash your hands as clean as with soap. The fruit of the soap-tree which grows in the West Indies and South America make a lather in water, he says, and are used to wash clothes; and so is the bark of the *Quillaja saponaria* of Peru, which is even exported to other countries, so superior is it for cleansing garments.

A good many of the plants scattered about the globe have the qualities of soap. The juice of the soap-wort is used by cleaners; and in the Malay Islands the bark of the go-go tree serves for soap.

In California there grows a plant by the long Latin name of *Phalangium pomaridianum*, which is highly esteemed by good housewives, since it furnishes them with soap-bulbs that are better than the soap-bars sold by the merchant. The leaves and stalks of this plant fall off in May, but the bulbs are left in the ground all summer. Early in the fall they are dug up and stripped of their husks, and then they are ready to go into the wash-tub. When the bulbs are rubbed upon the clothes a thick lather is formed, and the odor of it is like that of new brown soap.

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

NOW and then I hear folks reading aloud out of the newspapers, and I always feel provoked and hurt when they come to the part headed, "Crimes and Casualties." For why? A crime 's one thing and a casualty is another, and it 's cruel for newspaper men to fasten them together just because they both commence with a C that sounds like K. Talk to your fathers about this, my dears, and see if it can't be stopped. Suppose your dear little brother should fall out of a window and be killed, and the next day your mamma should see an account of it in the paper, stuck in between mentions of a drunken riot and a brutal robbery and murder.

The feelings of somebody's mother and father are tortured every day by this thoughtless newspaper custom; and it 's a disgrace to an enlightened republic. I leave the matter in your hands.

A BOY IS A BOY.

HERE 's a verse for some of my little fellows to learn. I don't know that it will do them any particular good, but I 'm sure it won't do them any harm, and it *may* keep them a little within bounds:

> "Brutes find out where their talents lie;
> A bear will not attempt to fly;
> A foundered horse will oft debate
> Before he tries a five-barr'd gate.
> In man we see the only creature
> Who, led by folly, combats nature."

I 've seen some boys who, it seemed to me, were trying to be bears, others who seemed to fancy themselves bull-dogs, and others who appeared to fancy they were apes; but, you see, there 's no getting away from it,—a boy 's a boy, and the more he acts like a boy the better off he will be. The verse means a good deal more than this, but the idea I 've given will do to begin with.

A TAKE-DOWN.

THAT last paragram reminds me that though a boy is a right fine thing in his way, there are points in which hosts of other animals can beat him. For instance, where is the boy whose sight is as keen as a hawk's, whose sense of smell is as fine as a hound's, whose hearing is as acute as a cat's, whose teeth are as sharp as a rat's, whose legs are as quick as a deer's? Show me a boy who, like the flea, can jump five hundred times the height of his own body; or who, like the beetle, can lift a weight three hundred times as heavy as himself; or, if you cannot produce that supple and mighty young gentleman, let 's see a new boy-baby who is one-quarter as knowing and able to care for himself as an hour-old calf!

A CONUNDRUM.

WHY is the letter T like the letter Z? Because it is the end of the alphabet.

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THE LETTER BOX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the December number of the magazine, in the article entitled, "Wood-Carving," I notice the very high prices mentioned. I paid, in Philadelphia, 75 cents for a saw-frame, and 10 cents per dozen for saws. Mr. Sawyer's mode of putting the patterns on the wood may be very safe, but is n't it rather tedious? I copy patterns by placing a piece of copying-paper on the wood and the pattern on that. Then I go over the lines of the pattern with a pencil or pointed stick, and when I take the paper off the wood the pattern is on it in black. Enough of this copying-paper can be bought for 10 cents to last a year.

F. D. G.

F. D. G. was very fortunate if he obtained frame and saws of good quality at the prices he names.

"ORIOLE" sends us two hundred English words, all made out of the name of a city. This name contains nine letters, and no letter is used twice in any one of the two hundred words. She finds a *mole*, a *tailor*, an *earl*, a *bat*, a *lamb*, and scores of other things in her city; and she wishes some of the boys and girls to tell her its name, and also to beat her in the number of English words they can make from it.

"THE STEAMSHIP COLLEGE."—Of course, Jack was only joking. ST. NICHOLAS heartily wishes you success in your undertaking.

GEORGE.—You are foolish to be "discouraged at seeing so much skill and talent on every side." Why, my boy, what would you like to find? Stupidity? Surely not. From the tone of your letter one would say that you could be happy only in contemplating your inferiors! Look above you, and not beneath you, for inspiration. Follow the plan of the painter, Northcote. He said he always felt his spirits droop when he contemplated a poor picture, with the suspicion that perhaps he deceived himself, and that his own paintings were no better. But the works of masters gave him renewed strength and hope. He could understand then how much there was for him to accomplish.

DEAR EDITOR: I read Mr. Haskins' piece in ST. NICHOLAS about birds, and I want to join his army. I think the name "Bird-defenders," is just the right one for our little company, and, hereafter, I will adopt your preamble and resolution to do all I can to save the little birds from harm.—From one of your friends,

MAY FLINT.

Mr. Haskins, the chief of the Bird-defenders, will be glad to hear that the young folks are flocking to his ranks and that May so heartily "adopts his preamble and resolution." She has been duly enrolled; so have Alvin P. Johnson, Charley Graham, Philip S. M., Bessie F—l, and "Toodles, or real name, H. M. T."

T. W. RUDOLPH.—Your first, second and third requests require further consideration. Your fourth—asking ST. NICHOLAS to sometimes give Latin stories for translation as well as German and French, since so many children study the first named language—shall be granted with pleasure.

JENNY JONES.—Your "Hidden Insects" shall skip into these pages some day. Really good numerical enigmas are acceptable. All puzzles, answers and queries relating to the riddle department should be addressed to "Riddle Box, office of ST. NICHOLAS, 654 Broadway, New York."

"Jack-in-the-Pulpit" was much pleased with your message.

LILY MARION.—Your drawings are very good, considering that you are only nine years old. We shall be very glad to see specimens of your work from time to time, that we may know what improvement you make.

"A LITTLE GIRL" says, a brand new verse, all her own, came to her mind one day last spring, and at first she was delighted at finding herself a poet, but when she found that it was likely to be the first, last, and only verse of her lifetime, and, worse than all, that it would n't go out of her head, but would come to her lips, "up and down stairs and at all times," till everybody in the house would call out, "O, do stop saying that verse," she became desperate. "I decided," she says, "to try whether printing it would do any good. It seems to me, dear ST. NICHOLAS, that if once I could see the poor little thing in type I 'd get rid of it. Would you mind helping me out of my trouble?"

Not at all, dear. By all means, we must see what the printer can do. So, "poor little thing," come forth!

"Where is the Winter? Under the snow.
Where is the snow, then? Gone long ago.
Where did it go to? Into the river.
My! but it made all the fishes shiver!"

EMILE LOWE sends our Letter Box the following, which he has translated from the German of N. Hocker:

A LEGEND OF ST. NICHOLAS.

On the middle pier of the bridge at Trieste, which dates from the times of the Romans, stands a cross, and below it, toward the river, the statue of St. Nicholas, who is known to be the patron saint of sailors and travelers as well as of children. During one winter, when the waters of the Moselle were running very high, a sailor was coming down the stream. As he was nearing the bridge the waves seized his frail boat and threatened to dash it to pieces on the piers. In his distress he called on St. Nicholas, and promised him, in case he should pass the bridge in safety, a taper as high as the mast of his boat. He had hardly made this promise when the fury of the waters suddenly abated, and he glided along in safety.

The sailor then cried out, "Now, see who will get you the taper!" and passed on.

The next year the sailor had occasion again to pass the bridge. The waves ran wild and high as before, and the sailor again promised his taper. But suddenly the boat turned, upset, and together with the sailor, sank to the bottom.

RUTH G. KEEBLE, who hopes ST. NICHOLAS will have a Letter Box, sends a collection of scraps which she has taken from the newspapers of the past six months. She cut them out, she says, because they were about very old people, and she thought they would interest her grandmother; and her grandmother now advises her to let other young folk have them for *their* grandmothers,—for some people think they are old at sixty, and it will freshen them up to find how many persons live quite a long and active life after they have passed that age.

Here is the substance of some of Ruth's items: Mrs. Marie Pepper, of Winooski, Vermont, now ninety-nine years old, has been the mother of twenty-three children, and to-day she has, in all, two hundred and twenty children, grandchildren, great grandchildren, and great-great grandchildren living. Mrs. Lawler, of Amesbury, Massachusetts, is in her one hundredth and sixth year, and still enjoys good health. Mr. John S. Morse, of the same place, is ninety-two New York City rejoices in Capt. Lahrbush, who is now over one hundred years

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of age,—as hearty, intelligent and agreeable a gentleman as one could wish to meet. Mrs. Somerville, the astronomer, wrote, in her ninety-second year: "I am very feeble, but my intellect keeps clear and I read and solve questions in the higher algebra as easily as ever." Mr. Daniel Brick, who died recently in Amesbury, Mass., in his one hundredth year, was never sick a day, up to the last, and never took a dose of physic. And Robert Sixbury, who died last October, had seen one hundred and ten years of active life. Mr. Sixbury had acquired great reputation as a hunter on John Brown's tract in Northern New York, where he had slain more than 2,200 deer. His funeral was attended by several of his children of the ages of from 80 to 90 years.

There are many more instances in Ruth's list, not to mention all the irrepressible old gentlemen who are reported to have "sawed up a cord of wood" just before their last day, and who are good-naturedly laughed about by many of us old-young folk; but Ruth can find still more interesting facts by examining the biographies of eminent men and women. Through these she may learn of the great work accomplished and the noble lessons taught by many after they had reached their sixtieth and seventieth years. Some of the world's greatest statesmen, patriots, poets, painters and workers hardly began their life-work until they were what the world calls old. Will not our young readers help us to make up a grand *true* Grandmother's Budget for Ruth and others? History and biography are full of just the items we need, and what so suited to look for them as the bright eyes of the young!

R. J. D. sends this answer to Jack-in-the-Pulpit's riddle in our March number. He evidently, like many others, missed Jack's special despatch:

> "I think, on reflection, a man's own face
> Will meet the requirements of the case;
> For, though in a mirror by him 't is seen,
> It is not the same as you see, I ween."

JERROLD T. N., eleven years of age, asks for a good "speaking piece" for his younger brother,—"something more funny than tragical, and that will give the little fellow a chance to be dramatic." Perhaps the following will answer his purpose, as it requires to be acted as well as recited. It has been printed before, but Jerrold does not ask the Letter Box for a new piece.

THE WAY TO DO IT.

BY M. M. D.

I 'll tell you how I speak a piece:
First I make my bow;
Then I bring my words out clear
And plain as I know how.

Next I throw my hands up *so!*
Then I litt my eyes—
That 's to let my hearers know
Something doth surprise.

Next I grin and show my teeth,
Nearly every one;
Shake my shoulders, hold my sides:
That 's the sign of fun.

Next I start and knit my brow,
Hold my head erect:
Something 's wrong, you see, and I
Decidedly object.

Then I wabble at my knees,
Clutch at shadows near,
Tremble well from top to toe:
That 's the sign of fear.

Soon I scowl, and with a leap
Seize an airy dagger.
"WRETCH!" I cry. That 's tragedy,
Every soul to stagger.

Then I let my voice grow faint,
Gasp and hold my breath;
Tumble down and plunge about:
That 's a villain's death.

Quickly then I come to life,
Perfectly restored;
With a bow my speech is done.
Now, you 'll please applaud.

"CHARL," JAMES B., IDA C. B., AND OTHERS.—Your answers are crowded out this month. We shall have more room in May number.

KITTEN.

AN ACTING CHARADE, WITH PARTS FOR VERY LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY MARY HAINES GILBERT.

CHARACTERS:

MR. YOUNGS, *a New York Merchant.*
MRS. YOUNGS.
CLARA, ELLA, } *The little daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Youngs.*
ANNIE, SUE, CHARLES, } *Cousins of Clara and Ella.*
KITTY, *a little Match Girl.*
MRS. HILL, *a wealthy lady.*
BRIDGET, *a servant.*
Guests, children from four to twelve.

(The scene is in New York, at Mr. Youngs' residence.)

SCENE I.—*A Hall.*

[*The door-bell rings. Enter* BRIDGET, *R.*]

Bridget [*crossly*]. Shure an' the bell does nothing but ring. I 've been to the doore twinty times this blissid mornin'.

[BRIDGET *exits L. as* CLARA *and* ELLA *enter R., smiling.*]

Clara. It must be mamma.

Ella. Bridget has gone to let mamma in.

Clara. Yes. [*Clapping her hands, joyfully.*] Oh, Ella! only to think that to-morrow 'll be my birthday.

Ella [*jumping up and down*]. Oh! oh! it 'll be splendid to have a birthday party!

Clara [*looking L.*]. Where 's mamma?

Bridget. Shure, an' it 's not your mother at all, at all. It 's a wee bit of a thing with matches.

Ella. Oh! let 's buy some. Do, Bridget!

Bridget. Indade, an' I would thin, to plaze you, but we 've plinty in the house; and not a ha'p'orth of change have I, at all, at all.

Clara. Oh! I have some money. Do call her back.

Bridget [*heartily*]. I will that. [*Exit* BRIDGET, *L.*

Ella. I wish they would n't be poor, little match-girls; I 'm so sorry for them.

Clara. So am I.

[*Re-enter* BRIDGET *L., followed by* KITTY, *very poorly dressed, and carrying a small basket with boxes of matches in it.*]

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Kit [*timidly*]. Matches ——

Clara [*taking Kit's hand*]. Yes, I 'll buy some. But you shall have a bowl of soup first.

Kit [*smiling*]. Oh! I like soup.

Ella [*to Kit*]. What 's your name?

Kit. Kit.

Ella. What else?

Kit. Just Kit and Kitty,—that 's all. Folks calls me different ways.

Ella. Is n't that funny? Just Kit and Kitty!

Bridget. And your father and mother 's driven ye out in the bitter cowld? Bad luck to the likes of 'em!

Kit. No! My father and mother are dead. Once, my mother was good to Granny Mulligan, and so she took me when mother died.

Bridget. Och! an' Granny Mulligan aint good to ye, I 'm thinkin'.

Kit. Oh, yes! She went out scrubbing and sent me to school; but now she is down with the rheumatism. That 's why I sell matches.

Ella. Come, get your soup, little girl.

[*Exit all, R.*, ELLA *leading* KIT.

SCENE II.—*A Sitting-room.*

[MRS. YOUNGS *is standing beside a table, on which there is a number of packages.*]

Mrs. Youngs. All my birthday shopping done at last! But where can the children be?

[*Enter* ELLA *and* CLARA, *R.*

Ella [*kissing Mrs. Youngs*]. O, mamma! Home at last?

Mrs. Youngs. Yes, darling.

Ella. I am so glad you 've come. A little girl is eating soup down stairs.

Mrs. Youngs [*surprised*]. A little girl! Your cousins have n't come?

Clara. No, mamma; it is a poor little match-girl. And I owe her ten cents ——

Ella. For matches; and we came up stairs for the money.

Clara. I don't know whether I have just the right change. [CLARA *counts the money.*] Two cents and five cents, that is seven; eight,—nine —. I want one cent more.

Ella. I have one. There!

[ELLA *gives* CLARA *a cent.*

Clara. That makes it right. Now I 'll pay her. And, mamma, may n't I ask her here to-morrow?

Ella. To keep Clara's birthday!

Mrs. Youngs. Yes, if you wish; and give her a little present.

Ella. Oh! oh! I 'll give her something real nice.

Clara. Let us tell her we 'll give her anything she wants.

Mrs. Youngs. I 'll go down with you to see the little match-girl. [*Exit all, L.*

SCENE III.—*A Parlor.*

[MRS. YOUNGS *is at the R., talking with* MR. YOUNGS. MRS. HILL *is playing a polka on the piano, and a number of children, including* CLARA, ELLA, ANNIE, SUE *and* CHARLES, *are dancing. When the dance is over,* BRIDGET *enters with saucers of ice-cream on a tray. The children gather around her, and she hands the refreshments around to the little girls.*]

Several children. Ice-cream!

Charles. Oh! Give us some, Bridget.

Bridget. The ladies must be sarved first, Master Charles.

Charles [*laughing*]. I don't object.

Bridget [*to Mrs. Youngs*]. Shure, mum, the match-girl is waitin' below.

Mrs. Youngs [*to Mrs. Hill*]. It is the little girl I told you about.

Mrs. Hill. I should like to see her.

Mrs. Youngs. Bridget, bring her up stairs.

Bridget. Yes, mum. But with her company, too?

Mr. Youngs. Her company! What company?

Ella. O, papa! I know,—her old granny!

[*All the children laugh, except* CLARA *and* ELLA.

Clara. Don't laugh. It is the poor old lady.

Annie. What old lady?

Bridget. It 's not the owld lady at all, at all; it 's a bit of a cat, it is.

Everybody [*surprised*]. A kitten!

[*All the children laugh.*

Bridget [*laughing*]. Yes; and she has a bottle with her as well. Shure, an' that 's all the company I meant.

Charles. Send her along with her pussy.

Mrs. Youngs [*to all the children*]. But you must promise not to laugh.

All the children. Oh, yes! [*Exit* BRIDGET.

Mrs. Hill [*to the children*]. Be sure and not laugh; you would hurt her feelings.

[*The children eat their ice-cream, and* MRS. HILL *plays some trills or a tune on the piano. Re-enter* BRIDGET, *followed by* KIT *with a kitten and a small bottle in her arms. She is dressed as before. She comes forward timidly. Everyone gathers around her.*]

Mrs. Youngs [*to Kit, playfully*]. Did you get the kitten for your last Christmas present, and bring it now to show it to us?

Kit. No, ma'am. I did n't get no Christmas ever.

Mr. Youngs. To sell it, then?

Kit. No, sir.

Mrs. Hill. What then? [KIT *hangs her head.*

Ella. You 'll tell me, won't you?

Kit [*timidly*]. Yes. You said I might have what I pleased, and I thought may be you 'd give it some milk. [*Wiping away tears.*] I had only enough money for bread, and it don't like bread and water.

Mrs. Hill. How much she thinks of her kitten!

Mr. Youngs. And what is the bottle for?

Kit [*timidly*]. I wanted some liniment for Granny Mulligan, to make her well.

Clara. What else do you want?

Kit. That 's all.

Charles. Best look out for number one. What do you want for yourself?

Kit. I 'd rather have the liniment for granny, and milk for my kitten. I had a bowl of soup yesterday.

Sue. But you shall have ice-cream, anyway. Sha'n't she?

Everybody. Yes, yes, indeed.

Mrs. Hill [*to Mrs. Youngs*]. You know, I have been thinking of adopting a little girl, and this grateful little thing pleases me. I should like to take her. [*To Kit.*] Little girl, I have no child in my great, big home. Would you like to come and live with me, and be my little girl?

Kit. And will you take kitty and granny, too?

Mrs. Hill. Yes, I 'll adopt your kitten, too. I cannot exactly promise to adopt Granny Mulligan; but she shall never want, for your sake, my sweet little girl.

[*She kisses* KIT. *All the children clap their hands.*

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

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THE RIDDLE BOX.

PICTURE QUOTATION.

In what portion of Shakspere's "King Lear" do you find the passage which this picture illustrates?

RYTHMIC ENIGMA.

I HAVE but six letters,—I 'm little, you see,
Yet millions of children have wondered at me.
My 2, 6, 5, 1 you possess and yet seek.
My 6, 4, 1 makes the strongest man weak.
My 5, 3, 2, 1 is both pronoun and noun.
And my 5, 1, 2 once builded a town.
To my 3, 5, 6, 4, 1 men sometimes have prayed.
And my 4, 6, 5, 1 through most forests has strayed.
My 6, 3, 5 is to mystify you.
And devout men oft utter my 6, 5, 1 2.

F. H. S

ORTHOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

IN what word of five letters, meaning a decoy, can be found, by transposition, the following: A narrative; a beverage; a preposition; a narrow strip of board; a kind of dark stone; a conjunction; a verb; a meadow; the smallest; a point of the compass; something recent; the hindmost, and a conjunction.

G.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

MY first is in rope, but not in string.
My second is in leap, but not in spring.
My third is in state, but not in place.
My fourth is in cassia, but not in mace.
My fifth is in hack, but not in cut.
My sixth is in hamlet, but not in hut.
My seventh is in lamp, but not in light.
My eighth is in quarrel, but not in fight.
My ninth is in you, but not in him.
My tenth is in Lot, but not in Sim.
My eleventh is in hood, but not in hat.
My twelfth is in dog, but not in cat.
My thirteenth is in rainy, but not in rain.
My whole is a bay on the coast of Maine.

WM. H. GRAFFAM.

RIDDLE.

FIRST obtain a certain article—which I leave you to guess—and join it to a small part of a pea (be it winter or summer), then divide a rose in equal parts, and placing them before you, take the part nearest your left hand.

I will assist you to what comes next; and though I do not "give you an inch," as the proverb says, you "will surely take an ell." Next you must receive a letter of friendship, and then double the numeral used in the middle Latin for eleven, and add fifty, as the Romans did, and the result will be what you are. C. C.

LOGOGRIPH.

WHOLE, I am a word of five letters, meaning to arouse; beheaded, I am sharp; again beheaded, I am adroitness; syncopated, I am a preposition; curtailed, my first restored and read backward, I am a conjunction; my second and fourth restored, I am a distinguished performer; again beheaded, I am a resinous substance; curtailed and reversed, I am a preposition. What is my name? W. H. G.

LITERARY ELLIPSES.

(Fill the blanks with the names of English authors.)

1. A —— upon the —— shore had been,
   I looked again, and it no —— was seen.

2. A —— who of riches had great store,
   Was fain to keep a —— upon his door.

3. A —— trod the desert —— and ——,
   And slow, but sure, of —— made good his way.

J. P. R.

CHARADE.

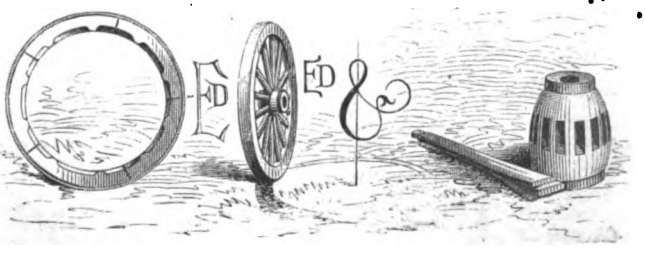
MY first, the dark Señora
  Wields with uncommon grace,
And blushing, hides behind me,
  The beauty of her face.

My second is a school-boy,
  The first in every game;
And yet,—you 'll scarce believe me,—
  'T is nothing but a name.

My whole is but a fancy,
  A vision or a dream,
And very seldom—if at all—
  Has my whole form been seen.

M. D. N.

REBUS.



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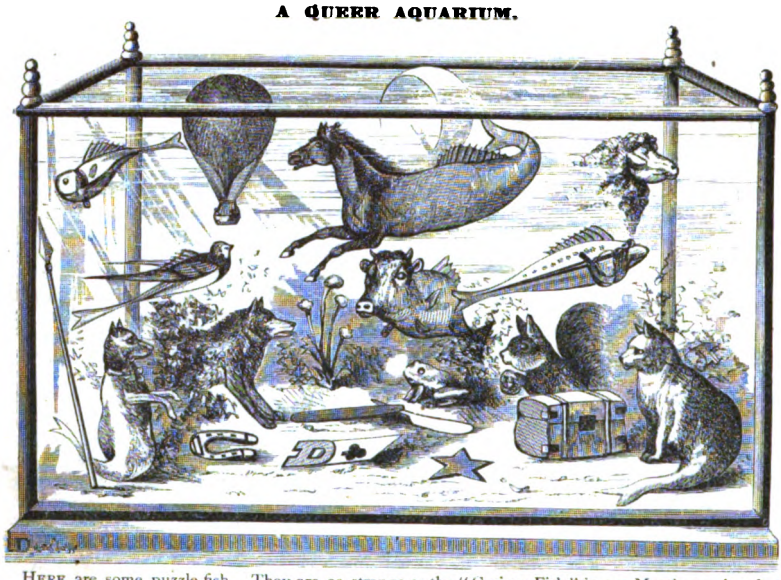
A QUEER AQUARIUM.



Here are some puzzle-fish. They are as strange as the "Curious Fish" in our March number, but those were real, and the appearance of each of these only indicates its name. Who can tell us what they are?

APOCOPES.

1. Apocopate a table of contents and obtain a preposition.

2. Apocopate pusillanimous and obtain to depress by frightening.

3. Apocopate a clownish fellow and obtain a kind of sea-fish.

4. Apocopate a restrained laugh and obtain a small horse.

5. Apocopate extravagant and obtain to dissipate.

6. Apocopate to fortify with stakes and obtain to furnish or store.

7. Apocopate a small shield and obtain a sailor.

WM. H. GRAFFAM.

ENIGMA.

I am a compound-word of fourteen letters. My 8, 6, 13, 7 makes you comfortable in winter, and 2, 4, 12 is a very useful article in summer; but you will want my 4, 5, 10, 6, 13 during the whole year. My 10, 13, 9 you use every day, but, if used too much at one time, my 10, 4, 5, 12 will name the result. My 14, 5, 10, 1, 12 is something that you dread, and my 4, 10, 11, 7 something that you like. My 14, 5, 7, 1 is the name of a patriarch who lived at the time of the flood, and my 9, 10, 13, 3 that of a Roman god. My 13, 7, 12, 8 you will find in the sea, and my 13, 2, 9, 7 is sometimes seen on the ground. My whole is a name which includes many boys and girls, and of which my 1, 2, 4, 7 are good representatives.

W. F. C.

NUMERICAL EXERCISE.

The numbers used are digits. My first and fifth equal my second. My first and third equal my fourth. My second exceeds my first by my fifth. My third doubles my fifth. My first and third equal my fourth. My fourth exceeds my third by my first. My first and second equal my third. My first is half of my fifth. My third and fourth are to my first, second and fifth as 15 : 10.

ISABEL.

HIDDEN SQUARE.

With one vowel and three consonants form a word-square which, read forward or backward, upward or downward, will be the same.

A. N. O.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

Riddle.—Vale, veil.

Literary Ellipses.—I. Young, Gay, Hood, Lamb, Field, Gray, Fox, Hunt, Horne, Lingard, Wordsworth, Steele. II. Marvell, Hilarius, Akenside, Manley, Hyde, Pope.

Word-Square.—

M A N I A C
A P O L L O
N O B L E R
I L L U S E
A L E S I A
C O R E A N

Numerical Enigma.—"A blithe heart makes a blooming visage."

Rebus No. 1.—

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky."

Anagrammatic Ellipses.—

1. In at a door—Adoration.
2. Tares—Tears.
3. Skate—Takes.
4. Artisan—In a star.
5. Amuses—Assume.
6. Slip—Lips.
7. Measures—Sure seam.
8. Cannonade—No dean can.

Charade.—Cornice.

Double Acrostic.—Atlas, Arion.

A—bder—A
T—euce—R
L—uperc—I
A—poll—O
S—atur—N

Enigma.—Zoroaster.

Cross-Word.—Acerbatc.

Our Christmas Dinner.—First course: Bass and perch. Second: Roast pig, spare rib, turkey, fillet. Celery (one-sixth of a carrot—c, one-fourth of a bear—e, two-sevenths of a lettuce—le, one-third of a cherry—ry). Dessert, "Goose-bury," dates and grapes.

Buried Poets.—1. Holmes. 2. Pope. 3. Cowper. 4. Spenser. 5. Southey. 6. Otway. 7. Crabbe.

Rebus No. 2.—"Don't talk when you've nothing to say."

Pictorial Word Puzzle (Prefix "Con").—Content, confirm, concur, consign, concave, concoct, conceal, conspire, concord, condign, consent, condescending.

Answers to Riddles in February Number have been received from Clara L. Anthony, Joseph Bird, George P. Wheton, Thos. W. McGaw, Minnie Thomas, F. W. Randolph, J. B. C., William and Sophie Winslow, Stonewall Mayes, Leila Crandon, Frank S. Palfrey, Alice S. Morrison, Chambers Baird, Clarence Campbell, J. W. P., James Hardy Roper, Evelina Hull, John Sherman, Robert Ward, E. Stella Archer, and Clarence M. Crane.

Answers to Riddles in March Number.—"Busy Bee," Alice G. Colby, Florence Chandler, Edgar Levy, and John C. Howard.

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